Sept. 17, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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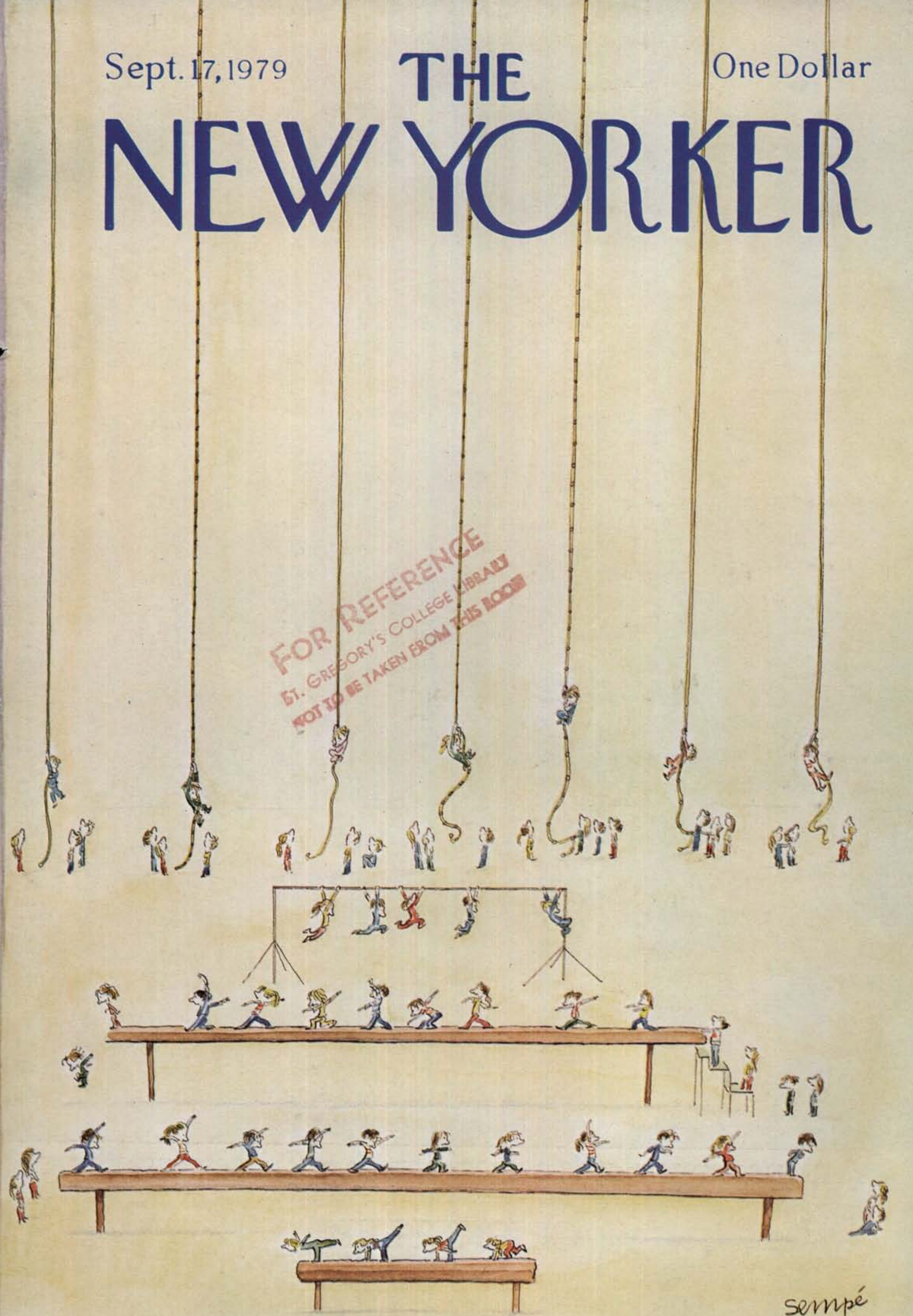

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After the Rise-An Illustrated Interview—A play written and directed by German playwright Gerhard Borris, with the live action interspersed with film. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow head the cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big Bad Burlesque—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Don Brockett. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **BURIED CHILD**. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. Closes Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN**, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Diversions and Delights—Vincent Price portrays Oscar Wilde in a return engagement of a one-character play by John Gay. (4/24/78) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 7.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Enchanted Pig—Charles Ludlam's fairy tale for his Ridiculous Theatrical Company is not entirely for children; there are enough references to "King Lear" and "Macbeth" and other classics to keep their escorts alert. Even in its stretches of depressing coyness, one is always aware of an original dramatic imagination at work. Directed by Mr. Ludlam. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gilda Radner-Live from New York—Two stars of the TV show "Saturday Night Live"—Miss Radner and Don Novello—in a series of funny skits, along with some pleasant singing and dancing. (8/13/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 15.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 16: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 19-23: **RUDDIGORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller casts a cold eye on young folk striving to make good in the seventies. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline are first-rate in the leads. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 12. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—Why not? (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play,

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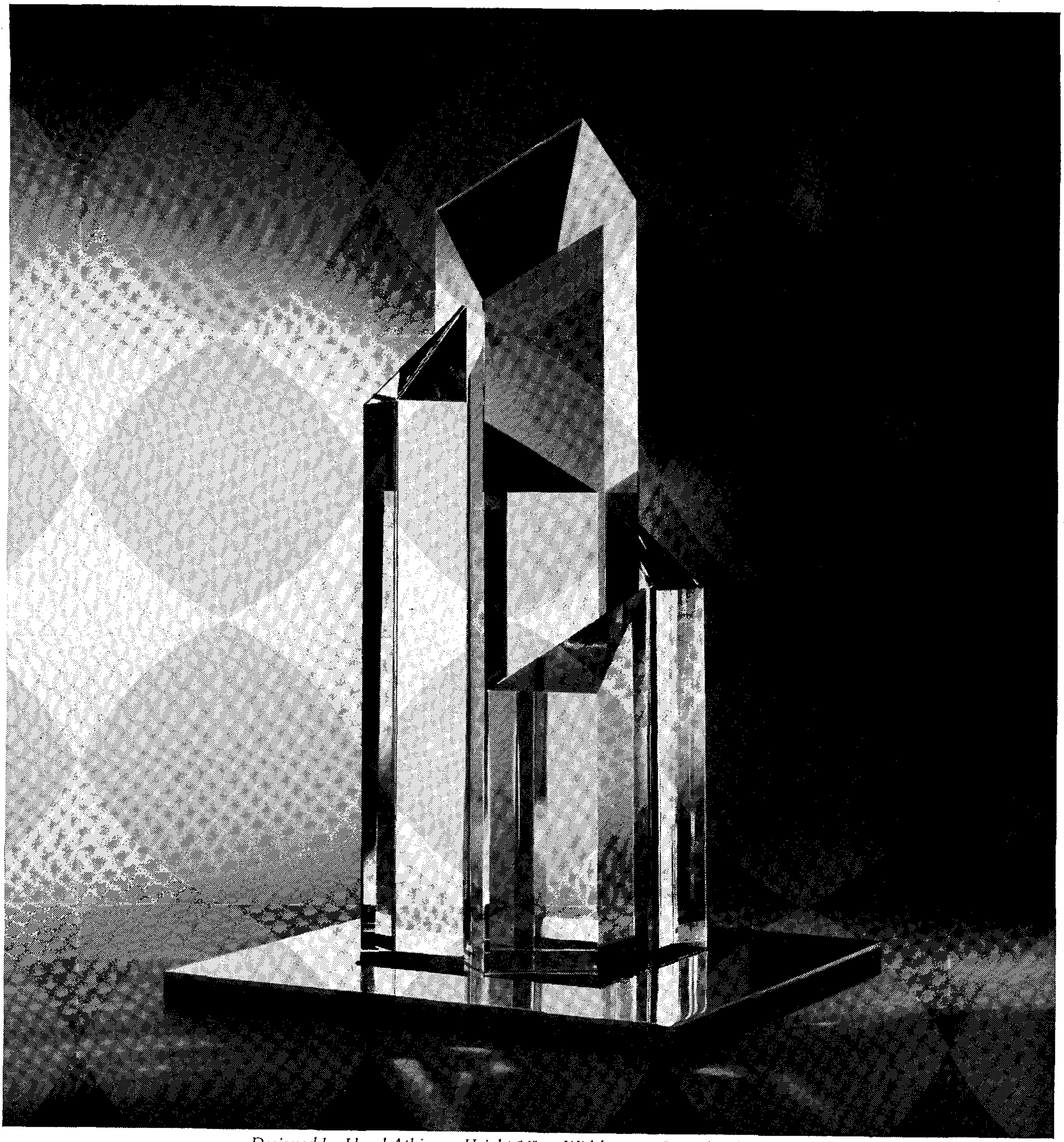

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SPELL #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

SWEENEY TODD—A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 16.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark which is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **EUBIE!**: A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,056 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

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BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performance of the engagement—Wednesday, Sept. 12: "Firebird," "Contredances," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 13: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evening, Sept. 14-15, and Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 16: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

PEARL PRIMUS—Miss Primus and her company in "Earth Theatre." (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. Trumpeter **JOHN MC NEIL** leads a quintet that

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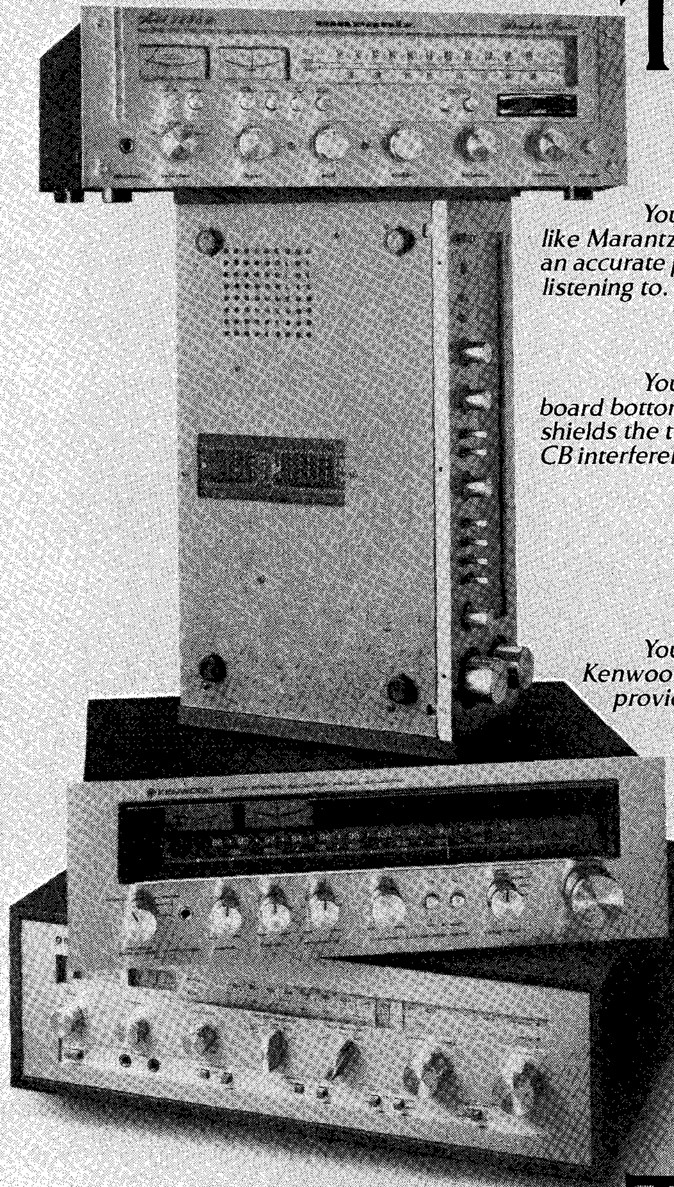

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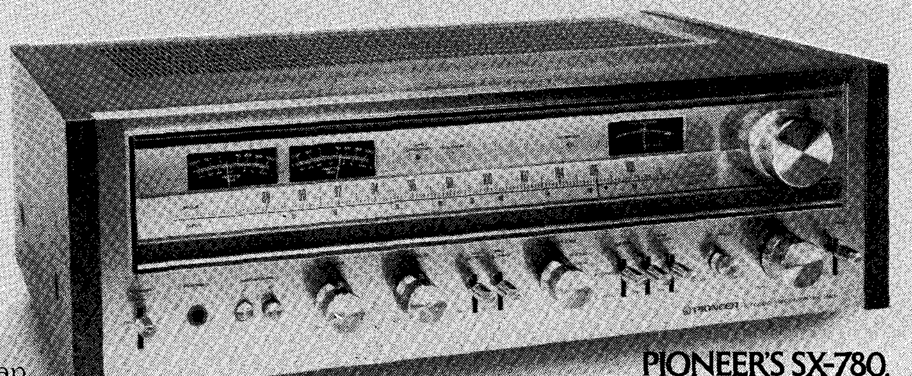

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features saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** and drummer **BILLY HART** on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12-13; on Friday, Sept. 14, **ROBERTA BAUM** will sing with heavyweight backing from **BILLY HART**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS**; and on Saturday, Sept. 15, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki will drop by with a trio. Sets begin Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The **DILLARDS**, a country-and-bluegrass group that has been around for some seventeen years, will be here on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15; Monday, Sept. 17, will belong to soul singer Lenny Williams; on Tuesday, Sept. 18, jazz-rock bassist Eberhard Weber will drop by with his band; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, two bands—Roomful of Blues and the Fabulous Thunderbirds—will alternate with each other. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine at this often crowded, dark-panelled bar and restaurant. **LOU LEVY**, a West Coast musician and a Peggy Lee accompanist of long standing, takes care of the piano, with some help from bassist **RUFUS REID**, through Saturday, Sept. 15. Starting Monday, Sept. 17, pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** will be in charge for a couple of weeks with a bassist. Sundays belong to singer and pianist Joe Derise, who treats the music and lyrics of well-known and less-well-known standards with reverence. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is in charge of a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, who has been watching over the Café Carlyle, will finish up on Saturday, Sept. 15. On Tuesday, Sept. 18, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** will return with his trusty aides, drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** will play solo piano in the Bemelman's Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, starting Monday, Sept. 17.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: Maroons and Spit on Wednesday, Sept. 12; the Richard Lloyd quartet Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15, with a different band opening the show each night—Colors on Thursday, the Decks on Friday, and Pet Clams from Outer Space on Saturday. Music after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**, who works with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Mouth-organ virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** performs "I Got Rhythm," "Melancholy Baby," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Shenandoah," some classical and semi-classical selections, and cowboy campfire songs. Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, who are here until Saturday, Sept. 15, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. On Tuesday, Sept. 18, blues singer and composer **ALBERTA HUNTER** will move back with her pianist **GERALD COOK** and her new bassist, **AARON BELL**. Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are given over to **SAMMY PRICE**, who plays blues and boogie-woogie piano at eight-thirty, ten-thirty and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. Sunday, Sept. 16, will belong to **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor player with a fondness for the swing era, and his quintet. They'll begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** works with pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **CECIL MC BEE**, and drummer **BILLY HART** through Saturday, Sept. 15; on Tuesday, Sept. 18, **TED CURSON**, the jubilant trumpeter, will arrive with his quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and another fine player, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**. On Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and her trio provide music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Convenient to Avery Fisher Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, and the West Side Y.M.C.A., this second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. Guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**, who is *not* a new-wave player—he has worked with Ornette Coleman for years and was influenced by Coleman's "harmolodic" experiments—has found a commercial hook for avant-garde jazz: he plays traditional atonal melodies with a rhythm section that sounds inescapably like part of a disco-funk or urban-blues band. Mr. Ulmer and his quartet are highly regarded everywhere—in jazz lofts, in jazz clubs, and in this fashionable rock-and-roll club, where his music is danced to. The Ulmer quartet performs on Wednesday, Sept. 12. On Thursday, Sept. 13, the Mutants and the Rentals; on Friday, Sept. 14, the Monochrome Set and the Mutants; and on Saturday, Sept. 15, the Monochrome Set and the Brains. Taped rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sundays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from nine. Snacks and soft drinks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the musicians. Right now, the musicians are pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, who claim the place as their New York home base. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant. Here's part of the schedule: rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY** is here through Thursday, Sept. 13; Sunday, Sept. 16, has been set aside for country singer and songwriter **TOM T. HALL**; Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 17-19, will be devoted to bluesman **ALBERT KING** and his band; and on

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Thursday, Sept. 20, folkie and comic Kinky Friedman will be onstage. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. HELEN WARD, a big-band singer from the swing era, is singing here with a small combo led by pianist JIMMY ROWLES. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. On Monday, Sept. 17, baritone ARTHUR PRYSOCK will come in with a team of backup musicians. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The groups: Panic Squad and Roni & the Jitters Wednesday Sept. 12; Ludacer, Cheese, and Paavo Rowe Thursday, Sept. 13; Senders and the Robert Ross Band Friday, Sept. 14; Buzz & the Flyers, Zantees, Justin Trouble, and Fast Floyd Saturday, Sept. 15; Lynn Todd, the Dots, and Maroons Sunday, Sept. 16; Testers, Reruns, and Legionaires Disease Monday, Sept. 17; and Shivers, Diamond Dupree, and Shane Champagne Tuesday, Sept. 18. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"Stardust," "Lazybones," "Ole Buttermilk Sky," and the official state song of Georgia ("Georgia on My Mind") are some of the more famous tunes written by the current tributee here, Hoagy Carmichael, who probably should be asked to write forty-nine more state songs. The tribute is in the hands of cornettist DICK SUDHALTER, who organized a Carmichael tribute during the Newport Jazz Festival this year, singer BARBARA LEA, singer-pianist BOB DOROUGH, and drummer BUTCH MILES. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. On Tuesday, Sept. 18, cornettist RUBY BRAFF, bassist MICHAEL MOORE, pianist JOHN BUNCH, guitarist AL CAIOLA, and drummer MEL LEWIS will all move in. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place with a solid jazz-and-soul lineup. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his septet, the Rising Sun, will perform Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist BEN ARONOV works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet are in charge. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Second-generation Chicago-blues-harp wizard JUNIOR WELLS is onstage with his band Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, electric jazz-rock violinist MICHAL URBANIAK, his vocalist wife, URSZULA DUDZIAK, and their quintet will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. SY OLIVER guides a bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Barbara Cook claims the stage Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty, and Karen Akers sings on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. Pianist JOANNE BRACKEEN heads a trio on Wednesday, Sept. 12; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 13-16, have been reserved for tenor saxophonist ARCHIE SHEPP; on Monday, Sept. 17, keyboardist Bob James will be present; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 18-19, pianist RONNIE MATTHEWS will perform with a quartet; and on Thursday, Sept. 20, rhythm-and-blues drummer BERNARD PURDIE will come in with his band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND OF YANK LAWSON AND BOB HAGGART has installed itself in this deep-red turn-of-the-century-flavored lounge entitled the French Quarter. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist RONNIE CUBER heads up his quartet through Saturday, Sept. 15; Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 18-22, flugelhorn specialist ART FARMER will perform with a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard. The admirable lineup: trumpeter DANNY MOORE, pianist HAROLD MABERN, bassist JAMIL NASSER, and drummer IDRIS MUHAMMAD on Wednesday, Sept. 12; tenor saxophonist GARY BARTZ Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 13-16; the Charles Moffett family, a teen-age trio, on Monday, Sept. 17; flutist JAMES NEWTON on Wednesday, Sept. 19; and bassist REGGIE WORKMAN Friday through Sunday, Sept. 21-23. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The bluesy lineup includes singer and pianist ROOSEVELT SYKES through Thursday, Sept. 13, and singer and guitarist OTIS RUSH Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 19-22. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday, after eleven, usually.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the sprawling, downstairs room, CARMEN MC CRAE sings with her backup crew through Sunday, Sept. 16. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Two former Miles Davis pianists make up most of the schedule here: BILL EVANS and his trio perform through Sunday, Sept. 16; and RED GARLAND and his home-grown—from Dallas—quartet will move in on Tuesday, Sept. 18. On Mondays, drummer MEL LEWIS and his JAZZ ORCHESTRA forges ahead. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sadik Hakim, who is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; another pianist, Esther Blue, works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet performs through Tuesday, Sept. 18; on Wednesday, Sept. 19, saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE and his Ellington-minded quartet—it's even called Ellingtonia—will arrive. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Liza Minnelli—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 12-14, at 8.

Bee Gees—With Sweet Inspirations. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Shirley Bassey—Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.

Ray Charles—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8.

The Who—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 13-14, and Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 16-18, at 8.

Dionne Warwick—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.

Jazz at Symphony Space—A two-day event. Friday, Sept. 14, at 7:30: George Coleman Band, Donald Smith Band, and Amiri Baraka. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 14, at midnight: James (Blood) Ulmer Band, Philly Jo Jones Band, Ted Curson, and Amiri Baraka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8: Barry Harris with a concert jazz ensemble, a choir, and two dancers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557.)

Anne Murray—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.

Benefit Concerts at Madison Square Garden—(For the record only; no seats are left.) Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19-20, at 7:30: Jackson Browne, the Doobie Brothers, John Hall, Graham Nash, Bonnie Raitt, and James Taylor. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 21, at 7:30: Mr. Browne, Ry Cooder, Chaka Khan, Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band, Sweet Honey in the Rock, and Jesse Colin Young.

Sun Ra, Oregon, and the Carla Bley Band—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8.

The Clash—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Reverend James Cleveland and His Gospel Singers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Robert Cottingham—Drawings and prints of American-city scenes by a Photo-Realist. Through Oct. 6. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Sept. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract canvases by an artist who applies the oil with a palette knife. Through Oct. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Peter Flaccus / Sidney Gordin—This artist's personal stamp is an oblong emblem, variously colored, that he painted on the background of his earlier works to break up an otherwise more or less solid-color surface. In these new paintings, the emblems are the same in shape but have increased in size and number, and now dominate the background rather than accent it. / Lean, crisp drawings, mostly black-and-white, by this Constructivist sculptor who lives in California. Through Sept. 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Igor Galanin—New fantasy paintings. Through Oct. 6. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Don Gummer—A six-sided painted-wood and stone sculpture. Through Sept. 23. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

Paul Jenkins—A new series of abstractions in acrylic. Through Oct. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Diane Kaiser—Fired-clay wall reliefs painted with translucent acrylics. Also prints. Through Sept. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joyce Kozloff—A sumptuous environment that takes up the whole gallery space and has a strong Middle Eastern atmosphere. It is centered on a richly decorated and slightly raised tile floor (ten and a half feet by fourteen and a half feet), which is surrounded by silk-screened or lithographed silk panels hanging from the walls between pilasters ornamented with tiles. The artist made everything herself: tiles, panels, pilasters—the works. Through Sept. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—A retrospective of the California Constructivist's oils. Through Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wilbur Niewald—Kansas City cityscapes. Through Sept. 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Jerry Ott—Paintings. Through Sept. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Mary Petty (1899-1976)—Twenty-six watercolors that became *New Yorker* covers and were bequeathed by the artist to Syracuse University. Through Sept. 28. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.)

Kendall Shaw—Pattern paintings inspired by the life of the artist's New Orleans grandmother. Through Oct. 3. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Chris Van Allsburg—Drawings. Through Oct. 4. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Elihu Vedder (1836-1923)—Figure and landscape drawings by a Romantic artist. Through Oct. 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lincoln Viner—Hanging constructions and other objects in mixed mediums, which include straw and iron. Through Oct. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Representational Paintings, Drawings, and Sculptures—Six West Fifty-seventh Street galleries have banded together to show works by contemporary American artists. The entire effort is sponsored by a group called Artists' Choice Museum. At the KORNBLEE, 20 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Janet Fish, Wayne Thiebaud, and others. . . . ALEXANDER, 20 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Paul Georges, Rackstraw Downes, and others. . . . FISCHBACH, 29 W. 57th St.: Landscapes by Willem de Kooning, Yvonne Jacquette, and others. . . . MARLBOROUGH, 40 W. 57th St.: An exception: paintings by like-minded artists from abroad, among them Hockney and Botero. . . . DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by Jack Beal, Alice Neel, and others. . . . FRUMKIN, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by Lennart Anderson, Alex Katz, and others. All shows through Saturday, Sept. 22.

Italian Renaissance Paintings from the Hermitage—A show of eleven paintings from the period, including Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna and Child" ("Benois Madonna"), and works by Correggio and Titian. Through Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Open daily.)

Group Shows—At the COOPER, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Carl Andre, Lynda Benglis, Alan Shields, and others. Through Oct. 10. . . . CRISPO, 41 E. 57th St.: Several canvases by Milton Avery, including a self-portrait with a bird; a vintage Pascin study of a young woman; a Winslow Homer, a John Singer Sargent, and a Georgia O'Keeffe; and Arshile Gorky's last painting are among the works in this rich show. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Susan Wilmarth and Bruce Boice are two of the five artists showing abstract paintings. Through Oct. 6. . . . FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by David Levine, Hugo Robus, and others. Through Oct. 5.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—The Museum of Modern Art has on view more than a hundred and fifty of his Western landscapes. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Brassaï—Photographs of artists in their studios, among them Maillol, Giacometti, Dali, and Matisse, which he made in France. Through Oct. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Twenty-five photographs: early landscapes at Fontainebleau and military maneuvers at the Camps de Châlons through late works made in Egypt. Through Sept. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77)—The Morgan Library has mounted a show of forty photographs that trace his entire career. Among the examples, a city view of London dated 1839. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Todd Webb—A selection of prints that date from the forties to the present. Through Sept. 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A historical survey (1839 to the present) of Polish photography. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. . . . LIGHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color Polaroid SX-70s by William Larson; portraits, photo-collages, and Arizona landscapes by Frederick Sommer; and landscapes by Ansel Adams (see also, above). Through Sept. 29. . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by nine contemporary photographers. Through Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven fragments of sculptures from the façade of Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, which disappeared during the French Revolution and were found two years ago underneath a courtyard on the Right Bank. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of furnishings and decorative objects designed by artists, architects, and designers, including Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Louis Tiffany, and Marcel Breuer. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ A show of still-lifes by Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936), an American modernist neglected in his lifetime. Through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eighty newly acquired drawings by Europeans and Americans. Through Nov. 13. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Western landscapes by Ansel Adams. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Matisse and Master Drawings from the Baltimore Museum of Art," a show of seventy-three Matisse paintings, drawings,

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Stanley Sherman's zip-front skimmer. A fluid flow of pure wool flannel that's cuffed at the three-quarter sleeves, belted at the middle... and pocketed! at the hip. In grey with a red belt. For sizes 6 to 16, \$150. From the Stanley Sherman Boutique—where we are all the things you are.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and sculptures together with ninety-one drawings and watercolors by other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. . . . ¶ George Rickey's kinetic sculptures range from jewelry to large mobiles. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Oct. 14.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—In anticipation of its fiftieth anniversary, the museum has organized three shows of works whose dates precede the museum's founding. The first of these, "Tradition and Modernism: 1900-30," has paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints from the permanent collection. The artists include Robert Henri, John Sloan, Mardsen Hartley, Elie Nadelman, and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ "Selected Recent Acquisitions: Graphics," includes works by Isabel Bishop, Richard Estes, and Larry Rivers. Through Oct. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—*no special exhibitions at the moment.* (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sunday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ More than a hundred examples of glass objects that date from the first century to the present, with emphasis on the last three centuries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—William Blake's twenty-one watercolor illustrations for the Book of Job and his illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77). Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of works made by New York State Shaker communities: furniture, domestic wares, spirit drawings. Through Nov. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 13: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Rico Serbo, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 14: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; John Crosby. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 15: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Rico Serbo, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 16, and Wednesday evening, Sept. 19: The New York première of Menotti's "La Loca" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, John Bröcheler, Joseph Evans, and Robert Hale; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 20: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, and John Seabury; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 21: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Rico Serbo, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 22: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Diana Soviero, Riccardo Calleo, and Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 22: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Joshua Hecht; Cal Stewart Kellogg. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelík conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 3—Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8; Friday, Sept. 14, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 18, at 7:30. . . . ¶ A different program (also conducted by Mr. Kubelík) on Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8; Friday, Sept. 21, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 7:30.

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program, with Naoka Tanaka, violin. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

RECITALS

Ivan Davis—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—The Goldovsky Opera Institute in a performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio" in concert form. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Sept. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Ali Akbar Khan and L. Subramaniam—Sarod and violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Sept. 16, at 7.)

James Dick—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in a program of music *of the Romantic period. (Kaufmann Concert* Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

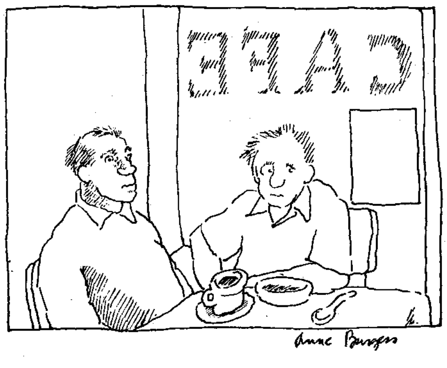
Andrzej Wasowski—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A varied program, with Jaime Laredo, violin and viola; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler and Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Sharon Robinson and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

Bert Phillips and Toby Blumenthal—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12-13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 18, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19-20, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheaders). . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 21, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 22, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 14, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, at 2.



Professional Basketball—Nets vs. Philadelphia, in an exhibition game. (Rutgers University *Athletic Center, Piscataway, N.J. For information* about tickets, call 201 932-2766. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8:05.)

College Football—**saturday, sept. 15:** Army vs. Connecticut, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Millersville, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. West Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, sept. 22:** Colgate vs. Lehigh, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Rochester, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Siena, at Mount St. Michael Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Bucknell, at New Brunswick, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Detroit Lions (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 16, at 1.). . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins (Washington. Monday, Sept. 17.)

Hockey—Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, in an exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Maskette, Wednesday, Sept. 12; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 15; the Lawrence Realization, Sunday, Sept. 16; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays *between 11 and 1:10,* and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Thursday, Sept. 20.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights *at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 17.*

ET ALIA

Fall Antiques Show—An Americana show, including furniture, glass, china, bronze sculptures, pewter, silver, jewelry, toys, and quilts. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 12-15, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Sept. 16, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture and folk art, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 15.

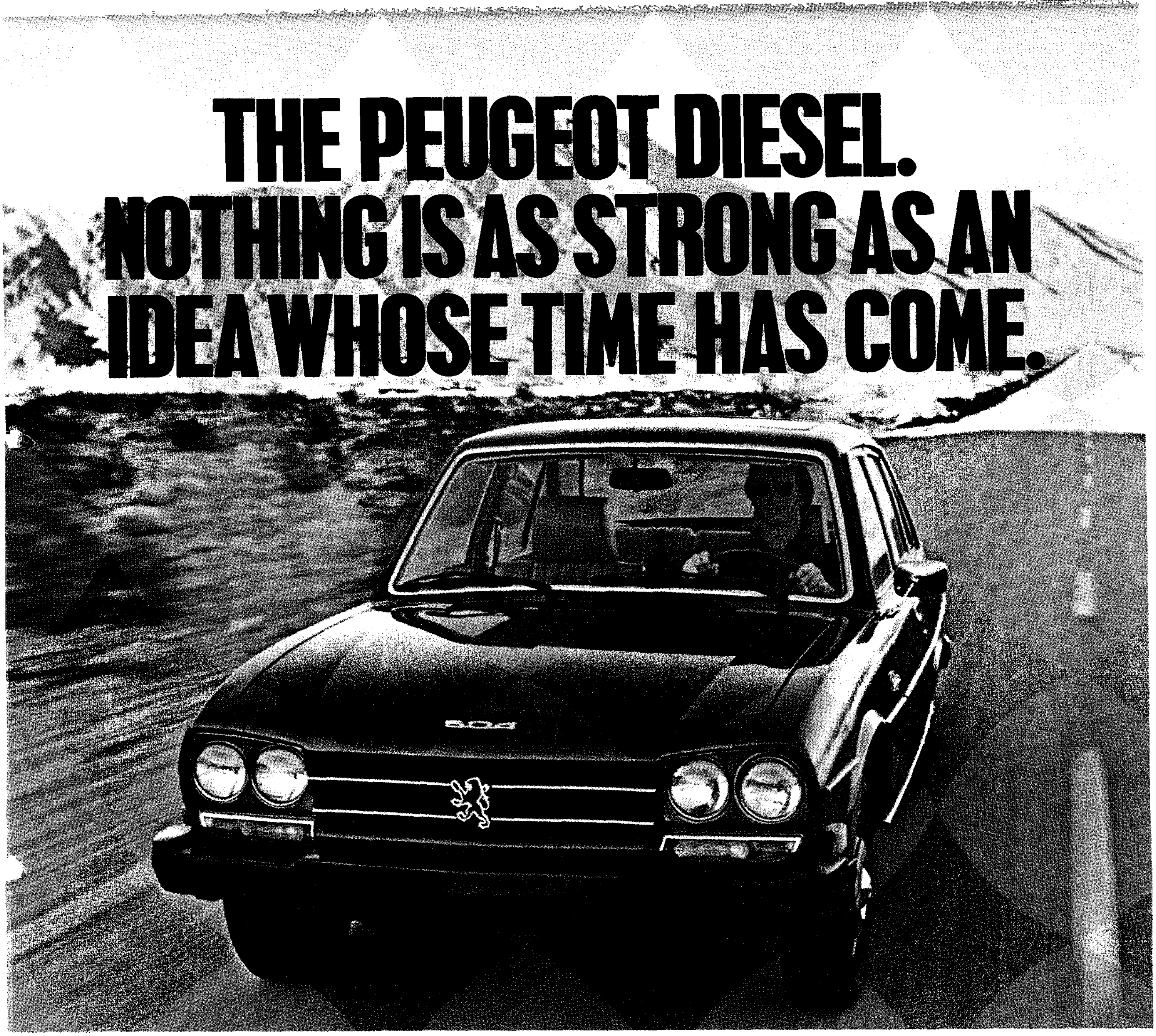
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Walking Tour—A walk through Central Park *as the site of a battle during the Revolution,* conducted by Bruce Kelly and Bruce Bliven for the Academy of American Poets. Sunday, Sept. 16, starting at Fifth Avenue and 102nd Street, at 2. For information, call 988-6783.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, from noon until sundown.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.



THE PEUGEOT DIESEL. NOTHING IS AS STRONG AS AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME.

In 1928, Peugeot produced the first lightweight automotive diesel engine.

Fifty-one years later, what started out as the practical car of the future, has become the necessity car of today.

With an engine that needs no spark plugs or points. No distributor, condenser or carburetor.

An engine, in fact, that has very little that can go wrong with it.

A car that runs on diesel fuel, instead of gas. Which not only generally costs less per gallon, but gives you more miles to the gallon.*

What's more, a diesel engine burns fuel more thoroughly than a gasoline and requires no emission control devices (which could cut down the efficiency of your engine).

Naturally, because it's a Peugeot Diesel, along with the economy that comes with diesel ownership, you get the handling and driving features that go with Peugeot ownership.

Like an independent suspension system. So that when one wheel hits a bump, it doesn't take the rest of the car with it.

Power-assisted rack and pinion steering, for "tight" control between the driver's wheel and the car's wheels. Maximum control at speed and on curves.

Power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels, not just for fast stops, but for safer, surer ones.

As well as Michelin steel belted radial tires.

All of which inspired MOTOR TREND Magazine to say: "Designed and built to last, this is not the kind of car to trade in every year but a solid piece of machinery to keep and drive for many years."

The time has come to test drive a car like this. See your local Peugeot dealer.

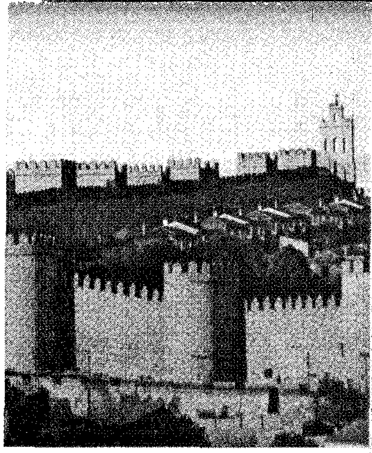
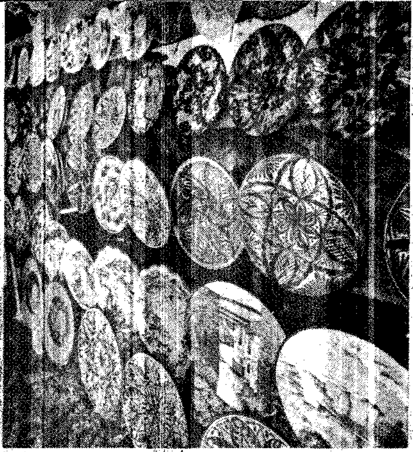
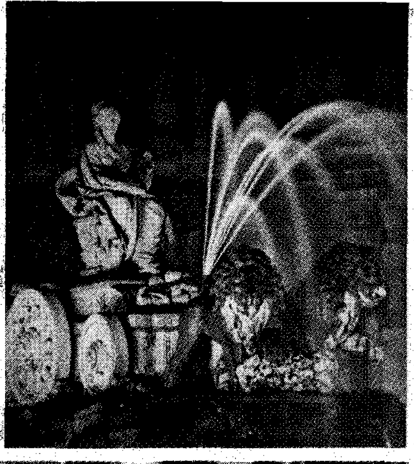
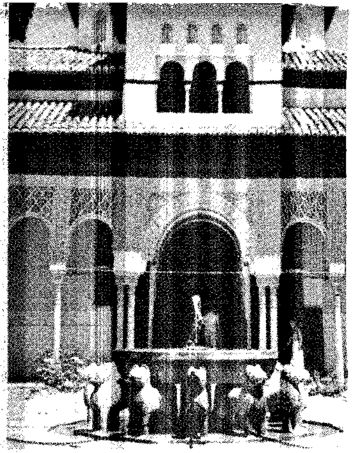
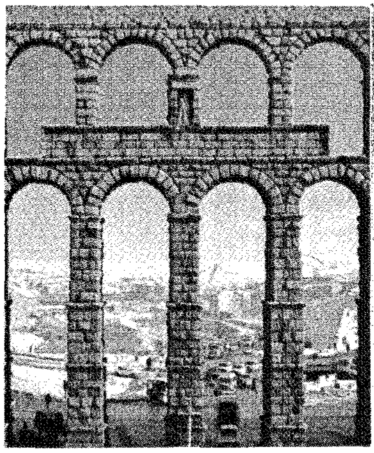
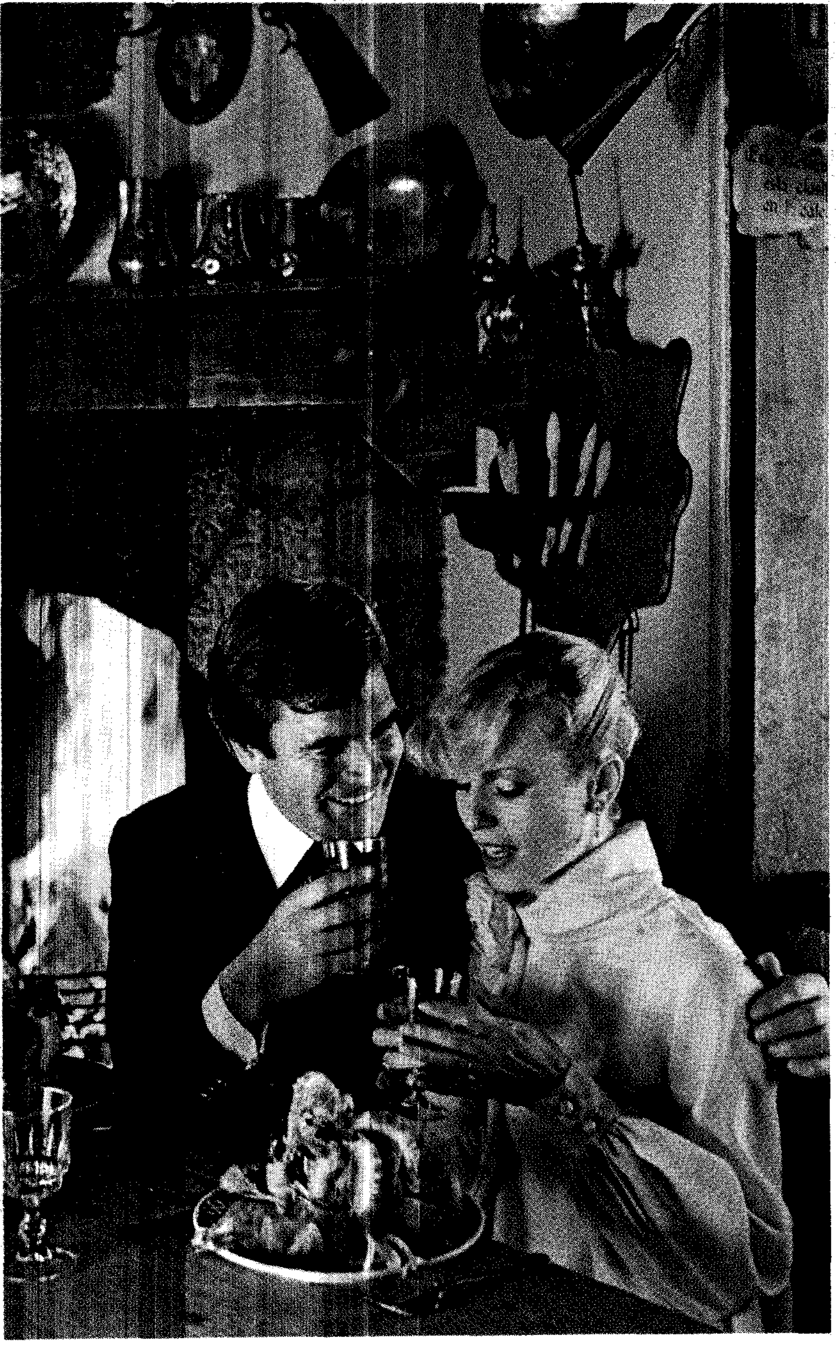
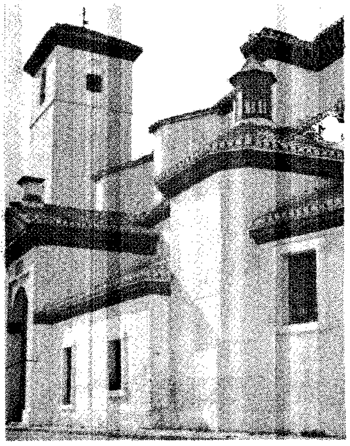
Test the Peugeot diesel at your local Peugeot dealer.

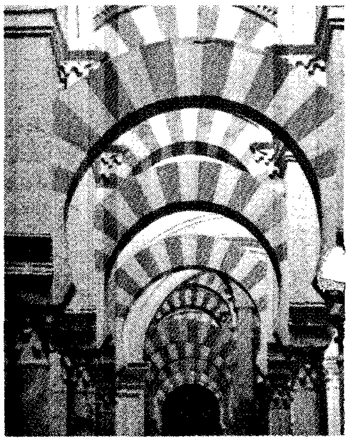
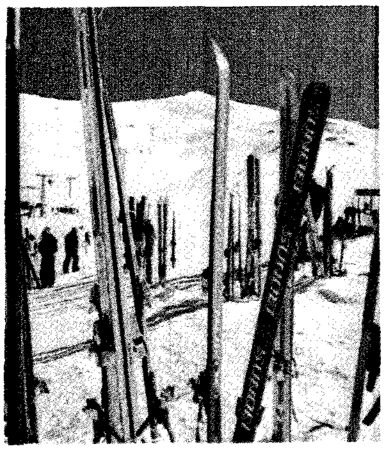
PEUGEOT

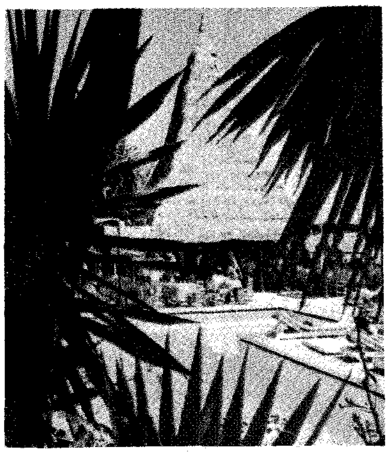
It's tougher than it has to be.

*Peugeot 504D, transmission M-4, EPA estimated MPG: 28 Remember: These are estimates for comparative purposes. You may get different mileage depending on driving speeds, weather conditions, trip length, and the condition of your car.

For more information on buying, leasing, or overseas delivery call in the continental U.S. 800-243-6000 toll-free (in CT call 1-800-882-6500). © Peugeot Motors of America, Inc., 1979.



In America, we go to Europe for great food.
In Europe, they go to Spain for great food.

Ever since the 8th century, when the Moors occupied part of Spain, spices have occupied a large part of Spanish cuisine.

In fact, spices have even played a big part in Spanish history. Because it was the search for new ways to get spices from the East that led to Columbus' sailing west.

However, with all the importance that spices have, Spanish food isn't spicy or hot at all. Just slightly seasoned. It's this delicate blending of spices, such as costly saffron (and the use of olive oil) which makes Spanish food distinctive. And at the same time distinguishes it from the foods of other Spanish speaking countries.

THE ONLY WAY TO GET A REAL TASTE OF SPAIN IS TO DINE THERE.

In Spain, because the portions are so large and the food is so delicious, it's tempting to stretch one meal into three meals. It's even tempting to make the delicious hors d'oeuvres called *tapas* into a meal by themselves. But don't. Otherwise you won't have time to sample many of Spain's great dishes: *paella; chorizo* (spiced pork sausage); *gazpacho; cochinillo* (roast suckling pig); *tortilla española;* partridge; pheasant and almost any fish. Trout and salmon are caught in nearby streams. While *mariscos* (shellfish) are caught offshore.

Part of the flavor of dining in Spain, though, comes from things you can't taste. Like restaurants with handsomely decorated interiors. And even more handsomely decorated food platters. All with courteous service that's enough to make the mouth water of any maitre d'.

WHAT'S GREAT FOOD WITHOUT GREAT WINE.

The many different regions of Spain have deliciously different regional dishes. All enhanced by delicious regional wines.

These *vinos de la casa* are reasonably priced. With the reds strong, earthy and robust. While the whites are usually soft and mellow.

In addition to house wines, there are excellent wines from the Rioja, Panadés and Ribeiro regions among others. While there are some sparkling wines from the area around Barcelona which rival champagne. Just for fun, you might even order a cool pitcher of sangría.

For an apéritif, you might try a *fino,* which is a nice dry sherry. And the way the Spanish usually start their meals. You might even want to visit Jerez, where the best sherries in the world come from. And sample some at a *bodega.*

Now with all this great food and wine, it's easy to see why so many Europeans enjoy dining in Spain.

It's also easy to see why a vacation in Spain is like one big party. With a truly unique international flavor.

For more information, see your travel agent or contact the nearest Spanish National Tourist Office: 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022/664 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill./3160 Lyon St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123/Casa del Hidalgo, St. Augustine, Fla. 32084.

SPAIN

Where more Europeans vacation than anywhere else in the world.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Freaks" (at 6 and 10:30, except Sept. 17). Also "The Show" (Sept. 12), "The Unholy Three" (Sept. 13), "West of Zanzibar" (Sept. 14), "Miracles for Sale" (Sept. 15), "Outside the Law" (Sept. 16), "Where East Is East" (Sept. 18), "Mark of the Vampire" (Sept. 19), "The Mystic" (Sept. 20), "The Iron Man" (Sept. 21), and "The Devil Doll" (Sept. 22-23), all directed by Tod Browning.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 18: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
From Sept. 19: "Life of Brian."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 13: "Rock 'n' Roll High School" and "The Harder They Come."
Sept. 14-20: "Moonraker" and "Murder by Decree."
From Sept. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"El Super."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 18: "Hair."
From Sept. 19: "The Onion Field."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"North Dallas Forty."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 13: "Sunburn."
From Sept. 14: "Run After Me Until I Catch You."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 13: "More American Graffiti."
From Sept. 14: "The Green Room."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Nest of Vipers."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rich Kids."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Harold and Maude."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Sept. 17: "Life of Brian."
Sept. 18: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 19: "Yanks."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Orchestra Rehearsal."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 20: "Manhattan."
From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 18: "Soldier of Orange."
From Sept. 19: "The Onion Field."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Sept. 17: "Star Wars."
From Sept. 18: "Peppermint Soda."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 17: "Peppermint Soda."
From Sept. 18: "Life of Brian."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 13: "Dracula."
Sept. 14-20: "Moonraker."
From Sept. 21: "The In-Laws."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 20: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From Sept. 21: "Sammy Stops the World," a filmed concert with Sammy Davis, Jr.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"North Dallas Forty."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 13: "The Amityville Horror."
From Sept. 14: "City on Fire."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "More American Graffiti." Sept. 14-20: "Dracula." From Sept. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Manhattan." Sept. 14-20: "Love and Bullets." From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 13: "Rocky II."
From Sept. 14: "The Frisco Kid."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The In-Laws." From Sept. 18 (tentative): "Life of Brian."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "Patrick." From Sept. 14: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
Theatre 4: "Woyzeck."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The In-Laws."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Manhattan."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meetings with Remarkable Men."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 21: "The Muppet Movie."
From Sept. 22: A first program of films made by independent American filmmakers.

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 13: "Woyzeck."
From Sept. 14: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Sept. 13: "The Frisco Kid."
Sept. 14-20: "Star Wars."
From Sept. 21: "Bloodline."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "Escape from Alcatraz." Sept. 14-20: "The Frisco Kid." From Sept. 21: "A Touch of Class" and "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Moonraker." From Sept. 14: "Dracula."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 20: "Manhattan." From Sept. 21: "Alien."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "The In-Laws." From Sept. 18: "Life of Brian."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 13: "Hair" and "Movie Movie."
Sept. 14-20: "Moonraker" and "The Great Train Robbery."
From Sept. 21: "The In-Laws" and "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 13: "Sunburn." (†)
From Sept. 14: "Shame of the Jungle."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Bloodline." (†)
Theatre 4: "Meatballs."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Sept. 13: "Star Wars." (†)
From Sept. 14: "City on Fire." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"North Dallas Forty." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Dracula." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Sept. 17: "Moonraker." (†)
From Sept. 18: "Life of Brian." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 13: "Patrick." (†)
Sept. 14-20: "Love and Bullets." (†)
From Sept. 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Sept. 18: "The Brood."
From Sept. 19: "The Onion Field." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Sept. 13: "The Fifth Musketeer" and "Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger."
Sept. 14-20: "Star Wars." (†)
From Sept. 21: "Sammy Stops the World."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 12: "The Naked Kiss" (1965), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, and Betty Bronson; and "Ruby Gentry" (1952), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Charlton Heston, and Karl Malden.
Sept. 13: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.
Sept. 14: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.
Sept. 15: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967), directed by John Huston, with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith.
Sept. 16: "City Lights" (1931), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Sunrise" (1927), a silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.
Sept. 17: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Komodianten" (1941), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst.
Sept. 18: "Samurai Spy" (1965) and "Punishment Island" (1966), both films in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.
Sept. 19: "Wild Strawberries" (†); and

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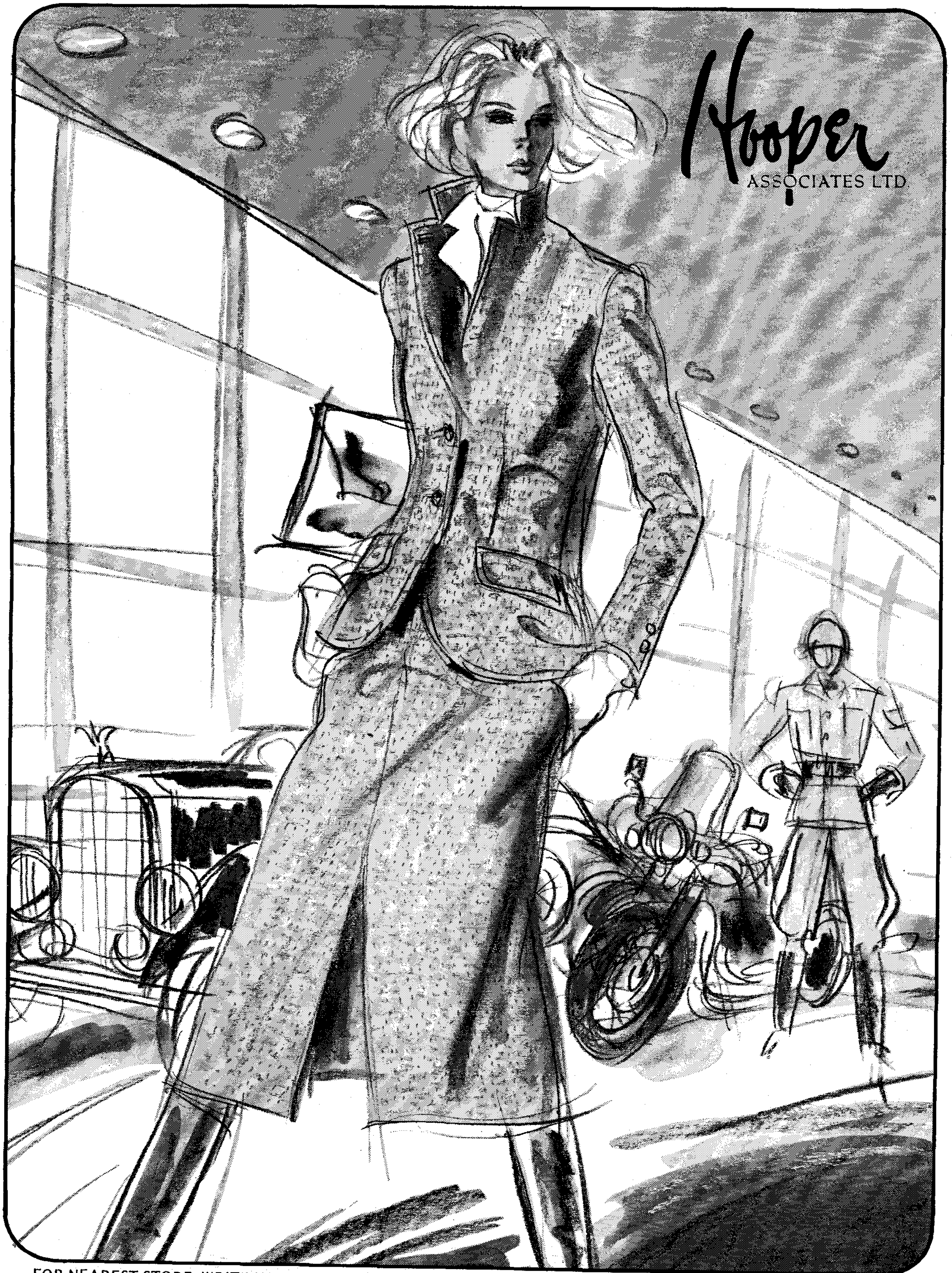

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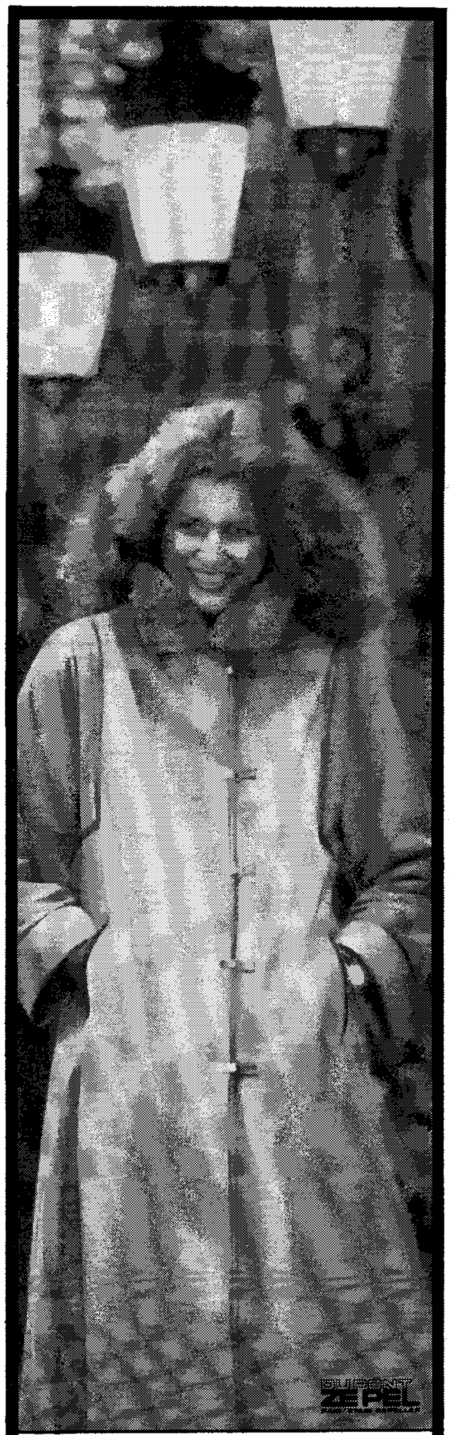

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"Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

Sept. 20: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea." (†)

Sept. 21-22: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 12: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolf Klein-Rogge.

Sept. 13: "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Sept. 14: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Sept. 15: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "Morgan!" (1966), directed by Karl Reisz, with David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave.

Sept. 16: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Sept. 17: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

Sept. 18: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964), directed by John Huston, with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

Sept. 19: "Special Section" (†); and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.

Sept. 20: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Edge of the City." (†)

Sept. 21: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.

Sept. 22: "Lawrence of Arabia." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 13: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.

Sept. 14-15: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

Sept. 16-17: "Despair" (1979), directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Servant." (†)

Sept. 18: "Caged Heat!" (1974), directed by Jonathan Demme; and "Private Parts" (1973), directed by Paul Bartel.

Sept. 19-20: "Madame Rosa" (†) and "Mr. Klein." (†)

Sept. 21-22: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 13: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), a documentary about Neil Young.

Sept. 14-20: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), with the Who; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

From Sept. 21: "Mr. Mike's Mondo Video" (1979).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 12: "The Big Parade" (1925), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée; and "The Cameraman" (1928), a silent film, directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton and Marceline Day.

Sept. 13-15: "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold; and "Brigadoon" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse.

From Sept. 16: "That Hamilton Woman!" (†); and "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 12: "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Sept. 13: "Trio" (1950), "Encore" (1952), and "Quartet" (1949), each film made from three or four Somerset Maugham short stories.

Sept. 14-15: "The Haunting" (1963), directed by Robert Wise, with Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn; and "The Innocents" (1961), directed by Jack Clayton, with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave.

Sept. 16: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard; and "Daydreamer" (1976), in French, directed by Pierre Richard, with Richard and Bernard Blier.

Sept. 17: "Days of Water" (1979), in Spanish, directed by Manuel Octavio Gomez; and "People of the Wind" (1976), a documentary, directed by Anthony Howarth.

Sept. 18: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette; and "Thirty-Day Princess." (†)

Sept. 19: A program of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.

Sept. 20: "The Sugarland Express" (†) and "Cactus Flower." (†)

Sept. 21-22: "The Mad Magician" (1954), directed by John Brahm, with Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, and Eva Gabor; and "Hannah Lee" (1953), directed by John Ireland and Lee Garmes, with MacDonald Carey, Joanne Dru, and Ireland.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 12: "Gypsy Wildcat" (1944), directed by Roy William Neill, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Nigel Bruce, and Leo Carrillo; and "White Savage" (1943), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

Sept. 13: "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Betty Field, and Cliff Robertson; and "A Woman of Distinction" (1950), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell, Edmund Gwenn, and Janis Carter.

Sept. 14-15: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Sept. 16: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris." (†)

Sept. 17: "Man of the World" (1931), directed by Richard Wallace, with William Powell, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson, and Guy Kibbee; and "Street of Chance." (†)

Sept. 18: "The List of Adrian Messenger" (†); and "Father Brown, Detective" (1935), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Paul Lukas, Walter Connolly, and Gertrude Michael.

Sept. 19-20: "The Sea Hawk" (†); and "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

Sept. 21-22: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Anne Revere; and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Keenan Wynn, Dean Stockwell, and Phillip Reed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 13 at 2:30: "Prisoner No. 13" (1933), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Alfredo del Diestro; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "El Compadre Mendoza" (1933), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Alfredo del Diestro; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 8:30: "Let's Go with Pancho Villa" (1935), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Domingo Soler; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "The Tiger of Yautepec" (1933), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Lupita Gallardo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: A program of American comedy films, 1904-17, including one-reelers made by Biograph, Solax, Keystone, and Vitagraphstudios. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at noon: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "El Compadre Mendoza.". . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 5: "Let's Go with Pancho Villa.". . . ¶ Sept. 16 at noon: "Things to Come.". . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30: "Prisoner No. 13.". . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 5: "Thanks for Everything" (1938), directed by William Seiter, with Jack Haley, Adolphe Menjou, and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at noon: A program of student films, made in 1977 and 1978. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2:30: "The Phantom of the Convent" (1934), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Marta Roel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6: "The Tiger of the Yautepec.". . . ¶ Sept. 18 at noon: A program of student films. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Thanks for Everything.". . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "The Women Command" (1936), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Alfredo del Diestro; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2:30: "Allá en el Rancho Grande" (1936), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Tito Guizar; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: "The Phantom of the Convent.". . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 8:30: "The Women Command.". . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 2:30: "The Dressel Family" (1935), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Fernando de Fuentes, with Consuelo Frank; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: A program of films made by Charlie Chaplin at Essanay and Mutual between 1915 and 1917—"The Bank," "The Vagabond," "Easy Street," "The Immigrant," and "The Adventurer.". . . ¶ Sept. 22 at noon: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, John Astin, and Rex Ingram. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Allá en el Rancho Grande.". . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 5: "The Dressel Family." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 18: "Der Eintänzer" (1978), directed by Rebecca Horn; and "Altered to Suit" (1979), directed by Lawrence Weiner. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio 1; starting Sept. 14.)

ALIEN—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Criterion. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 21.)

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR—Based on the book. A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Loews Ciné; through Sept. 13.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—This may be the blackest comedy ever made. Its beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness;" but its tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." The comedy is not safely detached from suffering. Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is Coppola's own movie—inspired by Conrad but reimagined. When Kurtz appears, it turns coarsely literal, as if Coppola and John Milius, the co-author of the screenplay, had read Conrad with their teeth. The movie collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld.)

BLOODLINE—Audrey Hepburn marries Ben Gazzara to secure her inherited position as a pharmaceutical magnate, but he may be the one who killed her father and is out to get her as well. The international cast of suspects also includes James Mason and Omar Sharif, as an adulterous Italian husband with bloodshot eyes. Directed by Terence Young, extracted from the novel by Sidney Sheldon. (7/16/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 21.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the Indiana landscape, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Coronet.)

CACTUS FLOWER (1969)—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CITY ON FIRE—With Henry Fonda, Barry Newman, and Shelley Winters; directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Loews Ciné, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Sept. 14.)

DRACULA—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (Loews State 2. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; Sept. 14-20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 14.)

EDGE OF THE CITY (1957)—Sidney Poitier is startlingly good as an intelligent, easygoing foreman on the docks who is destroyed by his friendship with a weak, unstable white man (John Cassavetes). Martin Ritt, directing his first movie, sustains the tension with great skill but cannot resist clinching the case with gratuitous violence, and the author, Robert Alan Aurthur (adapting his own television play, "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall"), works with such precision that he reduces his subject to pat melodrama. However, it's a solid, often powerful movie. With Jack Warden and Ruby Dee. The music is by Leonard Rosenman; when he completed the score, he must have cut another notch on his gun—he's certainly out to slaughter the audience. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Forum. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 13.)

FREAKS (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. Showings at 6 and 10:30, except Monday, Sept. 17.)

THE FRISCO KID—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; Sept. 14-20. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Sept. 14.)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea; the film is a fictionalized version of what, according to Michael Crichton, who directed, and adapted from his own novel, was the first train robbery. There's a total absence of personal obsession—even moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works; he never excites us emotionally or imaginatively, but the film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Olympia; Sept. 14-20.)

THE GREEN ROOM—With François Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté; directed by Truffaut. In French. (Sutton; starting Sept. 14.)

HAIR—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in

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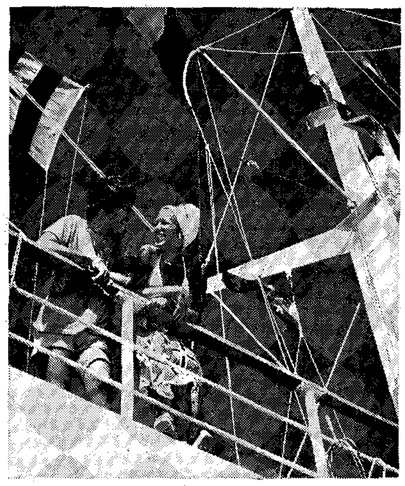

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Olympia; through Sept. 13....¶ Murray Hill; through Sept. 18.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Guild, and Embassy....¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 17....¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Sept. 21.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now (1976)—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould is fairly thoroughly trashed, but Diane Keaton manages to save face despite what's going on around her. Norman Panama directed. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 21.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Life of Brian—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Cinema I; through Sept. 17....¶ Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and National; starting Sept. 18....¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 18, tentative....¶ Art; starting Sept. 19.)

The List of Adrian Messenger (1963)—This detective-story film has many of the pleasures of the genre—phonetic clues, some fancy murder methods, a fox hunt, war-hero detectives. The leading roles are played by George C. Scott and Kirk Douglas, and there are several guest stars who appear in disguise (Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster). They're rather like those maddening suspicious characters in detective novels who seem to be introduced for the sole purpose of throwing dust in our eyes; the stardust is slightly irritating—you find yourself trying to clear up the incidental mystery and losing track of the action. Still, it's a fairly sophisticated diversion. Lancaster is amusing as a woman (though his drag sequence here doesn't compare with his prancing maiden in "The Crimson Pirate"). And there is a joker in the disguised pack: Mitchum, who defies makeup—when he peels off the layers, the wonder is that he could be wearing so much to so little purpose. John Huston directed, from Anthony Veiller's screenplay, based on Philip MacDonald's novel. The cast includes Clive Brook, Gladys Cooper, Dalio, Jacques Roux, John Merivale, Herbert Marshall, Noel Purcell, and a couple of Hustons. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18.)

Love and Bullets—With Charles Bronson, Jill Ireland, and Rod Steiger; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; Sept. 14-20.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (3/27/78) (Cinema Village; Sept. 19-20.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Quad Cinema, and Festival. ...¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Sept. 13.... ¶ Gemini 1, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 20.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Cinema 3.)

Mr. Klein (1977)—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau and Michel Lonsdale; written by Franco Solinas. In French. (2/6/78) (Cinema Village; Sept. 19-20.)

Moonraker—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 13....¶ National; through Sept. 17....¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Sept. 14-20.)

More American Graffiti—A sequel to "American Graffiti" (1973), taking the familiar school-yearbook clucks through the sixties. Be warned: the music is dribbling and incidental, and George Lucas did not direct—B. W. L. Norton did. A visual mess, and disrespectful of its characters, too. With Paul Le Mat, Cindy Williams, Candy Clark, Charles Martin Smith, Mackenzie Phillips, Bo Hopkins, and Ron Howard in the roles they originated. (8/20/79) (Sutton, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through Sept. 13.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. As the night-school law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin makes an agreeable début, and as the wriggling night-club performer who corrupts him, Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. In the second, Barry Bostwick, who plays the singer-composer hero, has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself; Rebecca York is his saucer-eyed true-blue Ruby Keeler. With Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere who has a tickling charm in the first but is totally miscast in the second. The film is too tame and too dependent on mismatched metaphors, and the second "feature" sags, but it's generally friendly and enjoyable. (12/4/78) (Olympia; through Sept. 13.)

THE MUPPET MOVIE—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Waverly.... ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 21.)

MURDER BY DECREE—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an "odd couple" relationship that is the film's best comic resource. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily, reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 14-20.)

NEST OF VIPERS—With Senta Berger, Ornella Muti, and Capucine; directed by Tonino Cervi. (Trans-Lux East.)

NORTH DALLAS FORTY—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows of flair for comedy. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

THE ONION FIELD—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel. With John Savage, James Woods, Franklyn Seales, and Ronny Cox; directed by Harold Becker. (Murray Hill, Beekman, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Sept. 19.)

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema II.)

PATRICK—With Susan Penhaligon, directed by Richard Franklin. (Quad Cinema, and Rivoli; through Sept. 13.)

PEPPERMINT SODA—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (57th St. Playhouse.... ¶ Loews Tower East; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Loews New York 2; starting Sept. 18.)

RICH KIDS—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Baronet.)

ROCKY II—As the ads say, "the story continues..." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.... ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 13.)

RUN AFTER ME UNTIL I CATCH YOU—With Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Marielle, directed by Robert Pouret. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema; starting Sept. 14.)

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA (1976)—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 20.)

THE SEA HAWK (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie. The cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan Hale, Una O'Connor, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19-20.)

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Little Carnegie.)

THE SERVANT (1963)—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Cinema Village; Sept. 16-17.)

SOLDIER OF ORANGE—With Rutger Hauer, Jeroen Krabbé, and Belinda Meuldijk; directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch and English. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman; through Sept. 18.)

SPECIAL SECTION (1975)—Costa-Gavras's melodrama, set in Vichy France, raises the question of why highly placed Cabinet ministers, judges, and prosecutors, who were in no immediate danger themselves, carried out measures that flagrantly violated the system of justice they had been trained to uphold. But the casting and the writing are so prejudicial that this purpose is undercut: the collaborators are cartoon figures—vain, ambitious weaklings, easily soft-soaped. Their victims, however, shine with humanity. The film lacks temperament; it seems lifelessly worthy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 19.)

STAR WARS (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Loews Astor Plaza; through Sept. 13.... ¶ Loews New York 2; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Victoria; Sept. 14-20.)

STREET OF CHANCE (1930)—William Powell, very cool and very sure as a gentleman rack-

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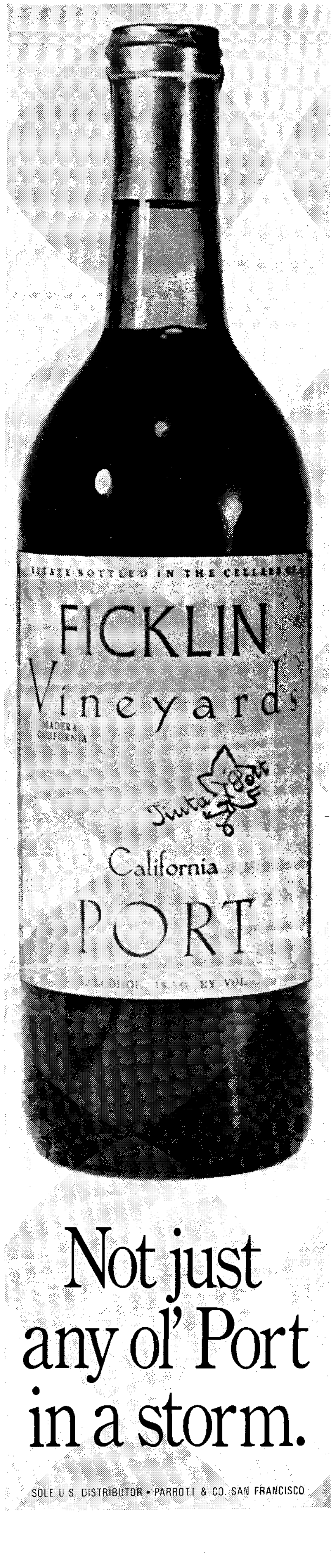

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eteer, in a well-written, deftly plotted melodrama about gambling. In order to cure his younger brother, Babe (Regis Toomey), of gambling fever, he sets up a game with the slickest cardplayers in New York. When Babe cleans them out and makes off with all the cash in the pot, the gamblers think big brother has put one over on them, and they go after him. Jean Arthur and Kay Francis are the women; directed by John Cromwell, who also plays Imbrie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 17.)

The Sugarland Express (1974)—This is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies; the twenty-six-year-old director, Steven Spielberg, is a wizard at action sequences, and this picture has so much eagerness and flash and talent that it just about transforms its scrubby ingredients. Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton) are petty thieves who lost custody of their infant son while they were in jail; their attempt to get him back involves taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The child is with his adoptive parents in the town of Sugarland, and as Lou Jean and her husband drive there in the patrol car they've commandeered, other cars follow. It's implicit in the movie's whole scheme that vast numbers of cops pursue the kidnapped patrolman, and that people join the procession and encourage the young parents to retrieve their child, because that gives them all an opportunity to get in their cars and whiz around Texas. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

Sunburn—With Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin, and Art Carney; directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 13.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Gramercy.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Regency; starting Sept. 16.)

Thirty-Day Princess (1934)—A pleasant, trifling romantic comedy. Sylvia Sidney plays Catterina of Taronia, visiting the United States to get some economic help for her country. Sylvia Sidney also plays Nancy Lane, an American actress hired to impersonate the princess (who has come down with mumps), and to captivate New York's leading newspaper publisher (Cary Grant), who has taken a strong position against aid to Taronia. Grant, still a leading man in this picture (he didn't become a full comedy star until about three years later), is handsome and very engaging, and Sidney—in one of her rare lighthearted performances—is such a skillful technician that you can't distinguish between her techniques and her personal charm. (She operates in that area where acting and witchcraft come together.) Preston Sturges was among the writers who worked on the script, which was adapted from a Clarence Budington Kelland story. Marion Gering directed. The cast includes Edward Arnold, Vince Barnett, Henry Stephenson, Robert McWade, and Lucien Littlefield. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 21.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Art; through Sept. 18.)

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?—Robert Morley's legs, his arms, and even his head are appendages of his stomach. In this macabre farce, he plays Max, the editor of a gourmet magazine, and he enters his scenes by pointing his gut and then following it—the legs are a distance behind, holding it up. Max is an imperious child, ruling the world of haute cuisine. At seventy, the incomparable Morley is clearly overjoyed at having this chance to play an enfant terrible. It's a completely controlled debauch: he knows the precise effects of his pendulous scowl, his sagging lower lip and trembling jellyfish chins; he knows that his eyes are so close together that when he knits his bushy brows the wiry hairs commingle and he's a cartoon. In dealing with the debonair slapstick ghoulishness, the director, Ted Kotcheff, doesn't have the reserve intended by the scriptwriter, Peter Stone; the film is pushed and bumpy. But bad as it is, it's spirited, it's fun. With Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Stefano Satta Flores, Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and, as the romantic lead, George Segal, who looks as if he hasn't slept for four years—his smile is like a wince. From the book by Nan and Ivan Lyons. (11/13/78) (Olympia; starting Sept. 21.)

Why Not!—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau. In French. (8/6/79) (Paris.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film; an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Victor Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 19.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

Woyzeck—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (9/10/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 1; through Sept. 13.)

Yanks—With Richard Gere, Vanessa Redgrave, and William Devane; directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema I; starting Sept. 19.)

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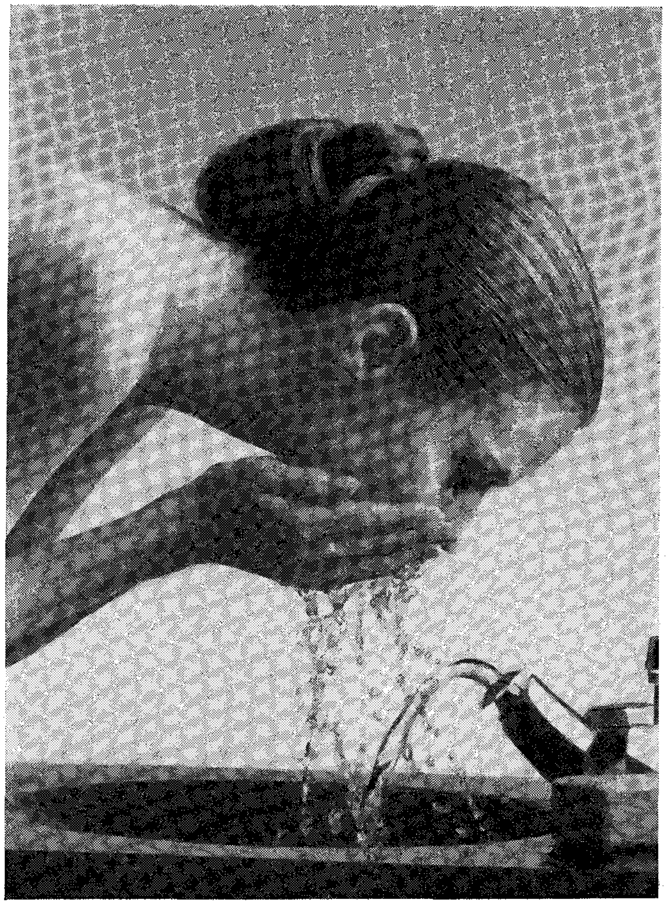

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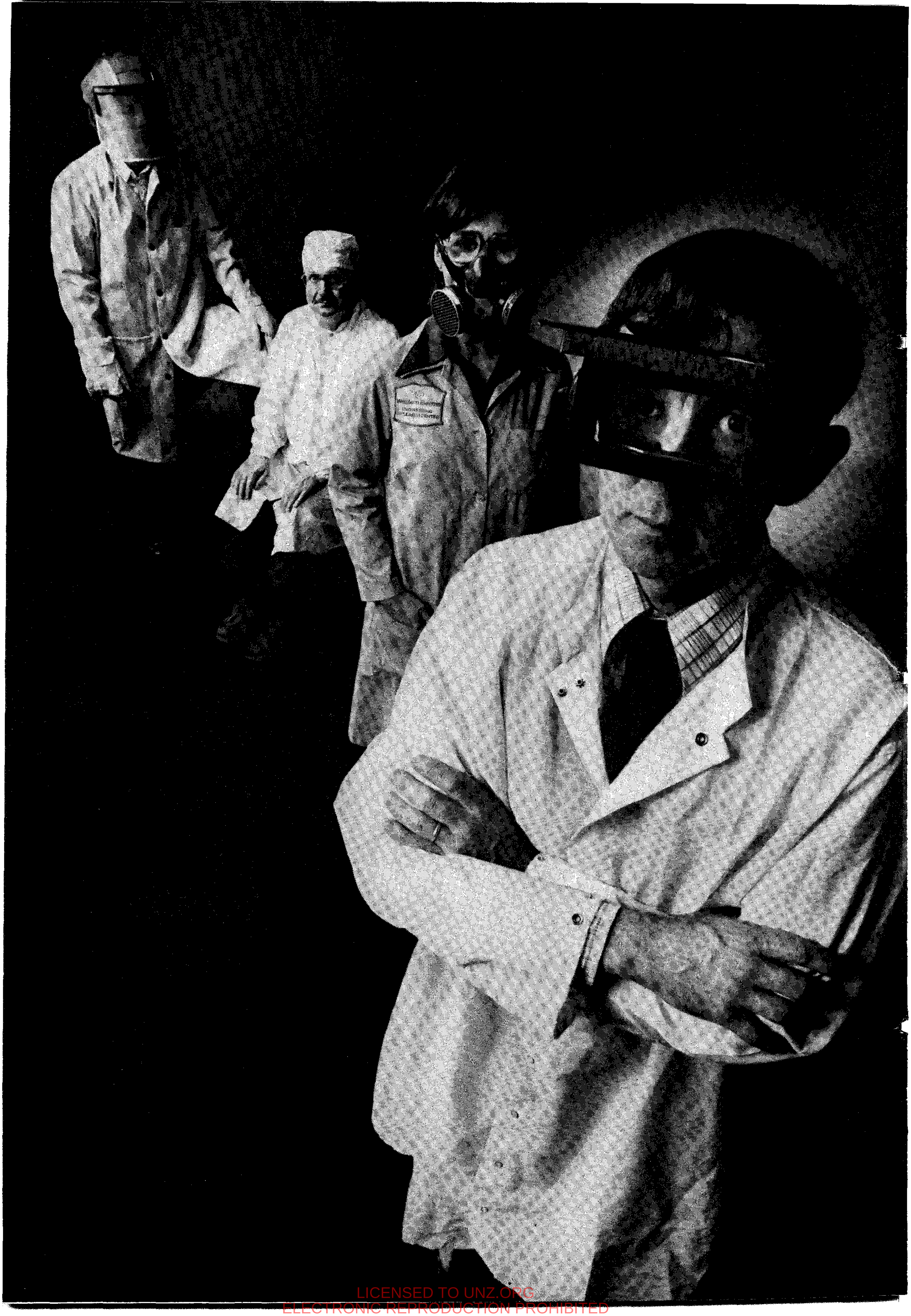

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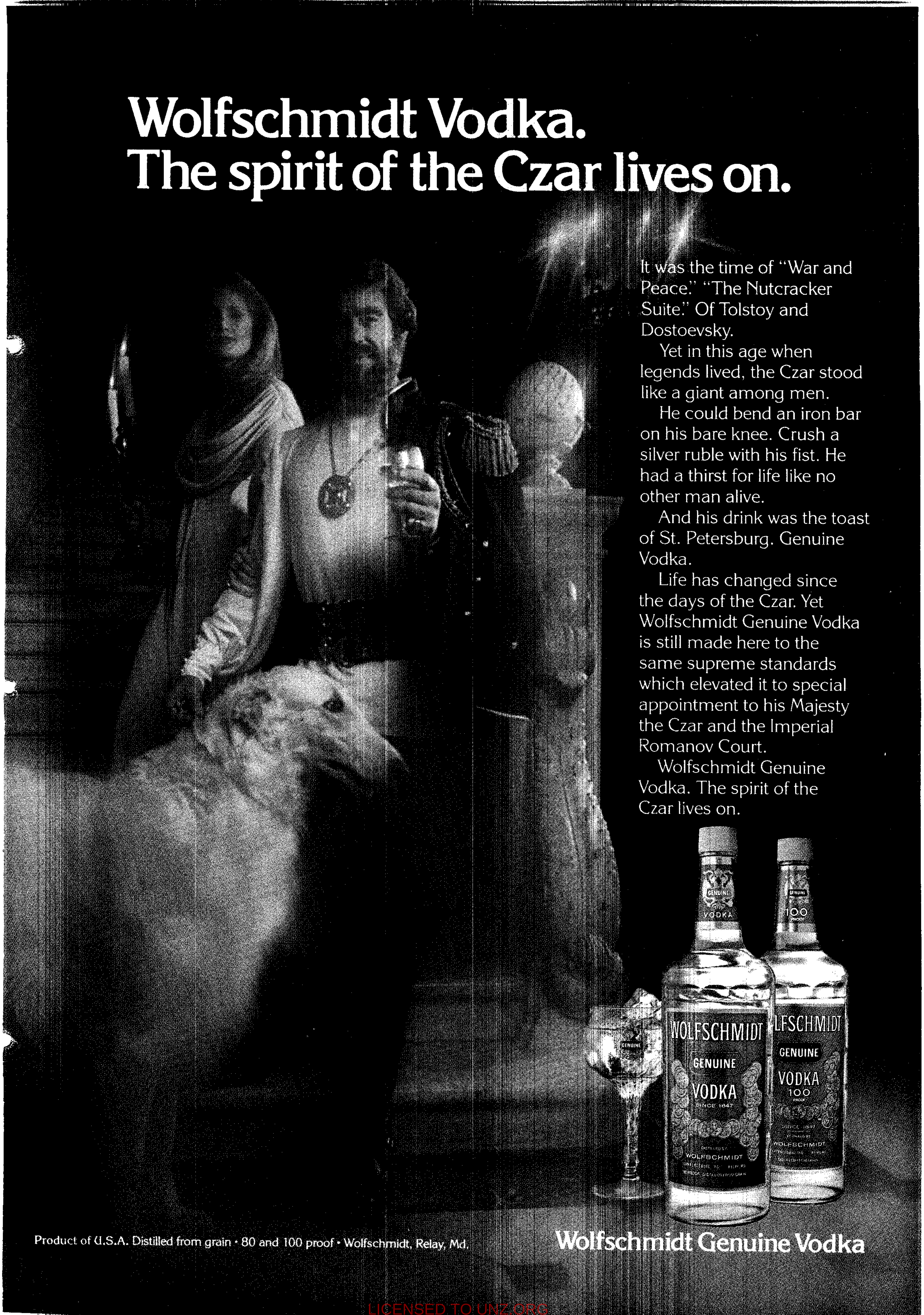

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BACK in town on Labor Day: Everybody is looking for an apartment or trying to give away a cat. People are thanking other people for watering their plants. The moon is full, and the psychiatrists are still in the Hamptons. People who are lucky enough to find a place accept less space for a lot more money and figure they are ahead. They pluck at their anxieties, pending the return of the medics. We have found and taken an apartment in a tough-looking neighborhood. (We judge toughness by the quality, age, quantity, and arrangement of garbage in the street.) "There's a couple of gangs on the next block," said the landlord, after we paid, "but they mostly fight each other." One night last week, we slept (or tried to) in a sleeping bag beside a river in Maine. All night, the river went roaring by like the B.-M.T. Back in New York, early in the morning, we saw a bearded man sleeping on the sidewalk on Amsterdam Avenue. When he woke, he rose from the pavement much quicker than we had risen from the soil of Maine, and he appeared to feel more rested, too. He went swinging down the sidewalk with a cane he didn't need, like Charlie Chaplin. In the country, there was lots of rain. One threatening afternoon beside a beach, we watched a distant plane moving across thunderheads; following it was a group of letters too far away to read. They seemed to chase the plane. It putted along just ahead of the storm, trying to get the message back home safe and dry. The plane came closer, but it passed directly overhead, so we never found out what the words were. Then the storm arrived—fierce rain kicking its way across the water to the shore. The first true indication we were back in New York was seeing a man seated in a parked car scratching away at a lottery card. In Maine, we joined a party going downriver on a raft, and when the raft hit some violent rapids the man behind us was hurled overboard. We saw him disappearing in the white water, just out of reach, saw the terror on his face as he whirled between the rocks; we didn't know his name. The raft lurched toward him: we helped grab his arm and haul him aboard; he didn't know our name, either. In New York, they are painting the small rooms and raising the rent. Cats are finding homes. The doctors come back this week; the full moon drifts over the buildings.

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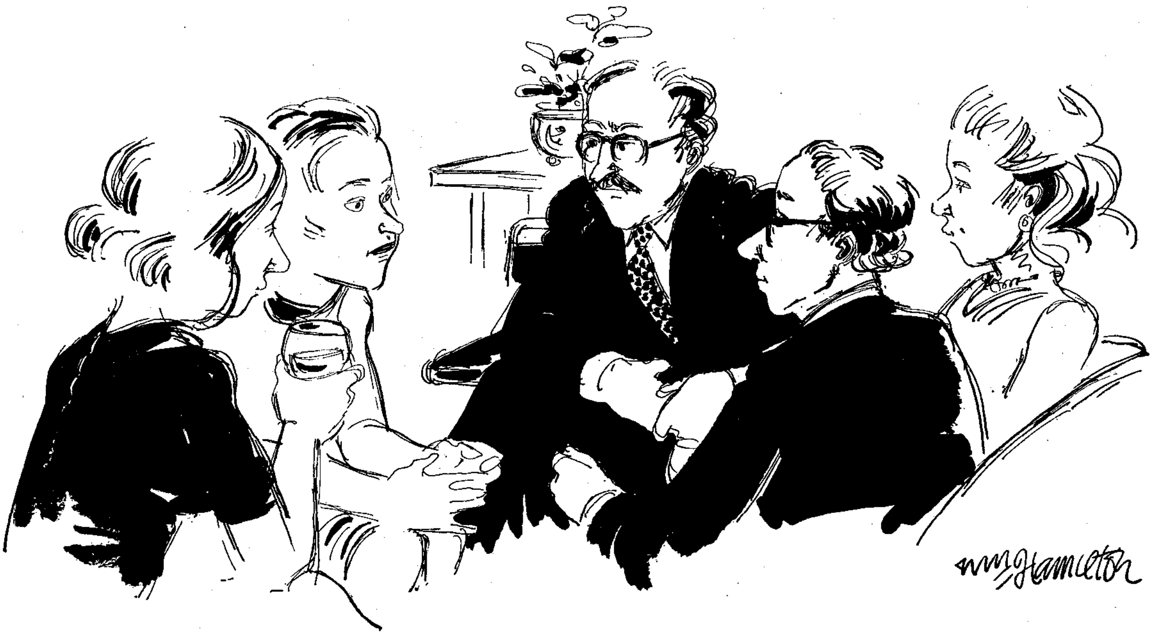
Salzburg

A FRIEND who spent the summer in Austria has sent us the following communication from Salzburg:

The most encouraging sight in Salzburg is a large, efficient Austrian policeman in an olive-green uniform who stands at the eastern end of Mozartplatz turning back the constant procession of cars that are trying to drive into the center of town. The cars range from large, gleaming Mercedes to small Volkswagens and smaller Fiats, and the drivers react to the rebuff in accordance with their license plates. West Germans argue and wave their arms; Italians plead; and one French car—a tiny Citroën—drove right past the checkpoint, only to be recalled with a shrill whistle and an imperious arm wave. Austrians from out of town are philosophical; they shrug, smile, and turn around politely, since the Austrian police are noted for having quick tempers. With nearly all traffic barred from the historic center of the city—the area that is wedged in between the Mönchsberg, which is a large mountain, and the left bank of the Salzach River—Salzburg is now a terrific place for walking. The great baroque squares, which were saturated with cars and gasoline fumes five years ago, are today big, beautiful empty spaces edged with tubs of greenery and occupied by people. They have become communal living rooms, like the piazzas of Venice, and they provide a tantalizing glimpse of what Salzburg must have been like in the pre-automobile age. Not everybody is in favor of this no-car policy, which is supposed to be permanent. Some of the local businessmen object to it on the ground that the lack of automotive traffic is strangling trade. They were overruled a few years ago by the anti-car people on the City Council but are expected to counterattack by asking for more exemptions to the ban. (Austrians live by so many elaborate regulations that a good part of their time is spent figuring out ways to get around them.) So it's a good idea to enjoy the squares before a new wave of four-wheeled exemptions ruins them again. Mozart's statue in Mozartplatz looks down on the red-and-yellow striped umbrellas of an outdoor café—the Glockenspiel, founded in 1731, which has set up shop in front of its own building. Kapitelplatz, with its Neptune statue half hidden by encroaching willow trees, is the site of a busy market and a dawn-to-dusk chess game played by local residents with wooden pieces two feet high. Residenzplatz, with its elaborate Italian fountain of plunging horses, has, appropriately, been given back to the Edwardian horse carriages that carry wide-eyed tourists through the streets. Domplatz, in front of the Salzburg cathedral, is filled with wooden bleachers that have been constructed for performances of a medieval morality play. A smallish, irregularly shaped space



"We overanticipated Bali."

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that is formed by two curving palaces and the front of the cathedral, Domplatz is particularly popular with visitors, who collapse thankfully on its broad wooden seats. One or two afternoons a week, the square is cleared of casual visitors and becomes an outdoor theatre, where a performance of "Everyman"—Hugo von Hofmannsthal's reworking of one of the oldest plays in the repertoire—is presented on a simple wooden platform. The backdrop is the baroque façade of the cathedral, the costumes are High Renaissance velvets and satins (hard on the actors when the weather is hot), and the characters are an odd mixture of real people and symbolic figures representing Faith and Good Works. The theme of the play is man's encounter with death. This year's Everyman is the film actor Maximilian Schell, an elegant, dynamic figure who fills the square with his resonant voice and his larger-than-life personality. His foils are Death—a skeletal figure in black who keeps turning up unexpectedly at the banquet table—and a comic, hyperactive Devil, played by the noted actor-director Otto Schenk. From the moment Schenk bounds through the audience to make his entrance, dressed in tattered peasant clothes and equipped with horns and a long, furry tail, he pretty well steals the show. His Devil is a likable, grumbling malcontent who flips his tail like a burlesque queen to punctuate his remarks and states his case with such ferocious charm that you rather hope he'll win in the end.

The main business of Salzburg during July and August is, of course, the Salzburg Festival—a multiple feast of opera, drama, concerts, and lieder recitals, presented in theatres and concert halls all over town. It attracts a knowledgeable and wealthy audience, largely European, that takes itself seriously; festival-goers are easy to spot in the late afternoon as they walk purposefully through the old city dressed in evening clothes. Most of them are Austrians and West Germans, but there is a scattering of French, English, Americans, and, in the last few years, Japanese. The hit of this year's festival is a new production, at the Kleine Festspielhaus, of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," conducted by the eighty-five-year-old Karl Böhm. The director, a young German named Dieter Dorn, moved the action forward from the eighteenth century to the years before the First World War and staged the tricky mythological second act (the opera within an opera) with makeshift scenery, as if it were really taking place in a Viennese ballroom. It's a performance of visual wit and musical polish, full of small, perfect details that you remember for days. There is also, at the Felsenreitschule, a stunning revival of last year's "Zauberflöte," with James Levine conducting and Jean-Pierre Ponnelle directing. Levine, a great favorite in Salzburg, handles the score with a light but sure touch, and Ponnelle, a man of wildly inventive imagination, has staged Mozart's cautionary fairy tale as if it were a series of magic tricks. Buildings rise from holes in the ground and disappear into them; Papageno sings standing in front of a puppet-sized painting of eighteenth-century Salzburg; and the serpent, an enormous silver snake, coils back and forth along three tiers of arched stone galleries that form the permanent back wall of the stage, the Felsenreitschule being an old riding school that has been converted into a theatre. The entrance of the Queen of the Night is one of the most breathtaking moments in opera. She materializes on a black stage, surrounded by a forty-foot aureole made of several thousand sparkling lights. The audience was so impressed it almost forgot to listen for those stratospheric high Fs.

One source of local irritation is that the people who live in Salzburg rarely attend these phenomenal performances. Ticket prices are high (the cheapest orchestra seat for an opera is forty-five dollars, the most expensive a hundred and thirty-five), and tickets are parcelled out abroad before any are put on sale at home. There are still a couple of hotel porters who can get you in at the last moment, but you have to pay handsomely for the service. As a result of this policy, Salzburgers, who are among the most intensely musical people in the world, spend most of their summers on the outside looking in. You can see them every night standing in neat, envious rows along the Hofstallgasse, watching as the three theatres across the street—the Grosse Festspielhaus, the Kleine Festspielhaus, and the Felsenreitschule—fill up with tanned, prosperous, elaborately dressed visitors. When the bronze-and-glass lobby doors swing shut at curtain time, they give concrete form to a social barrier that is rarely, if ever, crossed.

Niche

IF the trainmaster in charge does his job well, a ride on the Port Authority Trans-Hudson commuter line between the New Jersey waterfront and the station at Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue in Manhattan should take about eleven minutes. Every weekday, four hundred and sixty-eight trains pass through the Nineteenth Street station on their way to or from the PATH (née Hudson & Manhattan Railroad) terminal at Thirty-third

Street. For the past twenty-five years, not a soul has complained of being stranded on the station platform by a late train. On the other hand, no train has made a scheduled stop at the station during the past twenty-five years—a situation that tends to offset the Port Authority's impressive customer-relations performance. To a PATH rider passing through today, the Nineteenth Street station, unheralded and unlit, gives the impression of a dark niche in a dark hole—a spot that, if it is glimpsed at all, seems moments later not really to have been there.

To confirm that the Nineteenth Street station is not just something imagined, we visited it one day not long ago. The first thing we noticed, after establishing the station's prima-facie existence, was its prima-facie dirt, which is everywhere. We weren't able to conduct carbon-14 tests, but it seems fair to assume that at some point during Eisenhower's first term in office the station transcended mere mustiness, and that the detritus that has collected since belongs to a higher order of decay. "If we'd known you were coming, we would have dusted," Myron Hurwitz remarked as we both stepped off a train onto the downtown platform. Mr. Hurwitz is a tall, friendly, blue-eyed man who, by virtue of his position as passenger-services supervisor, possesses all the pertinent facts about the PATH system. The party that disembarked at the station with Mr. Hurwitz and us included Michael Kirby, an assistant trainmaster; George Lane, a maintenance foreman; and a policeman named Lawrence McKevitt. Workmen had strung up a few lights to help us find our way around, but the most useful tool for the occasion was Mr. Kirby's high-beam lantern. It illuminated the shadows of a time warp.

The inauguration of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad system, on February 25, 1908, was a top-hat affair. On that day, Teddy Roosevelt, seated at his desk in the White House, pushed a button that switched on the power that allowed an eight-car train to set out from Nineteenth Street on a journey beneath the Hudson River. Midnight, July 31, 1954, when the last paying passengers used the station, was apparently a succumb-as-you-are event, and to a large extent the platform still wears its old clothes. The exit to Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue has been sealed with cement blocks. Brass sconces that served as light fixtures remain attached to the walls, but the large glass globes that covered the bulbs have disappeared. Peeling paint hangs in petals from the cross-vaulted ceiling. The enamelled metal plates bearing the legend "19" have been removed from most of the supporting columns. A dismantled exit turnstile (called an "iron maiden") and a dismantled fare-collection turnstile lie on the platform. Across the years, they have been joined by some bargain-basement coin-changing booths that the Port Authority used during the 1964-65 World's Fair and by assorted pieces of equipment now used by the workmen who maintain the tracks.

"Those brackets there are for the pipe fittings," said Mr. Kirby, pointing to some crescent-shaped metal pieces that had been stacked near a load of pipes. "They hold up the discharge pipes for air and water—we use those all through the system. And those wide buckets that look like shovels for tiny bulldozers fit on the front of flatcars and lay ballast—the gravel that forms the track bed. We've got men coming through here all the time. They take what they need, drop off what they don't need, and keep moving."

While Mr. Kirby scanned the storage space, we debated the antiquity of a wall poster with Mr. Hurwitz. The poster showed a helmeted soldier in a montage that included some children and women whose clothing and hairstyles were distinctly pre-fifties. An inscription said:

KEEP THE HOME FRONT STRONG
GIVE TO THE GREATER NEW YORK
FUND

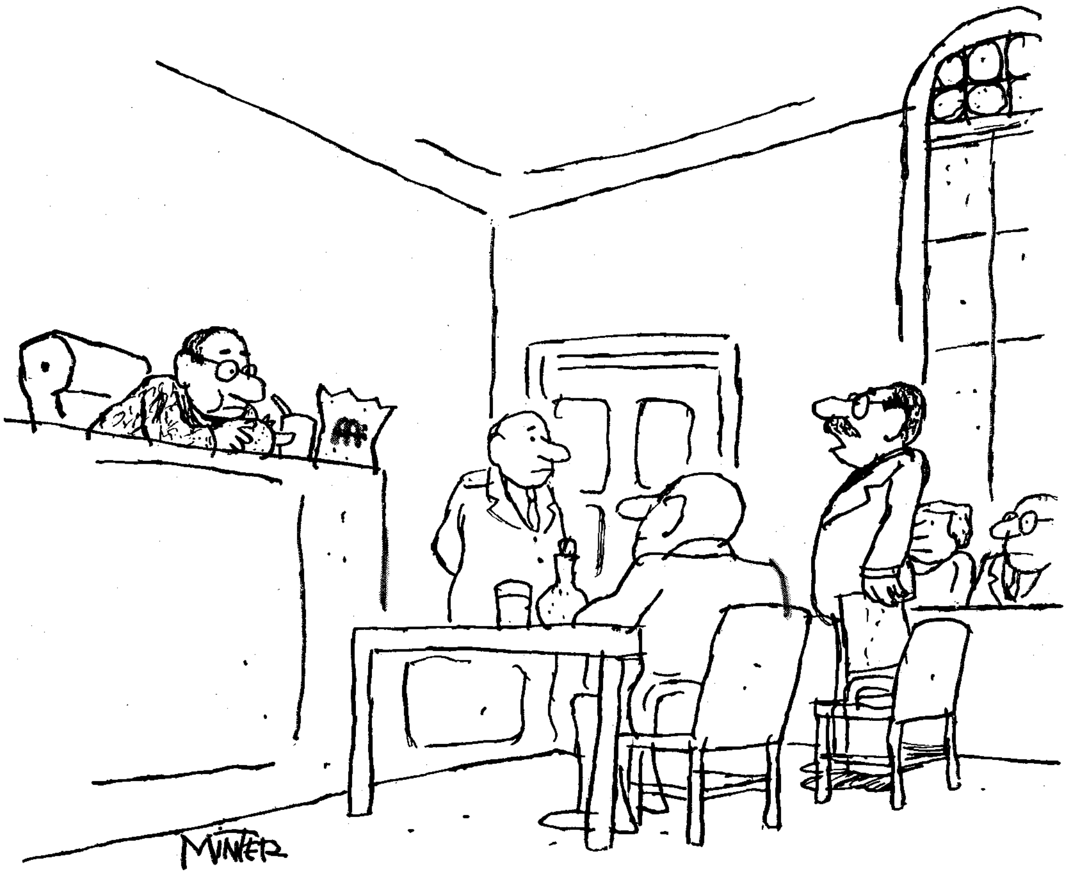
"The First World War?" we asked.

"No, the Second," said Mr. Hurwitz.

"What about the helmet?" we said, referring to the soldier's headgear, which was wide-brimmed. "That doesn't seem to be from the Second World War."

"Yes, it is—from the early part of the war," said Mr. Hurwitz. He hesitated and then asked, "But if that's the case, and this station closed in 1954, what's that poster doing here at all?"

The mystery was solved by the discovery nearby of an ad for Loew's State Theatre announcing a stage show that included Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna, with the film "Broadway Melody of 1940" supplementing the vaudeville bill. The two posters, it seemed, predated the closing of the station and—like the masterwork that is revealed when the top layer of a twice-painted canvas is scraped away—emerged when large billboards that had covered them were removed. A ragged



"If it please the Court, we would like to have a Big Mac, too."

poster near the Loew's ad asserted that Strongheart Dog Food offered "twenty per cent more meat for your dog food dollar." And another poster made it clear that any dollar not spent on dog food could purchase copies of the magazine *American Astrology*. Someone who looked like a cross between Red Buttons and Roy Rogers smiled and promised, on behalf of the Boy Scouts, "Sure, I'll Be a Good Scout, Too." The Dodgers entreated fans to come watch them at Ebbets Field, and a DiMaggio-like ballplayer a few feet away struck a he-man pose for Statler Preferred Tissues. Walter Kerr was directing Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke's "King of Hearts" on Broadway: Elaine Perry produced it; Donald Cook and Jackie Cooper starred; Cloris Leachman co-starred; and Brooks Atkinson pronounced the whole thing "fresh and funny." The *News* proclaimed itself to be "on the spot when the news is hot." Mannings Nylon Hosiery was "proportioned to fit." Barbara Hale, the queen of Grade B movies who later played Della Street to Raymond Burr's Perry Mason, was starring in "Lorna Doone" and plugging Chesterfield cigarettes. Until 7 P.M. every Tuesday and Thursday, one could ride the new Roto Jet at Palisades Park for a nickel.

Three trains passed by while we were on the platform—we couldn't tell whether any of the passengers paid any attention to the lights in the station—and when it came time to leave, Mr. Kirby signalled on his walkie-talkie for the next train through to stop and pick us up. After something less than a minute, we got off at Fourteenth Street and were back in the land of "Sweeney Todd," the Plasmatics, and the Ford Fiesta.

Vegetarians

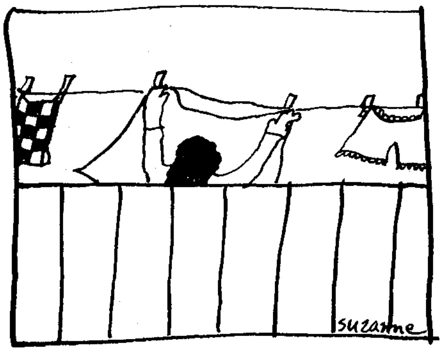
CLOSE to a hundred lively and opinionated vegetarians recently travelled from the New York metropolitan area, and from states as far away as Texas and California, to a four-day National Vegetarian Conference held at the Vegetarian Hotel in Woodridge, New York, up in the Catskills. The conference was the first national meeting of the Vegetarian Association of America, which is only two years old, and the Association had decided that the appropriate gathering spot would be the Vegetarian Hotel, which has been in business since 1920 and is believed to be the only vegetarian resort in the Northeast.

When we arrived at the hotel, we found some fifty of the conferees assembled on the lawn in front of the social hall, going through what appeared to be a modified yoga exercise drill. The exercise group consisted of young men and women in T-shirts and jeans; men who were beyond the age of retirement, bouncing around with their shirts and shoes off, and their mates, who looked just as snappy and proud in bathing suits and hats; several tall black men wearing loose-fitting clothes and high-crowned maroon fezzes with black tassels; middle-aged women in jogging outfits; and middle-aged men who were wearing yarmulkes and who took off their sports jackets only for the moment. The group was being led by a remarkably fit-looking elderly woman in a pink leotard and ballet slippers.

We asked an older man who was sitting on the social-hall porch if he knew the group leader.

"Sure," he said. "She's the hotel's exercise lady, Rose Sribnick—our Raisele. You know how old that woman is? She's eighty. *Eighty*. Look at her. That's a woman who takes care of herself. That's a woman who knows how to eat!"

We walked up a path to the hotel's main building, and found the lobby teeming with activity. A young woman was jogging in place on a new contraption that looked like a round mini-trampoline; two young men were having a serious and vehement debate on the subject of ethical vegetarianism ("I still do cheese and yogurt, but no animals are dying for it," said one); a middle-aged woman was weighing herself over and over on a small scale at the entrance to the dining room; a group of four was setting up a sales display of such items as vegetarian greeting cards, fennel toothpaste, and "animal-free" soaps from a company called Beauty Without Cruelty; and a young man was stocking several tables with booklets, leaflets, recipes, and copies of the magazine *Vegetarian Living*. The young man turned out to be the national coördinator for the Vegetarian Association of America, Robert Pinkus. Mr. Pinkus handed us two long sheets of paper, on which the conference schedule was outlined. Each day began with a hike at 7:15 A.M. and ended with a choice of a social dance or an informal group discussion. The schedule allowed forty-five minutes for breakfast, an hour for lunch, an hour for supper, and two hours for yoga exercises and folk dancing; the rest of each day was taken up by seminars on vegetarian topics. The seminars included "The Vegetarian Image," with Muriel Collura, of the Catskill Vegetarian Society; "Herbalism," with Anella Izuierdo, of the Delaware Valley Vegetarians; "Polarity Yoga," with Meroë, of the African-American Vegetarian Network; "The Politics of Vegetarianism," with Dr. Alex Hershaft, Ph.D., of the Vegetarian Information Service; "The Psychology of Coping in a Non-Vegetarian World," with Lou Ann Yonish, of an organization called Vegetarian Action; and "Coping with Stress Through Music and Dance," with Esther Arons, who was formerly a dance therapist at the Spofford Juvenile Detention Center, in the Bronx, and is now the program director of the Vegetarian Hotel.



"You should try to attend as many of the talks as you can," Mr. Pinkus said to us. "I find that it's not just the diet but the people I meet at these things that make them worthwhile. There's a basic premise here that you don't need to kill to live, and that's a beautiful premise on which to base a relationship."

At the front desk, while we were waiting to register, we met Verb Konviser, who has managed the Vegetarian Hotel for close to twenty years, and he told us that it was founded by his mother, Fannie Shaffer, who was a pioneering vegetarian. "Our regular clientele isn't strictly vegetarian, even though we serve only a vegetarian diet," Mr. Konviser explained. "But the people who come here are health-minded, and into natural living, and yoga, so they are willing to adapt to our program and diet while they're up here. That's the sort of person we get—not your cardplayers and drinkers but museumgoers and lecture-attenders, the real upper strata." He went on to tell us that because of conventions like the V.A.A.'s the Vegetarian Hotel was enjoying its finest season in quite some time. "We're one of the lucky hotels in Sullivan County," he said. "Only a few family hotels have survived here—you know, the kind of place where the current guests are people who have grown up with you every summer and now they're bringing their kids."

"This is my only New York appearance this year."

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Once we had registered, Mr. Konviser handed us a key to a room in a cottage called Sorrento, and directed us down a path lined with fragrant herbs and flowers. "Take a swim in the pool if you like, but don't forget we're serving dinner soon," he called after us.

The dining room was filled immediately after the doors were opened for dinner, and it appeared that this group was every bit as active around the table as it was elsewhere. We sat at one of a dozen large tables, which was crowded not only with settings for six people but with jars of organic raw sugar, clover honey, kelp, and horseradish; bowls of green salad with a special dressing, containing cold-pressed soyabean oil; small plates of dates and cottage cheese; and baskets of whole-grain breads baked at the hotel. The dinner menu looked healthy in size as well as ingredients—vegetarian gefilte fish (made with nuts, celery, onions, wheat germ, and eggs), lentil soup, spinach pudding, broccoli, carrots, zucchini, whole-grain brownies, fresh fruit, and a choice of coffee, Postum, tea, mint tea, decaffeinated coffee, or figco, which is a coffee-colored hot drink made from figs.

The people at our table seemed friendly, and eager to talk about their views on vegetarianism when they weren't putting away mouthfuls of vegetables or listening to Esther Arons' social announcements. Seymour Resnick, of Great Neck, who is chairman of the Romance Language Department of Queens College and has been spending parts of his summers at the Vegetarian Hotel since 1946, informed us that there are various types of vegetarians, including natural hygienists, who do not eat cooked foods, and vegans, who do not use any animal-associated products. A woman named Beverly Berger, who is a microbiologist from Manhasset and a natural hygienist, said that even though most vegetarians maintained a highly idiosyncratic diet, they were still "cheap dates." Paul DiPrima, who wore a T-shirt announcing "I HAVE ENDURANCE," explained that meat eating in America was a result of a cultural determinism that originated in Europe, where a regular diet of meat had always been considered to be a privilege of the upper class, and that vegetarians were therefore understood to be regressing to the working class. Bobbie Patterson, a forty-two-year-old man with long hair and a long beard, who used to be a welder and is now a full-time reflexologist in Baltimore, told us that vegetarianism had disrupted his social life. "My old friends smoke, and they eat badly, and so when I became a vegetarian they started treating me as if I were the only sober person in a room full of drinkers," he said. "We've become a little uncomfortable around each other. So I'm real glad to be here. I figured if I came here I'd be in the company of people who believe the way I do." He looked around the room approvingly. "You see," he went on, "I'm not a glitter person, and I don't go for fancy motels. We've got something in common here, and that's good enough."

LIGHT BULBS

MOTHER and Father seldom hear from the children. Their daughter, living alone in Asia, writes letters in a calligraphy so beautiful that they have stopped having them translated. Instead, Mother laminates them for use as placemats. The graceful characters enhance the irregular swirls of spilled gravy, the random drips of coffee. And the twins, who recently swapped spouses and are fighting over custody of their children, rarely call.

Home remains quiet. Mother and Father never were great talkers and they still aren't; they keep busy in other ways. Mother continues to knit her afghan for the children—each knitted row another line of a sad, undelivered letter that has long since grown out of the sewing room and lies in neat folds along the sides of the hall. Father continues to repair the abandoned toys, remembering with amusement how the twins would insist on identical toys and how they would always break them in the same way. Now the old playroom seems like a convalescent home, where fewer and fewer visitors come. Waiting for the return of something they perhaps can't name, Mother and Father keep the curtains open in the evenings and all the lights on. Sometimes they stand together at the bay window and stare out at an impenetrable darkness—a darkness like a photographic negative, which reflects back their lonely, peering faces.

Lately, the light bulbs have begun to go out in an unpredictable and alarming way—in the study, over the stairwell, in the middle of a recipe in the kitchen. Some nights, Mother and Father have to stalk from room to room, fresh bulbs in hand, seeking to transform every dim corner. From the outside, their home seems to have a nervous blink.

Father finds himself attracted to the sound of the bulbs as they go out—some with a kind of smoky burst, some with a faint, regretful pop. It's as if they all had their own secret reasons for leaving. He also can't avoid noticing the way the old bulbs fit into the palm of his hand like the warm head of an infant. Father keeps this to himself. He has begun to spend more of his time at night watching the lights and less with Mother at the bay window.

Father stands in the hallway, peering around a bookcase, waiting for a room to be enveloped in darkness. When it happens, he untwists the bulb and listens to the death rattle of its tiny filament. He stares at its pale face, dimly lit from the next room, and notes the smudgy bruise on its forehead: a fatal inner injury. Then he holds the bulb up to his ear in an attempt to hear any last words. Mother watches him from a corner. She follows him from room to room. She notices how he replaces each used bulb with a fresh one from his supply. "Soon," she murmurs to herself, "all the lights in the house will be his."

One night, when Father returns to the bay window, Mother isn't there. He calls her name, but there is no answer. Almost without knowing it, he feels a satisfaction slipping away inside him. He hurries down the halls, peering into every doorway. There, in the bedroom, standing on a chair, replacing a ceiling light with one of her own, is Mother.

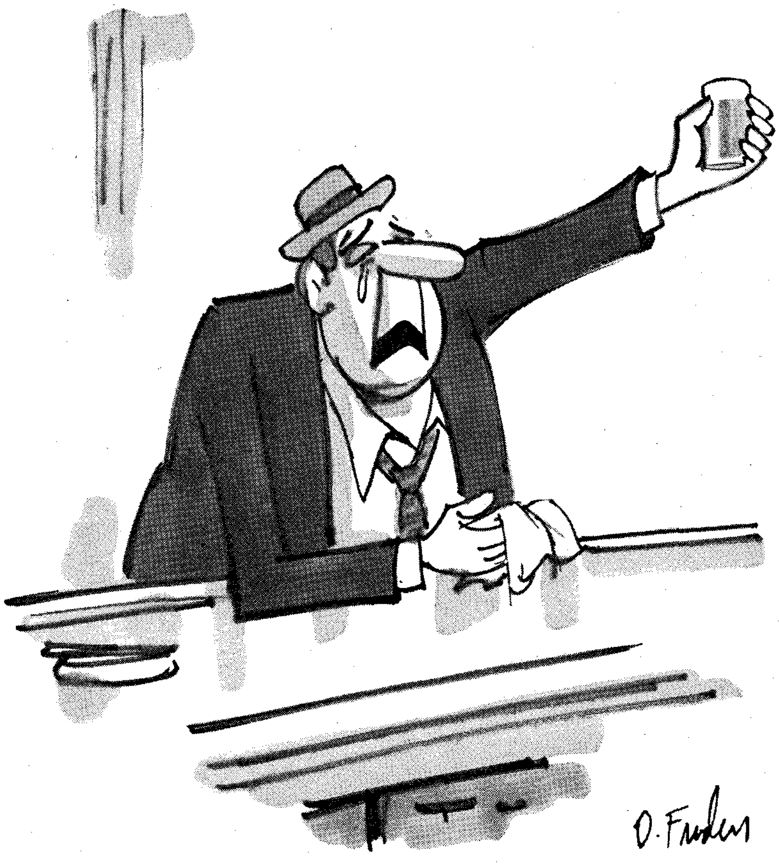
"What are you doing?" Father cries out.

"I don't trust your light bulbs," she replies.

After this, Mother and Father avoid each other. They brood in separate rooms, each of them alone with a single lamp and its sympathetic light. Quietly, without formal declaration, they agree to split the house between them. Father claims the study, the guest room, the twins' bedroom, the playroom, the basement, and half of the hallways. Mother claims the master bedroom, their daughter's bedroom, the dining room, the living room, the attic, and the other half of the hallways. The bathrooms are disputed and the kitchen is neutral.

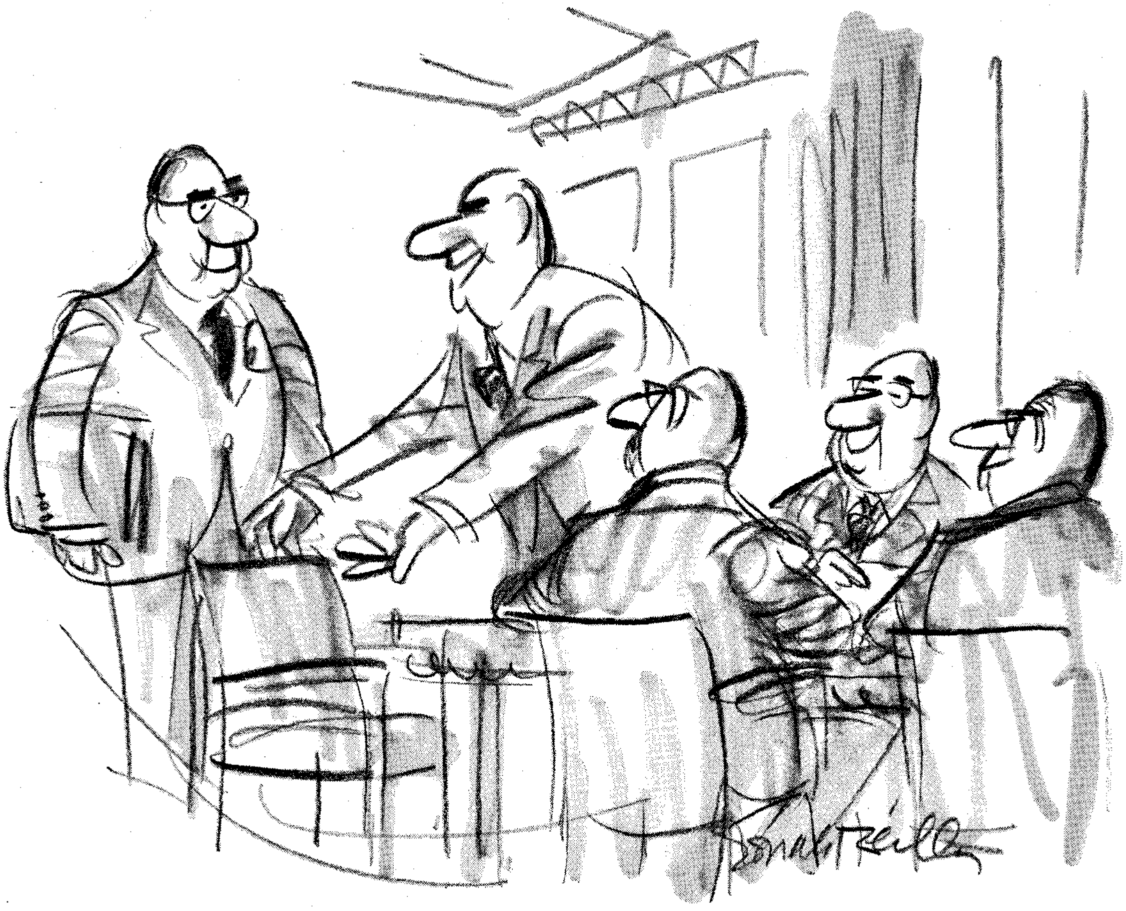
Days pass and the mail accumulates. Bills, catalogues, and even a beautiful letter from overseas lie unopened on the kitchen table. Father spends his afternoons in the basement, where he attempts to repair the broken bulbs. The useless vacuum, the trapped filament, the untouchable interior all serve to hold him at bay. When he inspects his rooms in the evenings, he half hopes he won't find still another lifeless bulb to add to his defeats.

Mother continues to knit. When a bulb dies with a silent sigh in one of her rooms she rushes to it with open palms, unscrews it, and then carries it to the afghan, which now lies along her side of the hallway. Her sad, used bulbs are tucked under the folds of the blanket, with the names she has painted on their foreheads: Buzzy, Janet, Spencer, Darlene, Kevin, Tia—names she always wanted to give to children she never had. Now Mother places the latest—Charles—under the warm fold. When she tucks him in, he stays tucked: a little sleeper who will never awake.



"To the United States of America—a nation of crybabies!"

FATHER, far from content, begins to plan sabotage. In the afternoons, while Mother nods over her latest stretch of afghan, Father untwists her bulbs slightly in the sockets until they go



"Pull up a chair, relax, and just be yourself, Armbruster. We're all clichés here."

• •

out. Later, drowsy but then anxious, she hurries to replace them, not noticing Father's trick. In the evening, Father switches his used bulbs, his failed patients, for the good ones that Mother has unwittingly laid to rest under the blanket. In this way, Father begins to light his rooms with her bulbs. One afternoon Mother dreams that her little sleepers are restless, rattling their filaments as they doze. But she wakes to see it is Father, unscrewing one of her bulbs. Mother is startled, but remains silent. "Soon," she whispers to herself, no longer fooled, "all the bulbs in the house will be mine."

But this plan fails too. When lit, Mother's painted bulbs begin to melt their names, which, drop by drop, gather in puddles on lamp stands, chairs, and rugs. Father stares for a long time at the stains, difficult script of another language. Though disappointed, Father now launches further raids on Mother's territory, searching for broken bulbs, bulbs without names. Mother, her half-closed eyes ever alert, keeps watch through her nap. When he passes down the hall, she lays aside her knitting and, bulbs in hand, explores his dark rooms. Father hears her light footstep overhead, in the study. Like Mother, he now begins to understand that each bulb could be a friend or an enemy. Boundaries disappear, and Father and Mother enter the rooms like guerrillas, ever on the alert.

One night, the light in the playroom goes out, and Mother and Father arrive there at the same instant, through different doors. Each convinced that the other is about to seize the dead bulb and twist it from its socket, they circle each other in the dark, crushing toy soldiers and porcelain dolls under their feet. Little wooden helmets and tiny, unblinking glass eyes roll about on the floor. Mother and Father try to step around these as they tiptoe silently, listening for the dry squeak of a turning bulb.

The phone rings. Who could it be? One of the twins? Gripping their bulbs tighter, Mother and Father each wait for the other to break and run to the telephone. Perhaps it's long distance from their daughter! Both Mother and Father are close to giving in, when the ringing stops, just before the tenth bell. Mother and Father stand very still, facing each other, eyes now accustomed to the darkness. The bulb above them waits patiently in its socket. They each take two steps forward, and then, without speaking, Father lifts Mother up and she replaces their bulb.

NOW Father and Mother live silently together. They have disconnected the phone, they continue to leave the mail unopened, and they do not answer the doorbell. Mother and Father are busy with their bulbs. Mother knits shades for all the lamps in the house, choosing a different stitch for each—a special pattern of light on every wall. Father builds cabinets to hold the new bulbs—a honeycomb of unborn lights. Now when a bulb goes out, the feeling for Mother and Father is bittersweet: the gift of light has given way to the gift of darkness. When the bulb over the dining-room table goes off, right in the middle of dessert, the last few spoons of tapioca seem to taste better in the dark. Then they rise and take that bulb slowly out of its socket, Mother standing on a chair and Father holding the chair steady. They place the still-warm bulb in a pot holder Mother specially knitted, and together they climb the stairs to the attic.

Once there, they open a large hope chest. Even in the dimness they can see rows and rows of bulbs laid to rest. Mother and Father stand quietly a few moments, respecting each other's thoughts. Then they carefully place the bulb with its companions. The new addition sends a staggered chorus of sympathetic clicks throughout the rows of bulbs, and this slight song is heard by Mother and Father long after they close the hope chest and descend the stairs to their brightly lit rooms.

—PHILIP GRAHAM

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A bill that would lessen the penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana was approved tentatively by the state Senate Tuesday.

The measure would make it a misdemeanor to possess less than four ounces of marijuana.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

Oh, wow!

SOMETHING YOU'LL REMEMBER ALWAYS

Grey Winter hath gone, like a
  wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind
  of the West
And the Spring in her raiment!

YOU might recite it in Elocution class, but could hardly have it in English Poetry. It was as if the poet had deliberately taken the losing, and Australian, side. He had grasped the nettle. But a nettle grasped remains a nettle, and grasping it an unnatural act. What was natural was hedgerows, hawthorn, skylarks, the chaffinch on the orchard bough. You had never seen these but believed in them with perfect faith. As you believed, also, in the damp, deciduous, and rightful seasons of English literature and in lawns of emerald velours, or in flowers that could only be grown in Australia when the drought broke and with top-dressing. Literature had not simply made these things true. It had placed Australia in perpetual, flagrant violation of reality.

Little girls sang, singsong:

Come down to Kew in lilac-time
  (it isn't far from London!)

Involving themselves in a journey of ten thousand miles. For a punishment you might, after school, write one hundred times:

Self-reverence, self-knowledge,
  self-control,
These three alone lead life to
  sovereign power.

The little girls licked nibs of tin and fingered pigtails, preparing for sovereign power.

History was the folding colored view of the Coronation that had been tacked on the classroom wall—the scene in the Abbey, with the names printed beneath. The Duke of Connaught, the Earl of Athlone, the slender King in ermine. You could buy a coronation mug at Woolworths: Long May They Reign. That was History, all of a piece with the Black Prince and the Wars of the Roses. Children were allowed to stay up one summer night to hear the Abdication crackle over the shortwave. Something you'll remember always.

Australian History, given once a week only, was easily contained in a small book dun colored as the scenes described. Presided over at its briefly pristine birth by Captain Cook (gold-laced, white-wigged, and back to back in the illustrations with Sir Joseph Banks), Australia's history soon terminated in unsuccess. Was engulfed in a dark stench of nameless prisoners whose only prominent activity was to have built, for their own incarceration, the stone gaols, now empty monuments, that little girls might tour for Sunday outings: these are the cells for solitary confinement, here is where they. Australian History dwindled into the expeditions of doomed explorers, journeys without revelation or encounter endured by fleshless men whose portraits already gloomed, beforehand, with a wasted, unlucky look—the eyes fiercely shining from sockets that were already bone.

That was the shrivelled chronicle—meagre, shameful, uninspired; swiftly passed over by teachers impatient to return to the service at the Abbey. The burden of a slatternly continent was too heavy for any child to shift. History itself proceeded, gorgeous, spiritualized, without a downward glance at Australia. Greater than Nature, inevitable as the language of morning prayers: O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom.

Sentiments of a magnitude to which only a very affected, bold, or departing Australian might aspire.

In the true, and northern, hemisphere, beyond the Equator that equalized nothing, even bathwater wound out in the opposite direction. Perhaps even the records gyrating on the gramophone. Australians could only pretend to be part of all that and hope no one would spot the truth.

Once in a while, or all the time, there was the sense of something supreme and obvious waiting to be announced. Like the day the boys at the Junction were tormenting the swaggie and a man from nowhere told them, "E's a yooming being."

When fiery December sets foot in
  the forest . . .

GRACE and Caroline Bell were having, all things considered, a happy childhood, when their parents drowned in a capsized ferry. They were living in a house with a tower and a view of the Heads. They had embroidered chairs, crystal dishes that chimed when flicked with a fingernail, and a fragment of oak from Nelson's flagship in a small velvet box. At school Caro was up to the Spanish Armada and the sad heart of Ruth, when the ferry called the Benbow turned over in Sydney harbor and hideously sank. Grace was on a blue chair in the kindergarten and still had Miss McLeod, who had come out after the Great War and would be superannuated at Christmas.

Miss McLeod played the organ for the school at morning prayers. Hush'd Was the Evening Hymn, For All the Saints, and, in season, Once in Royal David's City. Everyone was C. of E. or something like it, except Myfanwy Burns and the Cohen girl. Religion was the baby in the manger, the boy with the slingshot, the coat of many colors.

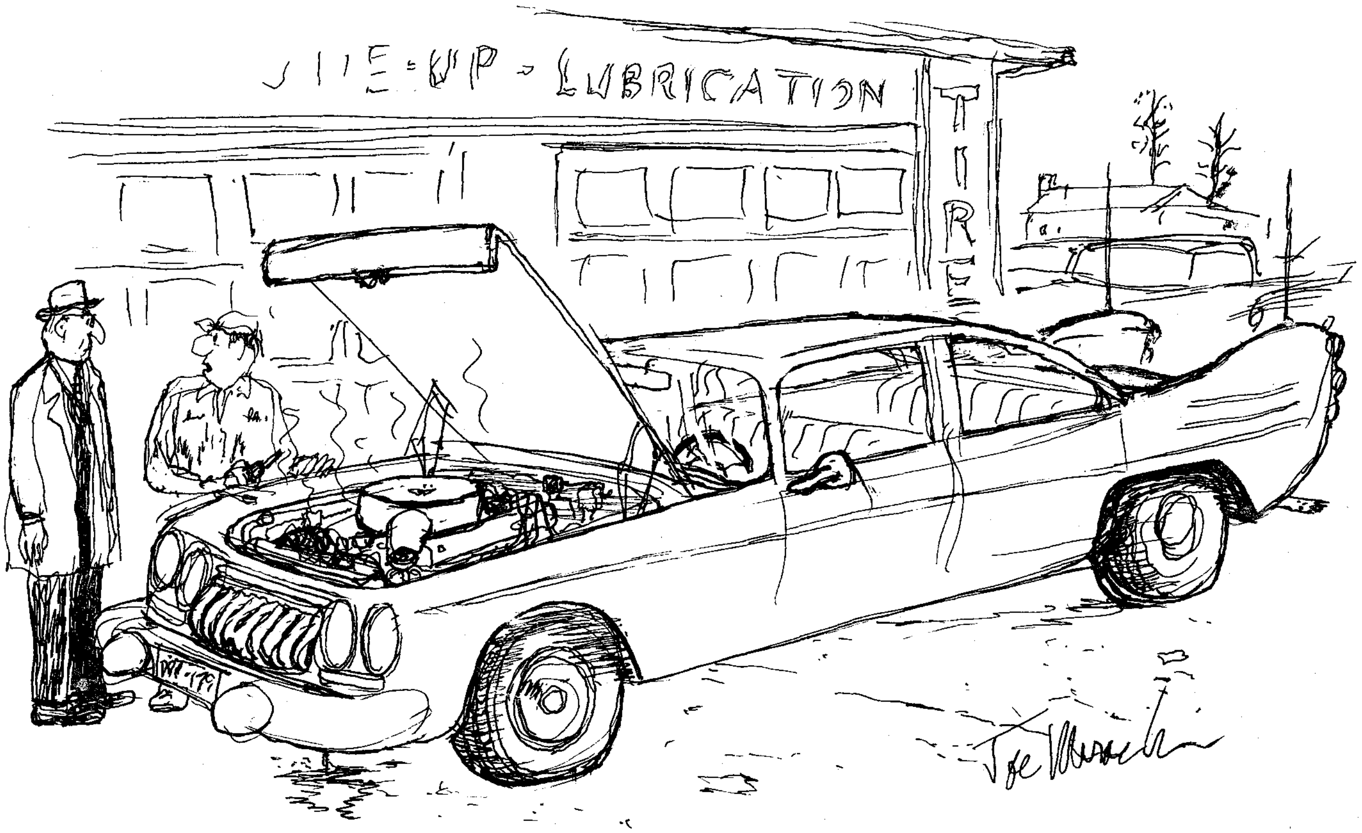
Caro and Grace knew what had happened to them was drastic. They could tell by flattering new attentions that had nothing to do with incredulous, persistent loss. They were slow to give up hope of miraculous reversal, and each morning woke disbelieving to the weather of death. It would have been hard to have weather appropriate or consoling, but this heat did not seem neutral.

Full fathom five thy father lies. They were now in the care of their half sister, Dora. Mrs. Horniman, in the house with the English lawn, said there was nothing she would not do. And on Christmas Day they sweltered beside the Hornimans' celluloid tree while a bushfire broke out over at Clontarf. Grace got a threepenny bit in the plum pudding, but afternoon grew awful. The children were forbidden to swim because of the turkey, and Athol Horniman hit Caro with a cricket ball.

A few days later Dora told them, "It is 1939."

Dora struck them both as unfamiliar. They scarcely recognized her from before, when she had been part of a family of five. The present Dora seemed not to have shared in the life before the Benbow. There was only one thing—a memory, not yet defined as such, of Dora shrieking beyond a closed door and Father saying, "Look what a daughter."

It was hard to think where Dora might have been, for instance, on mornings of the great past when Grace and Caro were driven into town for new school clothes. Father dropped them off, the mother and two girls, in the important haze where metallic



"It's no use, Mr. Carlson. I'm afraid it's lost its will to guzzle."

• •

smells of town flowed along with the cars, sluggish between narrow ranks of buildings. A toast-rack tram, discolored yellow, rocked them on wooden benches glossed with human passage. There were office girls with rolled hair and sailor hats of felt or straw; but there was no Dora, surely. The men sat in the open compartments at each end of the tram, their heavy waistcoats unbuttoned in the heat; flinging tobacco butts on slatted floors and leaning out to spit. In the rain, a canvas blind drew down for them on a rod. In the inside compartment Grace stood between her mother's knees and Caro swayed against an assortment of standing thighs. One and two halves, like the fare; and no Dora.

Dora's own mother had died when she was born, as happened in stories. Dora was twenty-one, but had given up Teachers College.

Where they got down from the tram there were windows brilliant with colored gloves and handbags and silk shoes, and shopping arcades lit like rainbows. The women passing along Pitt Street or Castlereagh had cooler, paler faces and wore hats of violets or rosebuds, with little veils. Kegs of ale were nonetheless drawn on drays right past the best shops by pairs or teams of Clydesdales: chestnut necks straining in collars of sweated leather, great hooves under ruffs of streaked horsehair. And the driver collarless, frayed waistcoat open, no jacket, with his leather face and stained mop of horsehair mustache. Manure underfoot, and a bruised smell of dropped cabbage trodden by blinkered ponies harnessed to vegetable carts. Along the curb, barrows of Jaffas and navels, or tasmanian apples. All this, raffish and rural, at the fashionable conjunction of Market and Castlereagh Streets.

At the same corner they would come upon the spectres dreaded by Caro and by Grace; and, from the looking and the looking away, by all who passed there. Apparitions of the terrible kind were dispersed throughout the city and might be expected at any shopping center of the suburbs. For a dead and atrocious certainty they awaited you at this particular and affluent corner, which for that reason seemed not to be a street at all but a pit or arena.

Some of them stood, including those with only the one leg. The legless would be on the ground, against shopwindows. The blinded would have a sign, to that effect, around the neck—perhaps adding SUVLA or GALLIPOLI. Similarly, on the placard GASSED that hung beside pinned medals might appear the further information YPRES or ARRAS. Or the sign might say MESOPOTAMIA, quite simply, as you might write HELL.

They took up separate places, perhaps having a dog with them or a child, or a gaunt woman silently holding out the cap. More usually, each alone. Who or what they had singly been, however, was sunk in the delved sameness of the eyes. Nothing more could be done to them, but their unsurpassable worst would be sustained forever and ever. Stillness was on the eyes even of the blind, closed on God knew what last sighting.

What music they made, and how they sang, that ghastly orchestra in lopped and shiny serge, with unstrung fiddles and wheezing concertinas and the rusted mouth organ grasped in the remaining and inexpert hand; the voices out of tune with everything but pitched extremity. How cruelly they wracked, for Depression pennies, an unwilling audience with their excruciating songs—The Rose of No Man's Land, and The Roses of Picardy, and The Rose of Tralee, and Oh my, I don't want to die, I want to go home. The war of the roses, roses, and smile, smile, smile.

> Ighty-tiddly-ighty,
> Carry me back to Blighty,
> Blighty is the place for me.

Even children—children who had not yet experienced virtue and might be ruthless in tormenting playfellows—were struck adult in pity: the Great

War being deeply known to them, learned before memory, as infants know the macabre from dreams. Nothing would have truly surprised them, not if they had been explicitly told of the exploded horses, exploded men, the decomposing gestures of the dead, the trench foot, trench mouth, the star shells, the terror. The bully of a sergeant major howling about clay piping to those as good as dead, the visiting statesman jocose behind the lines. They knew about Wipers and Plug Street and the Line. They had found it all out somehow from the speechless instruction at street corners and the songs of the roses and inky-pinky parlay-voo. Uncovered it in defiance of the brittle brown wreaths at cenotaphs, two minutes' silence, and the pools of remembrance where beer bottles lolled, and the monuments to war's sweetest symbols—the soldier, bronze rifle rested, supporting his decorously felled comrade, the marshal cleanly victorious on his flawless mare.

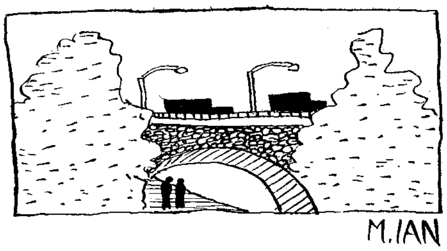
How long they were, how immensely long: the four years that would go on forever.

On Anzac or Armistice Day, Grace and Caroline Bell had been let through the crowd to watch thin-faced men by thousands walk in rows, in the decent suit if they had one, pinstripe, with scraps of braid aligned in small rainbows on the breast, the poppy of red paper in the lapel, the sprig of rosemary. Being little children, Caroline and Grace Bell had been brought to the front of the crowd to see this, as having the greater need.

In the wringing of their hearts, knowledge had entered. Knowledge stood formidable and helpless in their small rib cages as, glancing aside, they dropped tuppence in the extended cap, or ground the rosemary to death between their fingers for the smell.

THE house to which they now moved with Dora was smaller, with camellia trees on the lawn but too many hydrangeas. At the back it was buffalo grass and spiked shrubs, and a rockery hewn from the sandstone slope. Indoors, the responsive crystal, the splinter of the true cross from H.M.S. Victory had become museum pieces, relics of another life. At each side of *their own brief horizontal*, the long streets dropped to the sea. They might almost, had they known it, have been at Rio or Valparaiso. Night followed night, nights of oceanic silence not even broken now by the screams of bandicoots in traps on the Hornimans' English lawn.

In the slit of two headlands the Pacific rolled, a blue toy between paws. The scalloped harbor was itself a country, familiar as the archipelago a child governs among the rocks: it hardly seemed the open sea could offer more. Yet, passing into that slit Pacific, ocean liners took the fortunate to England. You went to the Quay to see them off, the Broadhursts or Fifields. There was lunch on board, which Dora did not enjoy because of a small fishbone caught in her throat. Sirens were blown, and kisses; streamers and tempers snapped. And the Strathaird, or Orion, was hugely away. You could be home in time to see her go through the Heads, and Caro could read out the name on the stern or bow. Even Dora was subdued at witnessing so incontrovertible an escape.



Going to Europe, someone had written, was about as final as going to Heaven. A mystical passage to another life, from which no one returned the same.

Those returning in such ships were invincible, for they had managed it and could reflect ever after on Anne Hathaway's Cottage or the Tower of London with a confidence that did not generate at Sydney. There was nothing mythic at Sydney: momentous objects, beings, and events all occurred abroad or in the elsewhere of books. Sydney could never take for granted, as did the very meanest town in Europe, that a poet might be born there or a great painter walk beneath its windows. The likelihood did not arise, they did not feel they had deserved it. That was the measure of resentful obscurity: that they could not imagine a person who might expose or exalt it.

There was the harbor, and the open sea. It was an atmosphere in which a sunset might be comfortably admired, but not much else. Any more private joy—in light or dark, in leaf or gatepost—savored of revelation and was

MY MOTHER REMEMBERS SPANISH INFLUENZA

I was the first person in our town
to catch the Spanish influenza.
I heard it come over on the streetcar,
hissing and snapping to itself
as it crossed the river.
And when the car stopped at the foot of our hill,
the bell rang twice, the flu got off
and burst inside my head
like sparklers on the Fourth of July.
Soon it was smooth and hot as rails in the sun,
running inside my head, metal on metal, ice on ice.
When it began to go away,
the neighborhood children took it, piece by piece,
on the thick, round wheels of their roller skates.
Mother brought me a white paper bag
of coconut macaroons.
I ate three and was sick
into the gray metal basin
filled with disinfectant and water
that was kept near my bed.
Mother doubted that the flu came on the streetcar.
It seemed more likely to her
that my two young uncles
had brought it back from France with them,
hidden in the silk webbing
that stretched between the carved ivory fingers
of the painted fan they had given me.
But I knew better.
I could still hear it, when Mother left the room at night,
whispering to itself about itself
as it came across the river on the last car.
It stopped at the foot of our hill for a second,
and then rode on down the valley to the carbarn,
where it waited out the night.

—JOHN RATTI

• •

Chas Addams

uncountenanced; even in wisteria or wattle on mornings newer, surely, than anywhere else could by now achieve. There was a stillness on certain evenings, or a cast to rocks, or a design of languid branch against the sky that might be announcing glory. Though it could hardly be right to relish where Dora was aggrieved, the girls put their smooth faces to gardenias, inhaling December for a lifetime.

Inland was the Bush, the very name a scorched and sapless blur. Inland was a drought, a parched unvisited mystery, a forlorn horizon strung on a strand of slack barbed wire. Dora would not drive farther than Gosford, and none of them had ever seen an Abo. At Easter, the Whittles took them to Bulli Pass, where the radiator boiled over and they all stood by the side of the road after rolling up stones to the rear tires. Getting out to push, plump Mr. Whittle reminded of a growing infant whose first impulse is to trundle the perambulator in which he has been wheeled. Returning home, Dora sat in an unaccustomed chair and said, "You will not get me to do that again."

Like a vast inland of their own littoral, Dora was becoming an afflicted region, a source of abrupt conflagration. Compliant with her every mood, they wondered that her life should be, as she told and told them, subjugated to theirs. There was some misunderstanding here. Deep trouble was having its way with Dora, as the girls were the first to know. She might still take them into her arms—but vehemently, as if few such embraces might be left to them, and without providing sanctuary. Dora's state was coming on them like nightfall, while they still affected to discern the shapes and colors of normal day. Keeping up emotional appearances, they were learning to appease and watch out for her. Dora's flaring responses to error might now be feared, or any kindling of her enchafed spirit. The bruises of a fall must be concealed from Dora's shrill ado, and so with other falls and bruises.

They were losing their mother a second time.

Caro was coming round to the fact of unhappiness: to a realization that Dora created unhappiness and that she was bound to Dora. No one would now appear offering rescue; it was too late for that. In growing, Caro was beginning rather than outstripping her long task. At least for the present, Caro was stronger than Grace, and was assuming Dora as moral obligation. Dora herself was strongest of all, in her power to accuse, to judge, to cause pain: in her sovereign power. Dora's skilled suspicion would reach unerringly into your soul, bring out your worst thoughts and flourish them for all to see; but never brought to light the simple good. It was as if Dora knew of your inner, rational, protesting truth and tried to provoke you into displaying it, like treason. On the one hand it was Dora seeking havoc, and, on the other, the sisters continually attempting to thwart or divert.

The girls heard it said that Dora was raising them. Yet it was more like sinking, and always trying to rise. In these children a vein of instinct sanity opened and flowed: a warning that every lie must be redeemed in the end. An aversion to emotion was engendered, and the belief that those who do not see themselves as victims accept the greater stress.

In their esteem for dispassion they began to yearn, perverse and unknowing, toward some strength that would, in its turn, sweep them to higher ground.

Like other children, they stopped on

the way home from school to pull at socks or pick at scabs or stare up a garden path at some opalescent entry. Grace with a satchel and pale jiggling ringlets, Caro tilted to a loaded briefcase. At school both were clever, which was attributed to the maturing effects of their tragedy—just as, had they lagged, obtuseness would have been ascribed to the arresting trauma. They sought each other in the playground and were known to be aberrant, a pair.

The classrooms had rough sallow walls. The children were reading "The Merchant of Venice" under the specked reproduction of Lord Leighton's "Wedded," and the watercolor of Ormiston Gorge. The classrooms were windows on the bay. Tendrils of morning glory crawled on wooden sills. It was always summer—and was afternoon more often than not, hot with smells of chalk and gym shoes and perhaps the banana uneaten in someone's satchel. Fatigued as businessmen, the girls carved names into desk tops in expectation of the bell.

Caro and Grace walked home uphill in raging heat. Brick houses were symmetric with red, yellow, or purple respectability: low garden walls, wide verandas, recurrent clumps of frangipani and hibiscus, of banksia and bottle brush; perhaps a summerhouse, perhaps a flagpole. Never a sign of washing or even of people: such evidence must be sought inside, or at the back. Caro was beginning to wonder about the inside and the back, and whether every house concealed a Dora. Whether in every life there was a Benbow that heeled over and sank.

You felt that the walls of such houses might topple inward, that they would crush but not reveal.

Refinement was maintained on the razor's edge of an abyss. To appear without gloves or in other ways suggest the flesh, to so much as show unguarded love, was to be pitchforked into brutish, bottomless Australia, all the way back to primitive man. Refinement was a frail construction continually dashed by waves of a raw, reminding humanity: the six-o'clock shambles outside the pubs, men struggling in vomit and broken glass; the group of wharfies on their smoke-oh, squatting round a flipped coin near the Quay and calling out in angry lust to women passing. There were raucous families who bought on the lay-by, if at all, and whose children were bruised from blows or misshapen by rickets—this subtler threat contained in terrace houses whose sombre grime was a contagion from the British Isles, a Midlands darkness. Britain had shared its squalor readily enough with far Australia, though withholding the Abbey and the Swan of Avon.

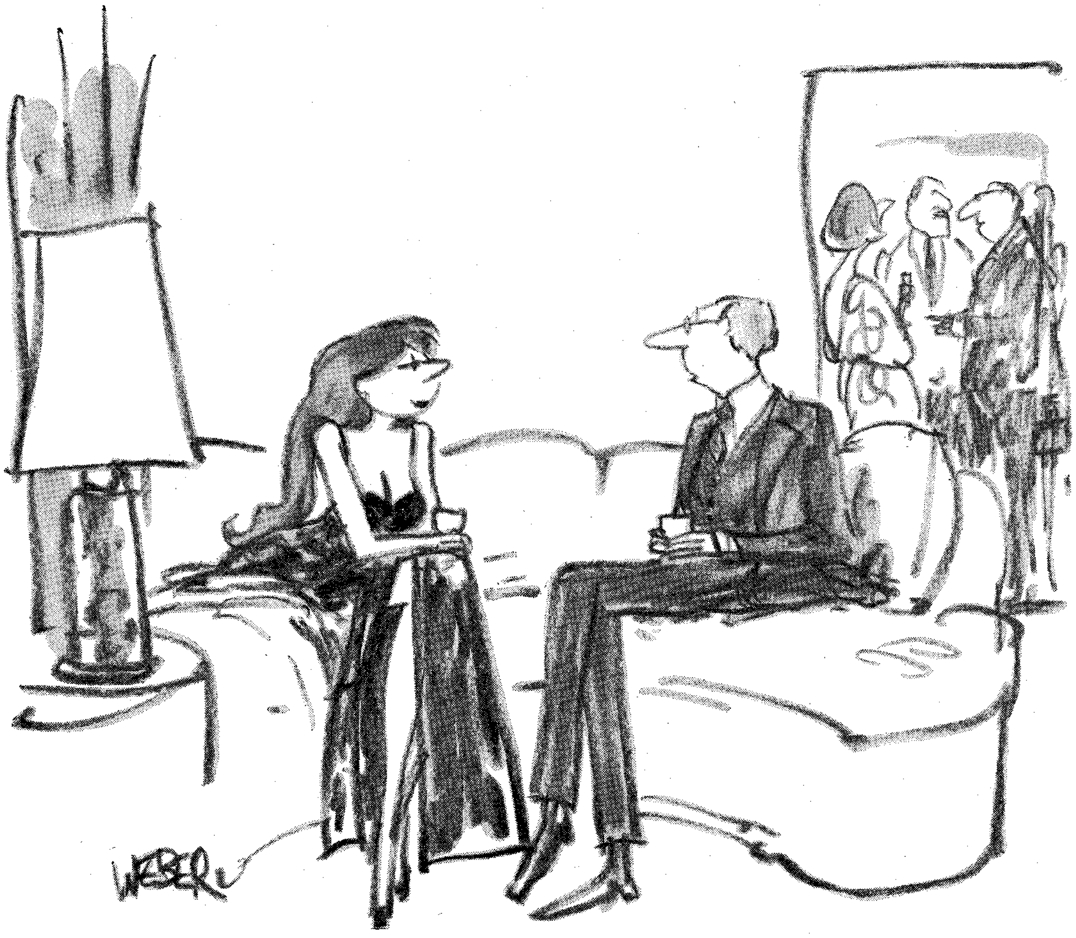
Concussed by these realities and worse, refinement shuddered and turned away.

The two girls walked home hand in hand, not so much like lovers as like an elderly couple, grave with information and responsibility. Coming home was to a Dora of outraged quiet, of which some cause must, sooner rather than later, be explosively made known. Or to Dora disfigured by tears from the affront of some neighbor, now marked down for life. Meaning was acoustical, ringing out, shaping inflections, filling silences. Grievance was statistical: "They only invited me once in two years," "I was there to tea exactly twice." Any crisis of classroom or playground, inadvertently disclosed, might set Dora to shrieking, "Peace! I want peace!"—the house resounding to cries of "Peace!" long after the girls were in their beds.

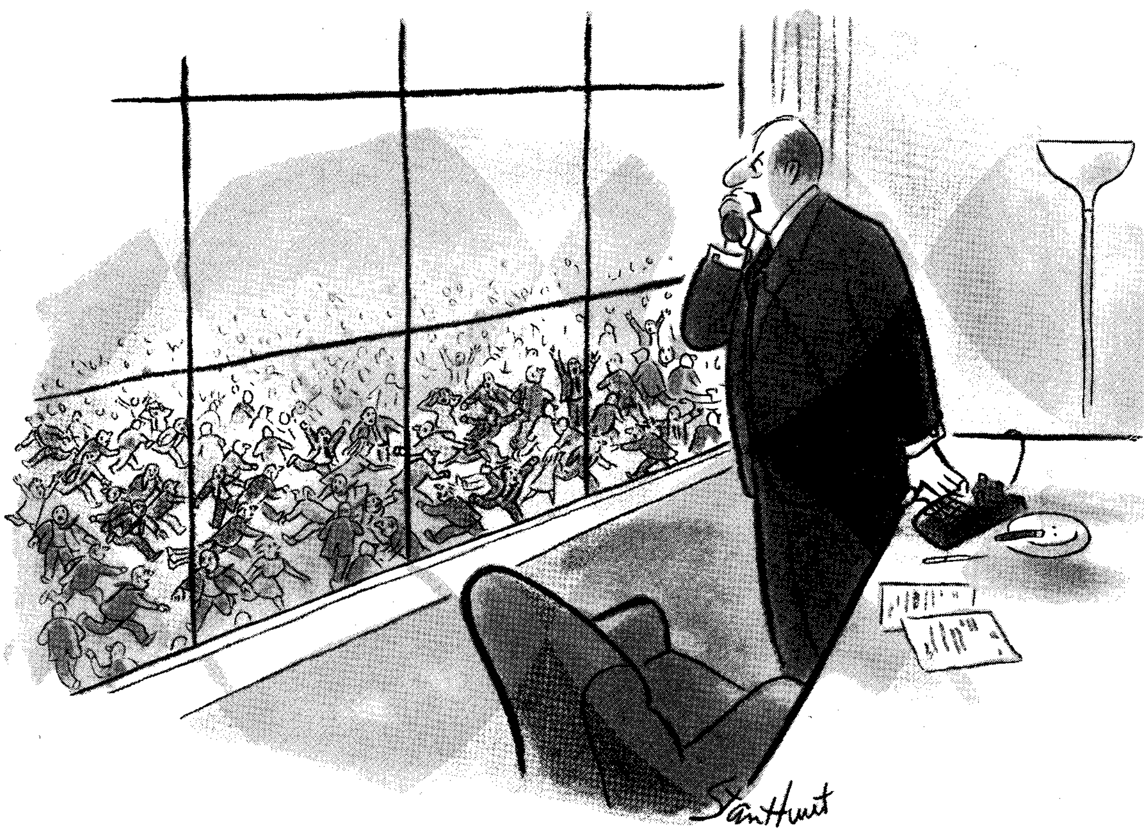
Dora could always die, so she said. I CAN ALWAYS DIE, as if this were a solution to which she might repeatedly resort. She told them that death was not the worst, as if she had had the opportunity of testing. She said she could do away with herself. Or she could disappear. Who would care, what would it matter. They flung themselves on her in terror, Dora don't die, Dora don't disappear. No, she was adamant: it was the only way.

How often, often, she drew upon this inexhaustible reserve of her own death, regenerated over and over by the horror she inspired by showing others the very brink. It was from their ashen fear that she rose, every time, a phoenix. Each such borrowing from death gave her a new lease on life.

Not that Dora was tolerant of the afflicted or of those who had gone under. "We could all give in," she said, when told that Miss Garside the librarian had completely dropped her bundle. The maimed or blinded were an incursion on pity that was Dora's by right: Dora's cry for help must drown out all others. She was quite taken up with her own disappearance, which loomed the largest presence in their lives.



"Me? Oh, I suppose you could say I'm intelligent. That's about it, I guess."



"Damn it, Miss Blake! Who pushed the panic button?"

The girls' early legends were all of the time that Dora. The time that Dora stood up to the tax man, the time Dora took no nonsense from the minister. "For once I spoke out." Dora taking exception, umbrage, or the huff. Dora lashing out, Dora pitching into, Dora breaking down. Dora giving the dreaded news: "I had a good row." A good cry, a good row, a good set-to. Dora was, furthermore, convinced that if she pressed on kind intentions hard enough they would disclose their limitations; and in this, time after time, had proved herself right.

Dora had a vermilion dress with black buttons that she wore for housework. The child Grace was asking, "Why are you always angry in that dress?"

Dora scarcely knew how to flare. "In this dress—I'm always busy. Not angry, busy."

Grace disbelieved.

"I don't care to be told I'm angry all the time. I certainly am not angry." Dora was very angry.

Grace trembled. "I'm sorry."

"Do you have any, do you have the slightest notion how hard I work for you. I am never done." It was true; the women were slaves. "Then I get this flung at me, I am told I'm angry. Well let me tell you."

Grace went outside to cry.

Dora was twenty-two and had dark sloping eyes and, despite an addiction to boiled sweets, perfect little teeth. Caro wondered when Dora would be old enough for tranquillity. Old people were serene. You simply had to be serene, for instance, at seventy. Even Dora must be, if they could only wait.

Yet Dora was daily life. Dora shopped, and paid bills out of their small inheritance; and spoke with trustees about debentures. Dora took back "The Citadel" to the lending library and returned with "The Rains Came;" played bridge at Pymble, and had a wealthy cousin at Point Piper. Dora went to tea, and wrote thank-you notes on her blue deckle-edged. She wore a smart silk frock of the color known as teal, and had her long dark hair waved and rolled. On prize-giving night Dora exulted over the girls' bound anthologies and the silver cup Grace won for Piano; and shed true tears for Caro's gold medal in French. It was this that set Caro to wondering about the backs of houses, and whether Dora was in some form inevitable to every household.

Supremely confusing was the Dora, all loving normality, who followed the release of the good row. At those intervals the girls became, for an evening or a day, young again. It was of course a confounding of all they knew for sure, through the certainty of suffering. But, like others in the clutch of absolute authority, they settled for the brief respite. It seemed easier to lie—to Dora, to oneself, to God—than willfully to precipitate the other Dora.

INTO these hostilities came war. One year it was statesmen shrieking "Peace! Peace!" while marshalling, like Dora, for a holocaust. The next it was Poland, the Siegfried Line, the Graf Spee. A family from Vienna, Jews, took the house next door, and Dora reported, "He's an engineer, she's a children's doctor. Supposedly." Because a professional woman aroused mistrust. The two boys, Ernst without the second "e" and Rudolf with "f," mooned on the lawn. Their father, slim and gray, pondered a row of freesias that in October had forced itself through from the far side of the earth.

The following June, the greengrocers' windows were smashed because of being Italian. Manganelli's at the Junction put out a sign: "WE ARE GREEKS." Once again the men set sail for History, in darkness and without streamers. France fell. There was the Blitz, the R.A.F., and Mr. Churchill. Caro's class put aside the War of the Spanish Succession to read a book about London, the buildings standing out like heroes—the Guildhall, the Mansion House—which every night the flames consumed on the seven-o'clock news. Dora seethed under rationing but yearned to be where bombs were falling. She took the conflict personally, frenzied by Mr. Churchill. It was Dora's war.

The neap tide of history had, as usual, left them high and dry.

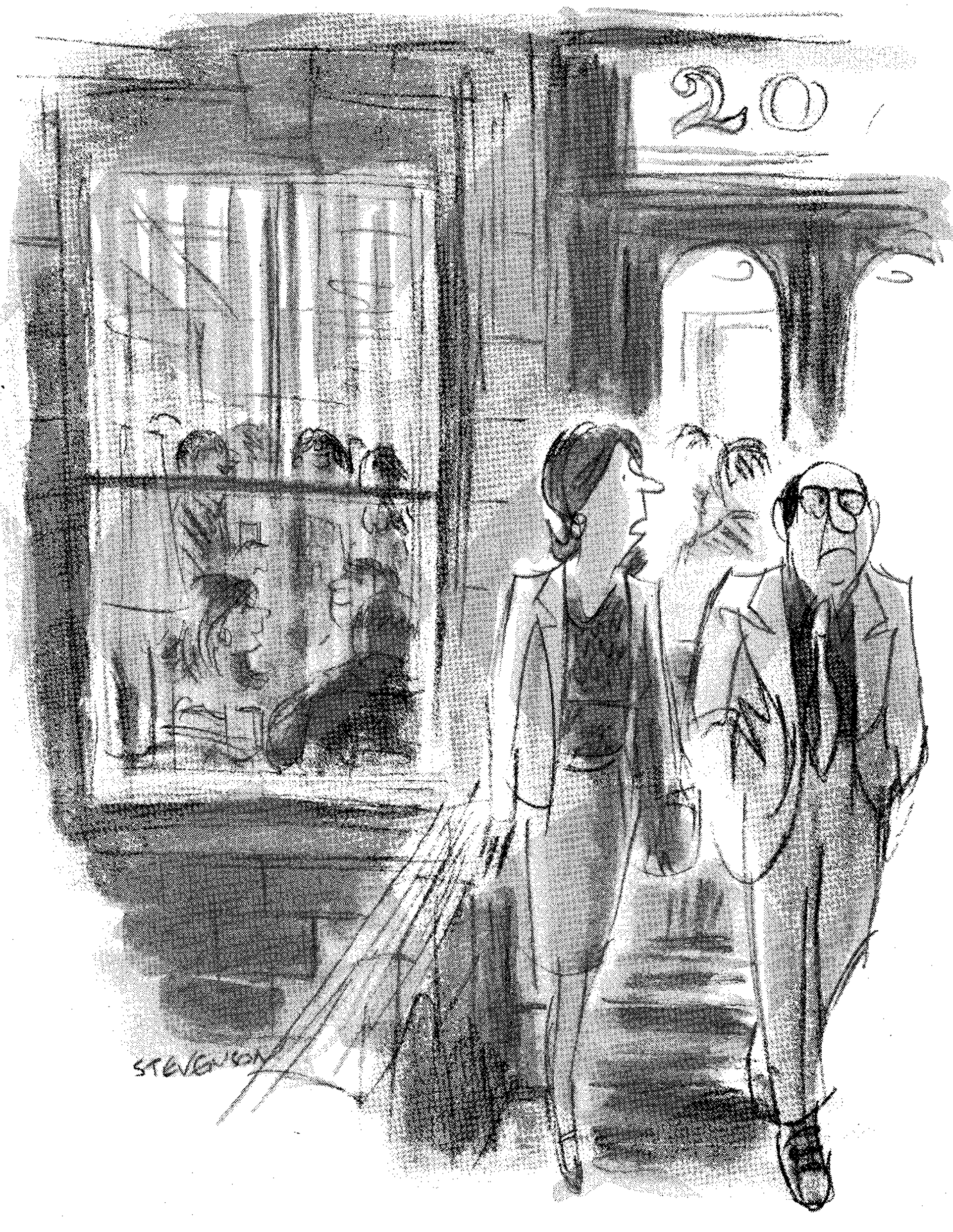
Caro was becoming flesh. Her hands were assuming attitudes. In shoes dull with playground dust her feet were long and shapely. The belt of her school uniform, which at the time of Dunkirk had banded a mere child, by the siege of Tobruk delineated a cotton waist. Her body showed a delicate apprehension of other change. Caro knew the sources of the Yangtze, and words like hypotenuse. Even Grace did homework now, sitting on the floor. Dora was knitting for the merchant marine, charging this calm activity with vociferous unrest.

Greece fell, Crete fell. There was a toppling, even of history.

ONE hot day Caro looked up Pearl Harbor in the atlas. Buses were soon painted in swamp colors. Air-raid shelters were constructed, and a boom, useless, across the harbor mouth. You kept a bucket of sand in the kitchen with a view to incendiary bombs. Mr. Whittle was an air-raid warden, and the Kirkby boys were called up. The noble rhetoric of Downing Street scarcely applied to dark streets, austerity, and standing in the queue. Colonial families arrived from the East destitute, and Singapore fell, fell. Orphans were numerous now; and the girls, in their civilian loss, no longer commanded special attention.

The school was moving to a country house, where the invading Japanese would hardly penetrate. Grace was too little to be saved by such methods; Caro would go alone. Caro would try out the fugitive state; if it came up to snuff, Grace might later be included.

Caro was installed one afternoon at the foot of the Blue Mountains. On the plain below, gum trees straggled back toward Sydney, bark was strewn like torn paper. The littlest children cried, but the parents would visit them in a fortnight if the petrol held up and the Japs did not arrive. There was also an ancient train as far as Penrith, but after that you were on your own. They knew about Penrith, a weatherboard town with telegraph poles and the sort of picture house where you could hear the rain.



"What's the matter—you didn't get a large enough audience share?"

Grace waved out the car window: jealous, guilty, and safe.

It was Sunday. After sago pudding, they sang "Abide with Me," and Caro went out on the upstairs veranda. Fast falls the eventide. The darkness deepened in silence more desolate for the squawk of a bird they had been shown in illustrations. Incredulous response cracked in Caroline Bell's own throat. Smells of dry ground, of eucalyptus, and a small herd of cows gave the sense of time suspended, or slowed to a pace in which her own acceleration must absurdly spin to no purpose. The only tremor in dim foothills was the vapor of a train on its way up to Katoomba. It was insignificance that Dora had taught them to abhor, and if ever there was to be insignificance it was here. The measure of seclusion was that Penrith had become a goal. Caro took herself in her own tender embrace, enclosing all that was left of the known. Caro was inland.

She had crouched into the angle formed by the balustrade and one of the high supports of the veranda. Bougainvillea was trained on the uprights; and a round plaque, cool as china, impressed her cheek. There were insects in the thorny vines, there was the scuttle of some animal in the garden below. Dora would have confirmed that death is not the worst.

In a room with six beds, all subsequently cried themselves to sleep. In the morning, Caro saw that the medallion on the balcony was blue and white, and Catholic. One of the girls told her, "Miss Holster says it's a Dellarobbier."

The house was at once seen to be peculiar. There was a lot to look at. It was owned by the Doctor, who was not a doctor at all but an architect; and Italian, even if on our side. He had withdrawn to a smaller building alongside—servants' quarters was a phrase that came readily enough to them from books, or from the old stone houses built by convicts. The Doctor wore a short white cotton jacket and a little white pointed beard and, although not lame, carried a stick. According to Miss Holster, he had seen through Mussolini from the word Go.

The house had 1928 in Roman numbers on the porch; or portico. For its construction, colored marbles and blond travertine had spent months at sea, fireplaces and ceilings had been dismantled outside Parma, where the ham and violets came from. And whole pavements of flowered tiles uprooted and rebedded. The dining room was said to be elliptical. All the doors, even for bathrooms, were double, with panels of painted flowers, and paired handles pleasant to waggle until they dropped off. There were velvet bell ropes, intended for maids, that fell into disrepair from incessant tugging. There was also the day Joan Brinstead broke an inkpot on the white marble mantel in the music room and ammonia only made it worse. Miss Holster had a canopy over her bed; but could not say why lemon trees should be potted rather than in the ground.

These rooms enclosed loveliness—something memorable, true as literature. Events might take place, occasions, though not during the blight of their own occupancy. At evening the rooms shone, knowing and tender.

"Him? Oh, he's filling a new position the king has created—Lord High Nobody."

In a forbidden paddock below the house, a wire fence surrounded tents, tin buildings, and thirty or forty short men grotesquely military in uniforms dyed the color of wine. The Doctor's countrymen had come to the ends of the earth to find him, for the men who dug his fields and gathered his fruit were Italian prisoners of war. At dusk they led in the cows before being themselves led behind the wire. The Doctor could be seen in the mornings moving among them, white beard, white jacket, white panama: once more the master. They learned that, like a baby, he slept in the afternoons. They had seen, or caught, one of the prisoners kissing his hand.

From the fields, or behind the wire, the prisoners waved to the schoolgirls, who never waved back. Never. It was a point of honor.

After two weeks of this, Dora came with Grace in the Marchmains' car, which had been converted to naphtha. Dora was at her best in the drama of reunion and had brought a magnificent hamper to supplement the dreadful meals. Caro showed off to Grace with the Marchmains' pale-pink Rosamund, her fellow-exile. They had a picnic on the banks of the Nepean, Mr. Marchmain explaining about nettles and dock leaves. Sausages were cooked on sticks over a fire the Marchmains made. The fat dripped, reeking; sausage meat obtruded from split casing. Fending for yourself on a desert island would not be like this: there would be mangoes, breadfruit, milk from coconuts, and fish from the coral reef.

Dora sat on a corner of the spread rug, longing to be assigned some task so she could resent it. The girls swam in the river, repelled by the saltless water and the ooze. They played Moses in the Bulrushes, with Grace in the title role but Caro as the princess. Across the river, the gorges began, melancholy, uninhabited. A friend of the Marchmains had once stayed up at Lapstone—for pleurisy, or so it was given out at the time. You could usually tell the real thing, though, by the hectic flush. Caro was thinking of Umbria, until yesterday a mere color in the paintbox between yellow ochre and burnt sienna; and of flat Parma where the violets came from.

Caro would have liked to reveal the house, but feared Dora's reaction. Dora was not one to lie down under the news that a veranda was called a loggia, or a mural a fresco. Let alone villa for house. Any such divulging would somehow bring word of Caro's secession from Dora's rule. They walked about the corridors and looked in the oval dining room without perceiving.

"This Montyfiori," said Mr. Marchmain, who was coarse, "appears to be a raving ratbag."

After tea the Marchmains walked down with Rosamund to the paddock where you took turns for the pony, and Dora went to put the thermos in the car. Caro and Grace disappeared into the makeshift dormitory, where they sat side by side on a bed. They made little wracked gasps of an adult weeping that must presently be concealed. The huge heavy mechanism of their hearts dragged at their slight bodies.

Grace said, "I'll write."

They washed their faces in a bathroom varicose with streaked marble. The basin was shaped like one of those shells. Even the lav had a blue pattern inside, possibly Chinese.

Dora had found the matron and was reading the riot act about blankets. Marchmains were coming up the gravel. Now, authorized public tears, let grief be unconfined. Grace climbed in the car, abashed by escaping yet again. At that moment, Japs were the last thing in anyone's mind: the entire exercise appeared pointless except for the emotions to which it was giving luxurious rein.

CARO came home in winter, with the others. The villa dissolved into gum trees even as they twisted to see it for the last time, breath steaming the cold windows of a bus that took them to the Penrith train. No one, even so, would take a chance on waving to their fellow-prisoners.

Soon their flight to the mountains was part of the fabled past, a form of war service. Not before the Doctor had brought suit, however, for irreparable damage to his house. After all that palaver about Danty and the sunset, the old ratbag was asking a thousand quid, Mr. Marchmain reported, to fix up his caricature of a home.

Caro returned, as if from abroad, to a city populated by American soldiers. Dora confirmed that these were boastful, and self-indulgent in ways unspecified. Girls who went with them were common. Caro and Grace, in school uniform, were photographed by a lanky sergeant while crossing at the Junction; and put up their hands, like the famous, to ward off intrusion. It was a pity one could not have a better class of saviour: Americans could not provide history, of which they were almost as destitute as Australians.

The sisters had never seen black men before, apart from the lascars at the Quay.

At school, Grace was studying the Stuart kings. From newspapers they learned about Stalingrad and Rostov-on-Don. Dora was part of a camouflage-netting group that met on Thursdays in Delecta Avenue and was rancorous in the extreme. In the relief of home, Caro was lenient. Once in a while she pictured to herself the Doctor's house, and the high rooms that created expectation. If you could have had the rooms, without the misery.

These *picturings might* be *memo*ries—unless it was too soon for memories. The moments would not say which of them might be remembered.

When you measured five feet tall you were eligible for extra clothing coupons. She would have undone her plaits into a ponytail had it not been for Dora.

ONE morning a girl whose father had been in America for Munitions came to school with nibless pens that wrote both red and blue, pencils with lights attached, a machine that would emboss a name—one's own for preference—and pencil sharpeners in clear celluloid. And much else of a similar cast. Set out on a classroom table, these silenced even Miss Holster. The girls leaned over, picking up this and that: Can I turn it on, how do you work it, I can't get it to go back again. No one could say these objects were ugly, even the crayon with the shiny red flower, for they were spread on the varnished table like flints from an age unborn, or evidence of life on Mars. A judgment on their attractiveness did not arise: their power was conclusive, and did not appeal for praise.

*It was the first encounter with cal*culated uselessness. No one had ever wasted anything. Even the Lalique on Aunt Edie's sideboard, or Mum's Balibuntl, was functional by contrast, serving an evident cause of adornment, performing the necessary, recognized role of an extravagance. The natural accoutrements of their lives were now seen to have been essentials—serviceable, workaday—in contrast to these hard, high-colored, unblinking objects that announced, though brittle enough, the indestructibility of infinite repetition.

Having felt no lack, the girls could experience no envy. They would have to be conditioned to a new acquisitiveness. Even Dora would have to adjust her methods to contend with such imperviousness.

Never did they dream, fingering those toys and even being, in a rather grownup way, amused by them, that they were handling fateful signals of the future. The trinkets were assembled with collective meaning, like exhibits in a crime, or like explosives no expert could defuse. Invention was the mother of necessity.

It was not long after this that the girls began to wave their unformed hips and to chant about Chattanooga and the San Fernando Valley. Sang, from the antipodes, about being down in Havana and down Mexico way. Down was no longer down to Kew. The power of Kew was passing like an empire.

NOW Caro and Grace Bell did not go home at once after lessons, but walked along the beach below the school, getting sand in their shoes and stockings, picking up chipped shells

BALLADE OF THE GRINDSTONES

when you and I draw close at night and play
those individual tricks all love keeps by,
do you believe I see you or can say
which hand beats mine, or by what bones I lie?
thrown down by dark, who separates the high
from the low card? what flow of skill can claim
to tell by taste the mouth that drinks it dry
that night which makes us all lie down the same?

you ride the dark, but can you choose the bay
from the dark horse, or by your wits descry
which cat howled, at that hour when all are gray,
or what bitch held and wrung you, by her cry?
lift up our bodies and like hawks we fly,
circle and soar and, held each one by name,
drop, but all holds are equal when we pry
that night which makes us all lie down the same.

a tremor and a flash cry holiday,
and these husks leap. now tell me can we try
by *touch which millstones grind* our *grain away*
or whether in that press we love or die?
when the fine fever twists our straight awry,
rakes off our soft particulars, how blame,
each one, the other's harsh, unseeing eye
that night which makes us all lie down the same?

after those teeth have gripped me by the thigh
and made my flesh and yours shake with one flame,
shall either know which fire is you, which I
that night which makes us all lie down the same?

—JUDITH JOHNSON SHERWIN

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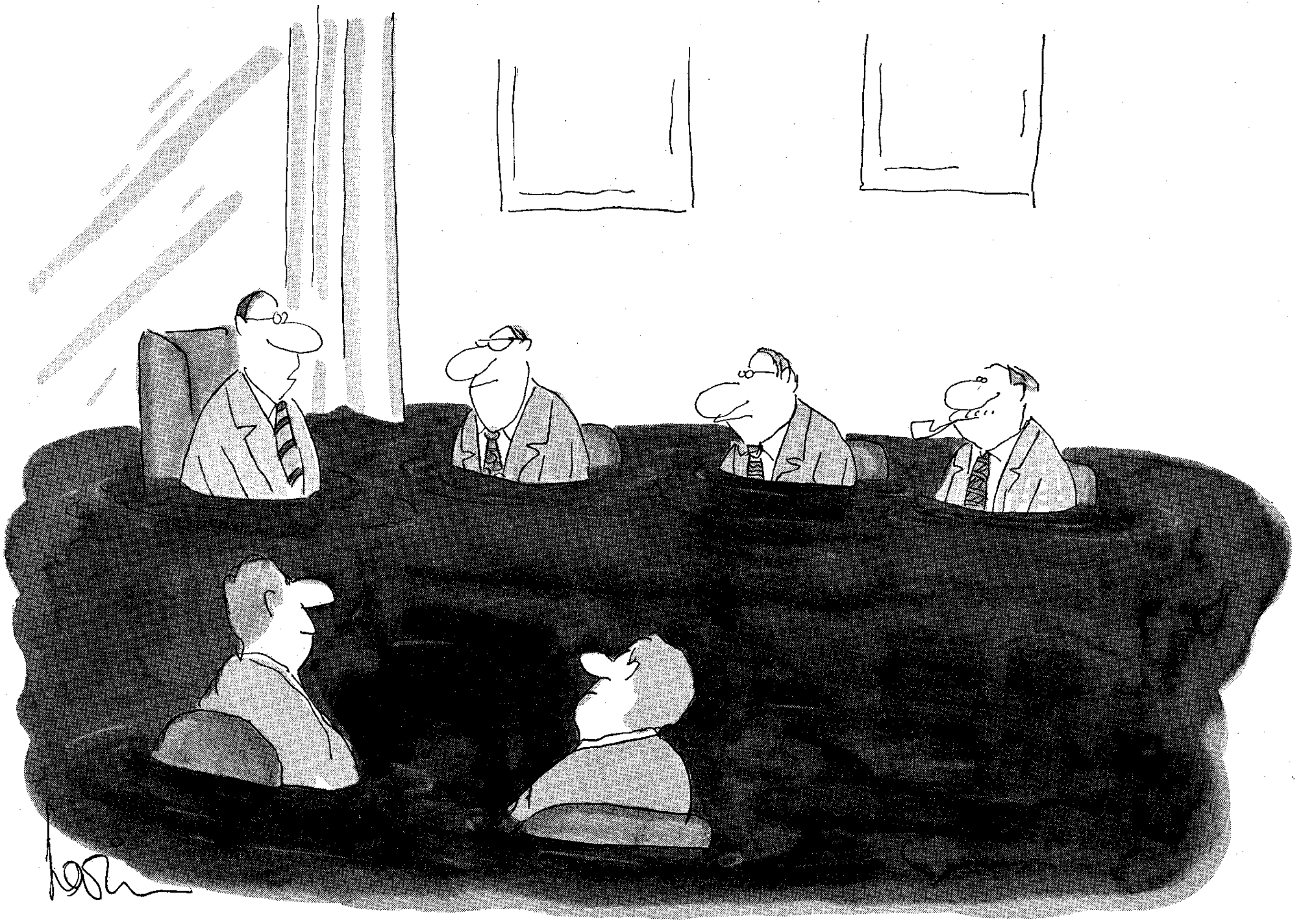


"First of all, gentlemen, I don't think I have to tell you we're sitting on a lot of oil."

• •

and flinging them away. Seaweed sworled in dark, beady tangles, scalloped up by the tides, bleared by an occasional medusa. A boy or pair of boys would speak to them—boys in gray knickerbockers and striped ties. The uniforms were a guarantee: schools recognized each other like regiments.

Grace was a flower.

Caro's hair hung heavy on her shoulders, as no child's will do.

The sounds and smell of ocean made speech unworthy, or required a language greater than they knew. Because Dora's intrusions had made privacy sacrosanct, they exchanged no word on the dangerous preparations their bodies were making for an unimaginable life. And, in this respect, lingered in unusual ignorance.

Dora was too sore and disturbing a subject for their circumspect afternoons. Besides, they were supposed to love her; and, more to the point, did so. They would have given anything to see her, as she wished, at peace. However, the threesome was beginning to irk them. People had to step aside as Dora marched the girls, on arms inertly linked, along streets or pushed them singly through turnstiles. They lived under supervision, a life without men. Dora knew no men. You could scarcely see how she might meet one, let alone come to know.

All women evidently longed to marry, and on leaving school held their breath, while accumulating linen and silver. There was a lot of waiting in it, and an endangering degree of emotion. Of those who were not taken, some quietly carried it off—like old Miss Fife, who came to tea with parasol and high collar, fondant silk to her calves, pointed shoes each clasped with single button: gentler than Queen Mary. There were others, unhinged, timid, or with whiskers—crushed by father, crushed by mother, or unthinkingly set aside.

In this, Dora was hard to place.

Caro was allowed into town on her own, on the ferry. There was the gangplank, creak of hawsers, casting off, smell of throttling engines and of the sea slapping at green encrustations on wooden piles. She heard the hooting approach of the city, tram bells, the jarring of a great ignition. In the cabin, office girls held up little mirrors and patted powder off their curving fronts and concave laps with small reverberations at thorax or thighs. They dabbed behind the ears, then sharply closed their handbags to signal preparedness. This was not the groundwork for a march, three abreast, through the town; but a prelude to encounters.

Alone in the city, Caro was lifting a frayed book in a shop. "How much is this?"

"Fifteen and three."

Back on the teetering pile. The table was massed like an arsenal.

"Ah well. Let's say, ten bob."

Seeing it, that evening, Dora said, "You have enough books now."

Dora knew, none better, the enemy when she saw it. —SHIRLEY HAZZARD

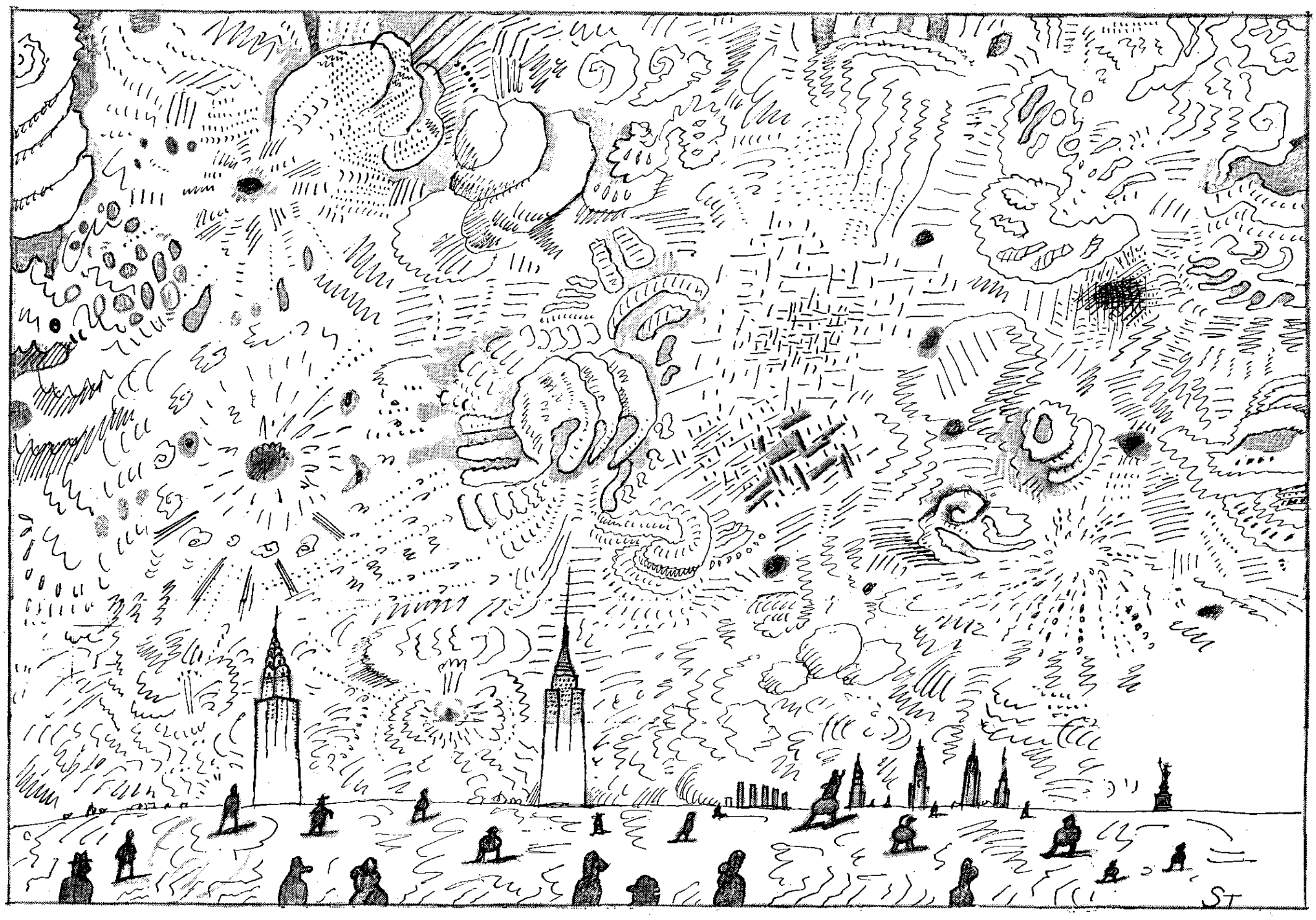
•

Another rare visitor was an Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker which was attracted by the extensive burnt over area in the center of the island and which took 200 Civilian Conservation Corps young men luckily stationed at Southwest Harbor to extinguish.—*"Sutton Island, Maine," by George Lyman Paine.*

Tough bird.

PROFILES

THE MAYOR—II



A GLORIOUS Saturday afternoon last autumn. Gracie Mansion's spacious lawn, which slopes down toward the East River, is lush. Squirrels run across the green carpet and scamper up trees covered with orange leaves. The bright sun glazes the river, which is still except for an occasional tugboat floating by. The blue sky is streaked with silver bullets that twist in graceful arcs as they rise from LaGuardia Airport. It is a perfect day for a walking tour, which is what Mayor Edward I. Koch has planned for the afternoon. Inside Gracie Mansion, Maureen Connelly, his press secretary, shows me the second-floor living quarters. A few feet past the head of the stairs, we enter a suite that was home for Koch's predecessor, Mayor Abraham Beame, and his wife, Mary. In a sitting room are facing antique love seats that Mary Beame upholstered in cut velvet. Between the love seats, a gaudy chandelier hangs so low that tall visitors must duck it. The Mayor, Miss Connelly says, spends little time in the sitting room, and he spends even less time in the adjoining bedroom. Everything in this bedroom is in miniature, as if it had been built to order for the five-foot-two-inch former Mayor. There is a tiny rocker, two frail dollhouse-like wooden chairs, a desk built close to the floor, and a small dresser with a mirror that reaches to my chest. The walls are covered with bright-yellow wallpaper sprouting irises, tulips, and carnations.

The contrast with Koch's bedroom, at the other end of the floor, is striking. There, three abstract paintings hang on stark-white walls. The floor, bare except for a sombre Oriental rug, is littered with dirty black socks crumpled into balls, early editions of the *Times* and the *News*, which Koch carefully inspects each night, and a pair of wing-tip shoes. A platform bed is unmade: brown-and-black striped sheets on top of a green thermal blanket and quilt are heaped into a mound. A large black-and-white papier-mâché Pee Wee rabbit rests on the floor next to the bed, which faces a twenty-one-inch television set. On a white mantelpiece rests a picture of the Mayor's sister, Pat Thaler, with her husband and their three children. There is a stereo set, including a tape deck, on which Koch plays his favorites from the sixties—Simon and Garfunkel, Judy Collins, "Man of La Mancha." White shelves built into the wall hold more records than books. Koch's favorite book, he once told me, is Merle Miller's "Plain Speaking," a biography of Harry Truman. "I'm not someone—and I regret it—who reads a great deal," Koch says. "I'm talking about outside of government papers, which I read a lot of. I suppose one of the things I don't have enough of is a historical perspective on what's taking place. Mine is more educated instinct." There are two other rooms on this floor—a sparsely furnished room with a desk, where Koch sometimes works, and a guest bedroom.

The Mayor is ready to depart. He is accompanied by his old friend Daniel Wolf, the founding editor of the *Village Voice,* who is a dollar-a-year adviser. The Mayor gets into the front seat of his Chrysler, and Wolf and I sit in the back. Today, Koch plans two surprise appearances in Queens. "I like to go back to places I campaigned in extensively," he says. "I have a good recollection of how I was received then, and I like to compare it with now." Such visits afford him an opportunity to learn what is on the public's mind and, not incidentally, to sample neighborhood food. Koch particularly enjoys visiting middle-class communities. He identifies with the residents—with their work ethic, their close family ties, their sense of loyalty, their patriotism, and their struggle to escape poverty. He sees a different challenge from the one that confronted Mayor Robert Wagner and, particularly, Mayor John Lindsay, in the sixties. They wanted to communicate concern for the poor, to give them hope, to keep the streets cool. Koch wants to communicate concern for the middle-class, and to give *them* hope. The sixties were focussed on social problems; the seventies are focussed on economics. Lindsay worried about integrating neighborhoods, Koch worries about preserving their tax base. "I happen to have as middle-class values as anyone," he declares as his car passes through Jackson Heights, Queens.

"You couldn't fit in in Jackson Heights," Wolf says.

Koch agrees. Turning around in the seat, he says that it would be "too dull."

The Mayor, aware that he sounded condescending, explains what he meant. "Jackson Heights is the heart of the city. It's a stable community, composed of hard-working taxpayers. I absolutely love them. But it would be phony for me to say that, given the choice between living in Manhattan and living in Jackson Heights at a lower rent, I'd take the lower rent. I'd pay the higher rent. Manhattan is the most exciting part of an exciting town. But I feel I identify with the people of Jackson Heights."

The Mayor's car stops on Queens Boulevard, in Forest Hills, and Koch, hands stuffed in the pockets of his brown checked sports jacket, strides past the stores on Seventy-first Avenue. On the corner, Assemblyman Alan Hevesi, broom in hand, heads a contingent of civic leaders in an effort "to raise everyone's consciousness to clean Forest Hills," he says.

The Mayor stops to applaud their efforts, and as he does so a crowd gathers. "Hi, how'm I doing?" he asks his audience, which is middle-class and mostly white. A burst of applause is the answer.

"You should be running now for Mayor," says Hevesi.

"It will be better in three years," says Koch, and he proceeds to turn the gathering into a Hyde Park forum.

"I am committed to helping the middle class," he says.

A car horn blares.

"Give that guy a ticket!" Koch says, and the crowd roars.

"What about kids smoking on the corner?" asks a young man.

"But isn't that the woman's responsibility?" Koch asks. "The Mayor can't take over Mama and Papa's responsibility."

Koch then asks his audience, "Am I doin' O.K.?"

"I get your letters," says a woman who identifies herself as Paula Newberry. "He's written to me three times," she explains to me. Each time, she had written to complain that her apartment at 10 Holder Place was "illegally taken off rent control." "I am pleased with him," she tells me.

So is Bessie Joffe, who volunteers, "I am just an admiring citizen, but I'm telling you he's doing a great job."

The Mayor heads east, followed by a pack of citizens.

"Excuse me," a middle-aged woman says, grabbing his arm. "I'm Italian, not Jewish. You're the best."

A man in a passing car shouts, "Hey, Ed. How ya doin'?"

Koch could not be happier. There is energy, support, approval—vindication—to be found in the affection of these people. He stops to ask, "If there was one thing you wanted me to do, what would it be?," and he listens intently to the responses, instructing an aide, who had met us in Forest Hills, to take notes. Occasionally, he himself scrawls a reminder on a small white memo pad.

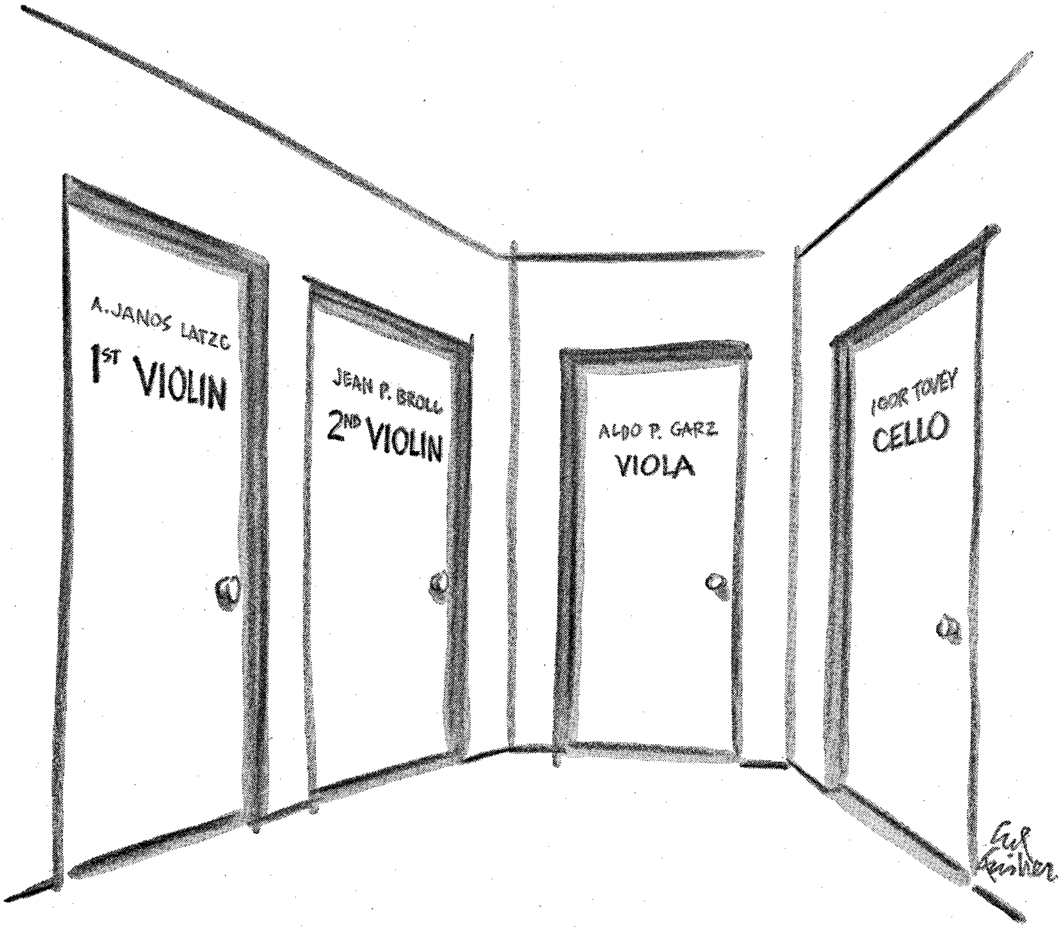
"Terrific job, Mr. Mayor!" calls out seventy-two-year-old Ellwood Weinreich, of Forest Hills.

Why "terrific," I ask him.

"Because he's trying hard," Weinreich says. "He's not up for reëlection now, yet he's doing things like this."

"Where should we eat?" Koch asks. After prolonged discussion, he settles on the Stratton Restaurant, on Queens Boulevard, which has a glass-enclosed sidewalk café.

The next stop is South Jamaica, Queens, a predominantly black low- and middle-income community. The Mayor's car stops at Jamaica Avenue and 162nd Street, and Koch darts across the street to shake hands with several people waiting for a bus. Like Queens Boulevard in Forest Hills, this is a commercial strip. The major dif-



ferences between Jamaica Avenue and Queens Boulevard are that here there are more bargain centers, more street peddlers, more garbage hugging the curb, more black faces. The greeting is nearly as warm as it was in Forest Hills. "He's doing a beautiful job," says Mary Chambers, a black woman, flashing a big smile toward Koch.

Koch is less well known here, however. He approaches Panagrotis Treskas, a Greek national who sells hot dogs and soda from a cart. Grabbing the startled peddler by the hand, Koch asks, "Do you know who I am?"

Treskas peers blankly into the stranger's face. Several seconds elapse. "From the telephone company?" he finally blurts. The stranger shakes his head. Treskas is worried now. Out comes the laminated license from the City Department of Health. "Here, here"—he shoves it in front of the stranger to prove that his business is legal.

As the Mayor walks along, a crowd forms. Thelma Moore, a homeowner, complains, "It's Saturday, and they still haven't picked up the garbage. That's not unusual." But she doesn't blame the Mayor: "Just because the garbage doesn't get picked up, I can't just dislike him for that."

As he strolls among the shoppers, Koch inquires, "Was Mayor Beame here? Was Mayor Lindsay here?"

Instead of responding to that question, a woman asks one of her own: "What about York College?"—a reference to a proposal that a campus be built in Jamaica to replace the rented facilities that the college now occupies.

The cost, Koch says, would be a hundred and forty million dollars over the long term and eighty million in the short term. "It comes out of your taxes. I'm not gonna permit your tax dollars to be wasted."

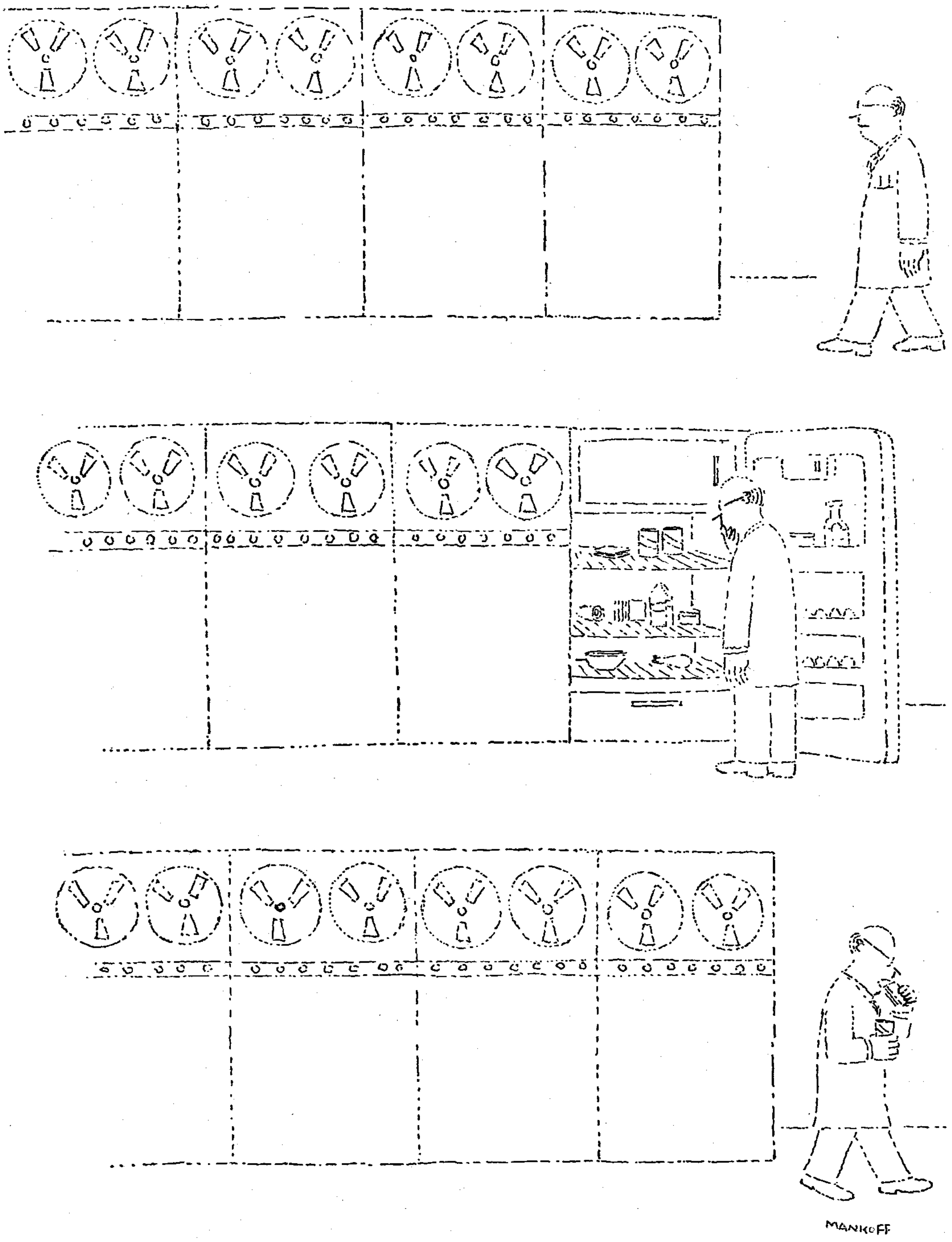
The crowd swells, encircling Koch, who is standing beside a licensed jewelry display case belonging to John Darthard, a black man in his mid-thirties who served in the Army and spent a couple of years in college. Darthard offers the opinion that a campus for York College would have education value, and Koch disagrees, maintaining that Queens College already serves the black community of Jamaica. The York campus is not needed, and in any case cannot be afforded, he says. Koch and his staff have, without announcing it, decided against the proposal.

"I peddled at Queens College for three years," says Darthard. "After a period of two years, they took my concession away. No reason. People of a Jewish origin were allowed to continue." There would be no discrimination against blacks if a York campus were built and they had their own college, he says.

"The question is: Where do we put your money?" Koch responds in a mellow voice. His own answer is clear: enrollment at the City University, of which Queens College is a part, is declining, and it makes no sense to divert scarce resources to the construction of new colleges when the old colleges are unfilled. To Koch, York College is primarily a resource-and-budget question. To Darthard, York College is obviously a means of insuring non-discrimination and perhaps the economic rejuvenation of South Jamaica.

A young woman asks the Mayor why the financial assistance granted minority students in the City University's SEEK (Search for Education, Elevation, and Knowledge) program is so meagre.

"Oh, come on," Koch



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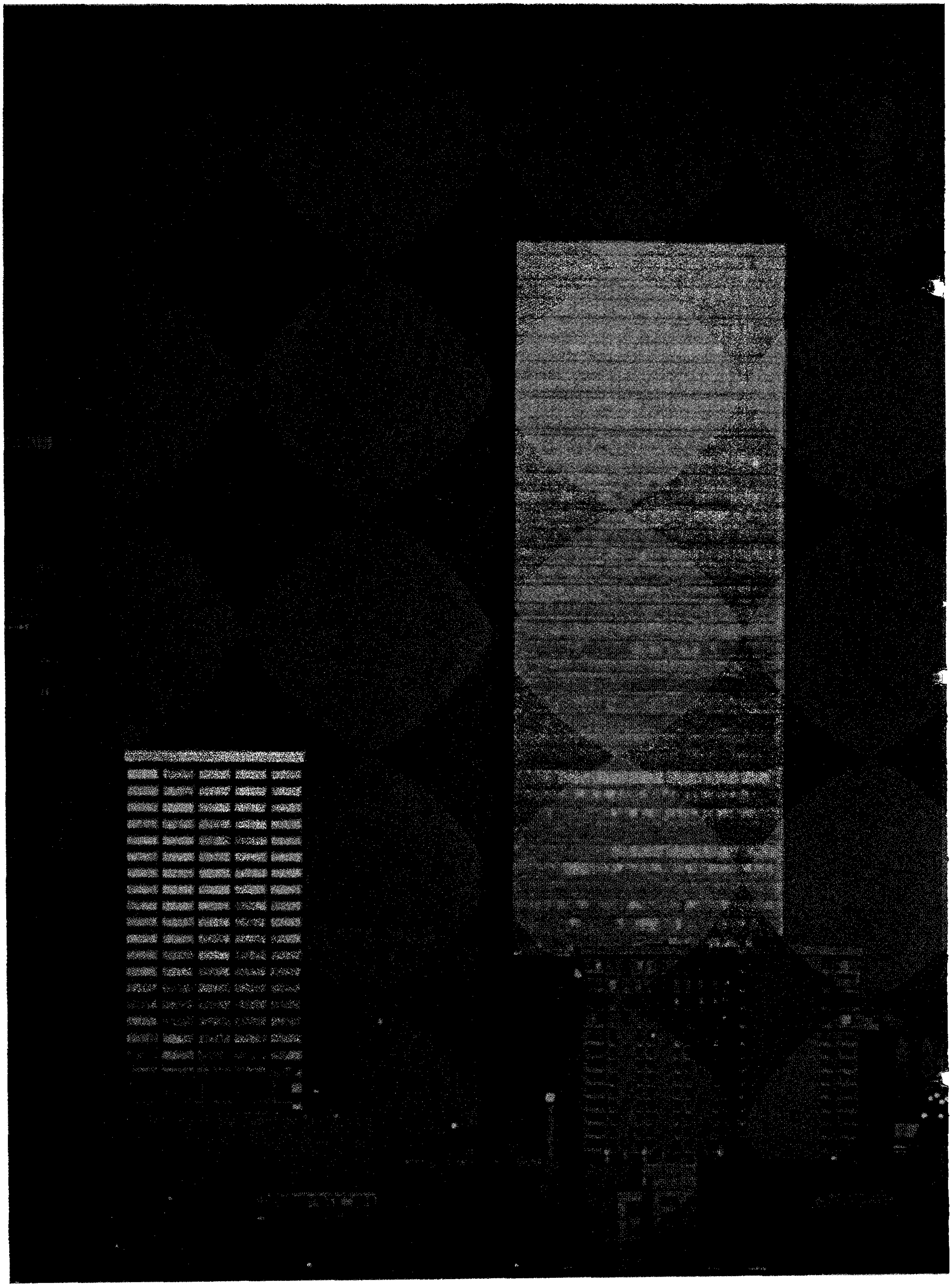

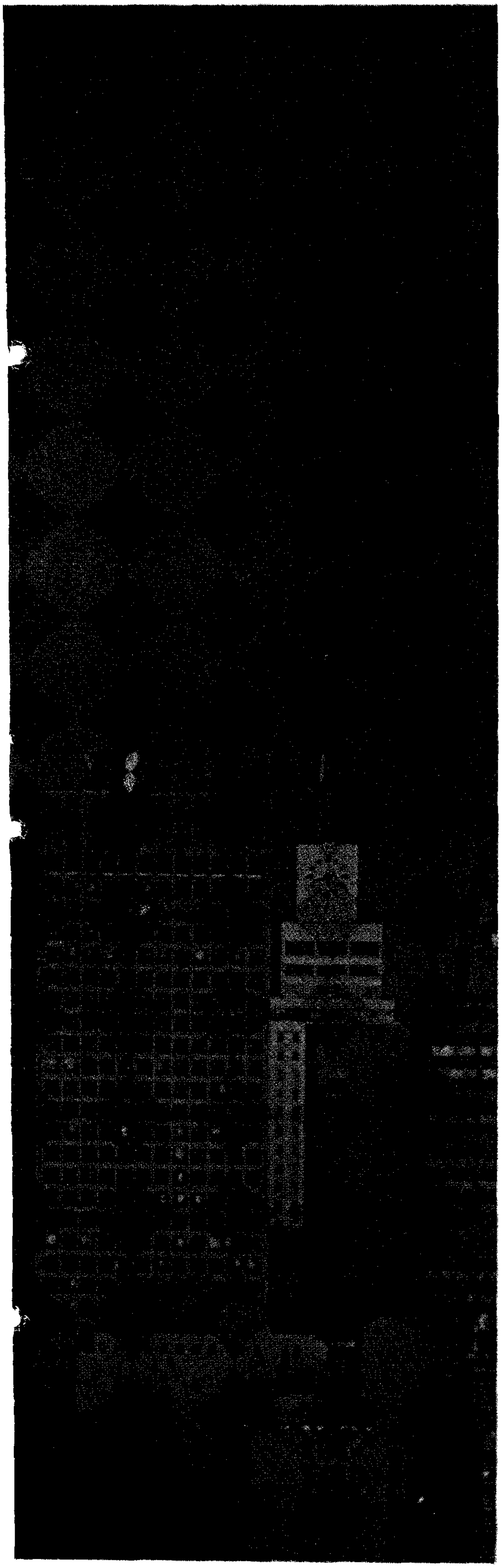

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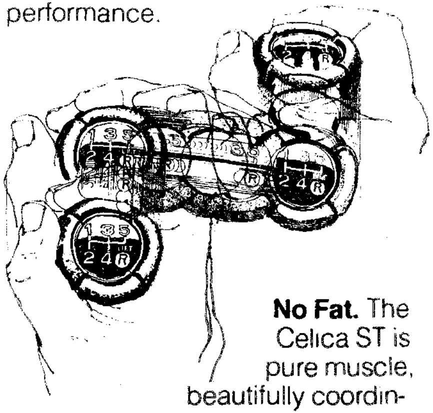

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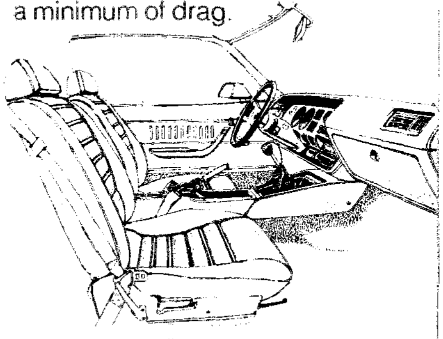

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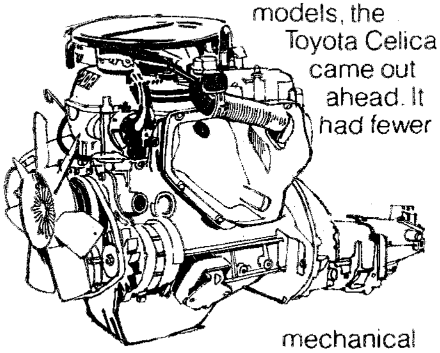

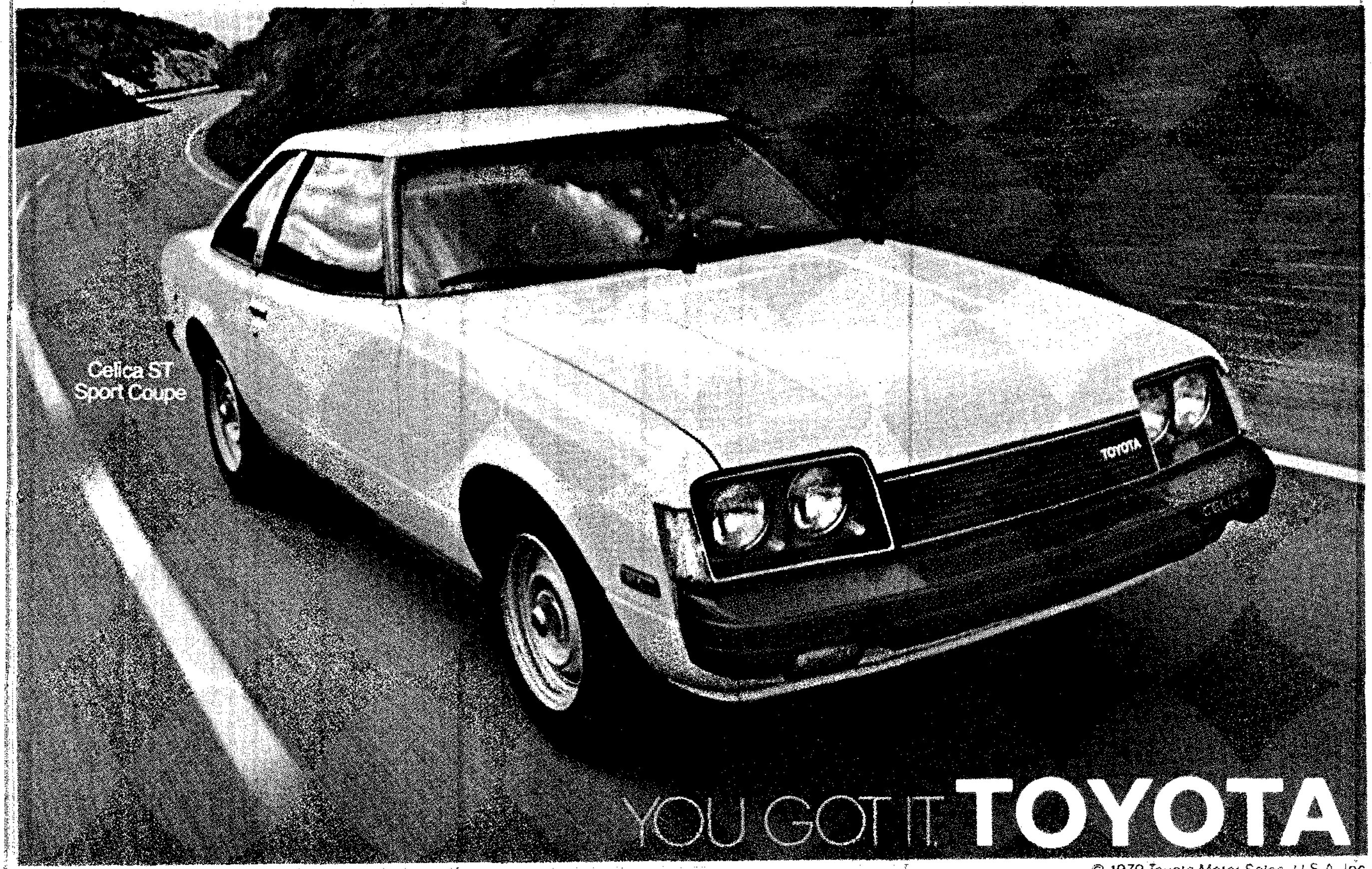

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* Based on Clean Air Act Standards for 1979

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says, perhaps recalling his own days of poverty, when there was no SEEK program. "You get from SEEK an allowance, right?"

"A hundred dollars every three weeks," she says.

"And other students do not get an allowance unless they go through the program," Koch says. "The reason you are in the program is that you need tutorial help."

"No. Financial help!" she says.

"Did you know we're graduating students with an eighth-grade education?" Koch says. "We have a limited amount of money in New York."

The young woman did not budge, and neither did Koch. He could sense that this audience was unsympathetic to his argument, but he says the same things in black neighborhoods that he says in white neighborhoods. He believes that people respect a politician who tells them what he really thinks, even if it's not what they want to hear. Many black leaders have made it clear that they are not charmed by the blunt-talking Mayor. Polls suggest that he is somewhat more popular with black citizens than with their leaders, though his simmering feud with black leaders has affected his popularity. John Darthard, who disagrees with Koch about York College, is a fan: "I think he's great. He comes across as an individualist. I think he's truly, honestly concerned. Look, it's a big job."

A MONDAY with the Mayor shortly before last Election Day. Koch is meeting with City Council President Carol Bellamy, Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and members of the Bellamy and Goldin staffs at 8 A.M. It is an informal session. The Mayor asks Goldin, who is running for State Comptroller, how he expects to fare.

"I think I'll win by five points," Goldin says.

"Eight," says Goldin's executive assistant, Richard Wells. (Privately, Koch predicted that Goldin would lose by five per cent; he lost by just over three per cent.)

Koch wonders if everyone has read Governor Hugh Carey's answer to a question in that morning's papers. When Carey was asked to explain why he was not doing better in the polls, he replied, "My personality."

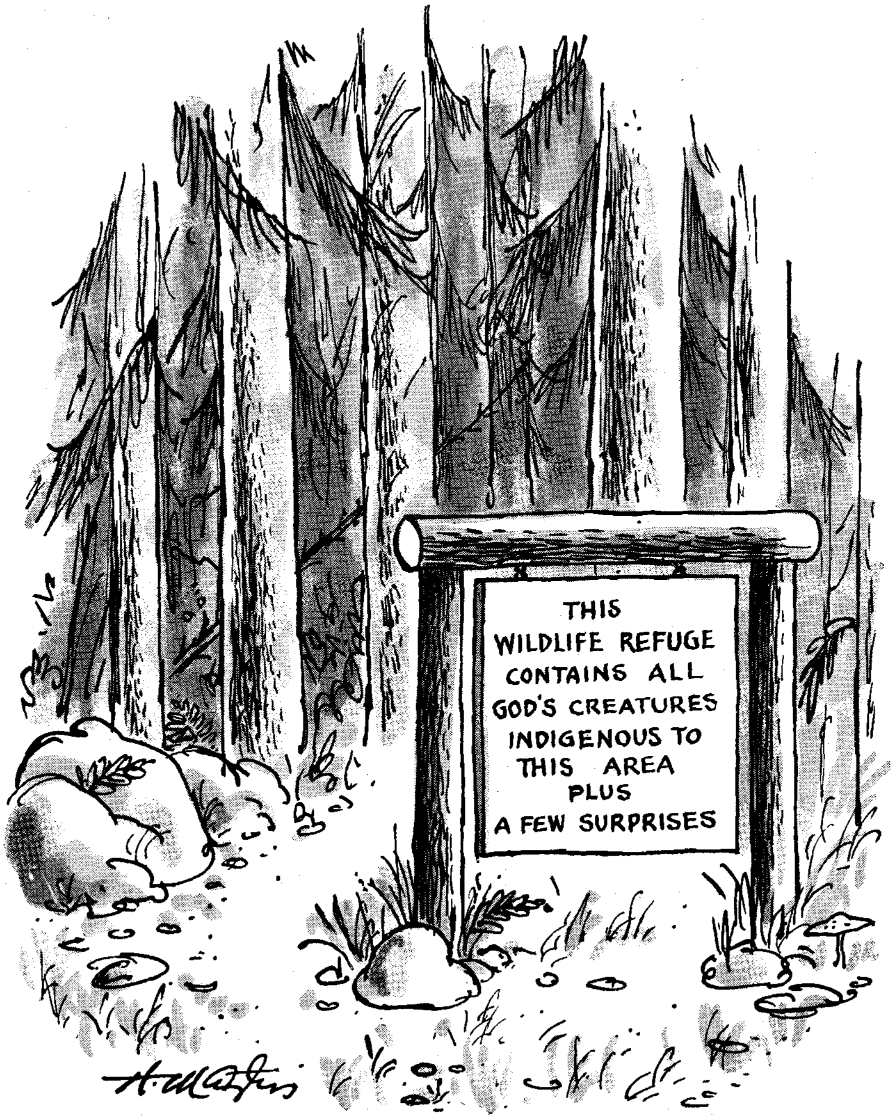
"Wasn't that terrific?" says the Mayor.

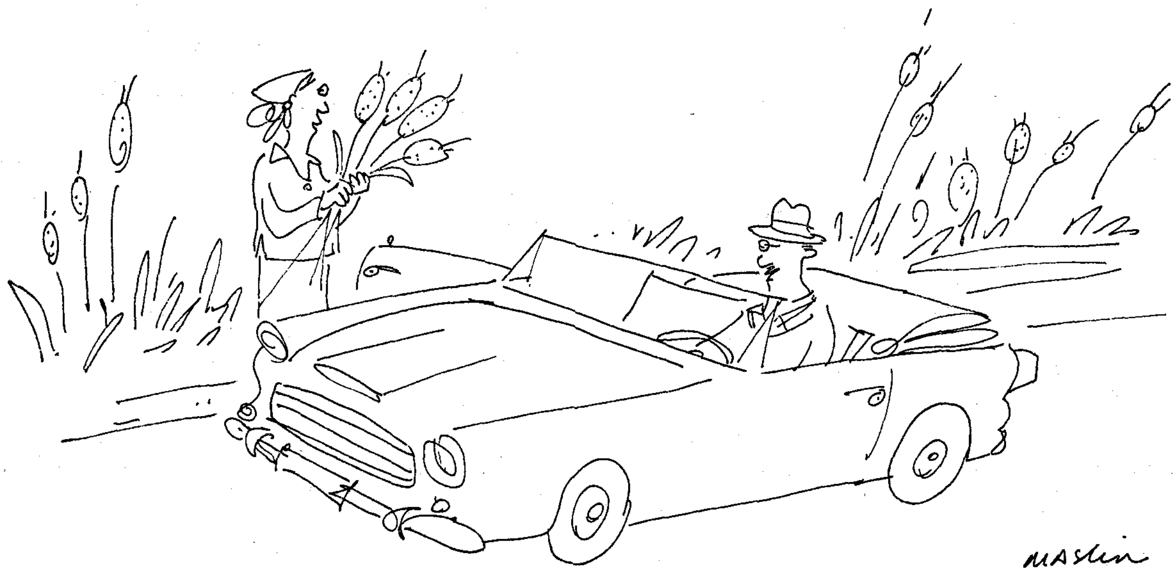
Bellamy and Koch laugh about how they took a back seat to Carey at the previous day's marathon race, permitting the candidate to present the awards. "No greater love hath any man than to give up giving the awards," Koch says.

Briefly, they discuss the next year's projected budget gap and a story in the morning papers about the arrest of a City Councilwoman and a State Senator who staged a sit-in at a Crown Heights firehouse to protest its closing. The Mayor, who prides himself on having one standard of justice, approved their arrest.

The meeting ends at eight-twenty, and Koch heads for his desk, where he hovers over a stack of memos and reports. He dictates personal responses to several invitations to public or private events. From his inside coat pocket Koch pulls his small white pad on which he scrawls reminders. Going down the list, he sends a memo to Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis: "I am told that the Washington Square Park lavatories are in dreadful shape. If that is true, would you have that corrected?"

At nine o'clock, Koch pauses in his dictation for a meeting with Frank Costello, the conservative Democratic candidate for the 35th Assembly District seat, in northwest Queens. The candidate needs a picture with the Mayor. It would have been unthinkable for a candidate from this predominantly middle-class and Catholic community to seek John Lindsay's endorsement, or even Congressman Koch's. Both Mayor Lindsay and Congressman Koch were too liberal. It is a measure of Koch's current popularity and his shedding of his former liberal image that Costello now journeys to City Hall. To put it another way, because Koch is not viewed as a liberal he is more popular. New Yorkers relate to Koch for many reasons, not the least of which is that he speaks his mind. "He communicates with the electorate like no other human being I know," says Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37, the city's largest municipal labor union, and Koch's frequent adversary. "He's in Bay Ridge and he's in Queens. He talks very down-to-earth language." Like many citizens, Koch appears to be angry with government. He is an incumbent who acts like an anti-incumbent. "Ed asks simple, down-to-earth, stu-


THIS WILDLIFE REFUGE CONTAINS ALL GOD'S CREATURES INDIGENOUS TO THIS AREA PLUS A FEW SURPRISES
H. Martin



"*When they're home in a vase behind the couch, you'll love them.*"

• •

pid questions," Dan Wolf says. "Like 'Why not arrest them?'" Koch communicates a sense that the banks, the business community, the unions, the political-party mechanism—his so-called "partners"—did not elect him. Dirty streets, union or poverty-program or business ripoffs—which many politicians come to accept as normal—Koch regards as outrageous. He can be priggish and self-righteous, but he is not a cynic. And Koch is popular among many white New Yorkers, particularly Catholics, because he is unpopular among black leaders. "He is currently in a position of much greater strength than John Lindsay was in his first year or Abe Beame was in his," says former First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti.

At nine-twenty, Dan Wolf wanders in. Koch hands him a newspaper feature story recounting how the Mayor approved the arrest of the two public officials at the Crown Heights firehouse. Pleased with the story himself, he asks Wolf's opinion of it. Wolf reads it, and says he likes it.

Wolf—who is sixty-four, married, has two teen-age children, and lives in Greenwich Village—met Koch in the early sixties, when Koch was president of the Village Independent Democrats, and now he is considered Koch's closest friend, an extra set of eyes and ears. He can attend any City Hall meeting he chooses. He receives photocopies of all the biweekly reports from the heads of city agencies. Among the Mayor's youthful aides, Wolf stands out as more a contemporary of Koch's, and he has the skills of a master psychologist—a requirement for any editor of the *Village Voice*. As a skeptical journalistic outsider, he reinforces Koch's anti-establishment instincts. "I find his best quality is taking positions," Wolf says of the Mayor. "Being clear on positions. Not being diplomatic. Those things I like. I once said to him, 'Ed, I'm not good for you. The qualities I value in you are the ones others don't like.' He laughed. Most people warn him to be careful, to control himself, to not be himself. But the best of Ed is being himself. That's one reason he likes me. He likes that advice."

Others don't. Some of the Mayor's advisers feel that Wolf encourages Koch's worst tendencies—impulsiveness, belligerence, an enjoyment of confrontations, a hostility to government and the establishment. Wolf pleads guilty. He is a stationary target. Yet anyone, in or out of government, who tries to loosen the bond between Wolf and Koch gets nowhere. Wolf sits in an office next door to the Mayor's, but he has no fixed responsibility and isn't responsible for organizing or running a department. He is nearly impregnable. No bureaucratic foe can claim Wolf did not do his job. He does not have to please those who work in City Hall or outside. He has to please only one constituent—the Mayor.

At a quarter of ten, Maureen Connelly enters with his schedule. "How much junk has snuck into the schedule?" Koch asks. Miss Connelly asks if they should schedule visits to city agencies, and reminds the Mayor that the reason they're not scheduled is that he keeps cancelling them. "I'd rather go at the last minute," Koch says, suspicious that his troops will shine their boots if they know he's coming.

Meade Esposito, the Brooklyn Democratic leader, calls. Koch reaches for the phone and, smiling broadly, says, "You don't mind that we arrested two of your elected officials?"

Esposito says he would like to meet with Koch and his political aide, John Lo Cicero. Could they come to Esposito's mother's house for "meatballs" on Sunday afternoon, November 5th?

"Terrific!" Koch says.

But Esposito has another piece of business. Is there a way to avoid withdrawing the police patrol car that has been assigned for some months now to protect the Lubavitcher Rebbe Menachem M. Schneerson, the spiritual leader of one of Brooklyn's largest Chassidic communities?

"The cop car is going on October 28th," Koch declares.

Deputy Mayor David Brown, Sanitation Commissioner Norman Steisel, John Lo Cicero, and Robert Tierney, another aide, arrive to discuss possible ways of speeding up the delivery of new sanitation trucks. The phone rings. It is Republican State Senator John Marchi, of Staten Island. Marchi is widely respected for his decency and for the fair manner in which he chairs the powerful Senate Finance Committee. He is returning Koch's call.

"John," says the Mayor, "I've been importuned to have a picture taken with your opponent. Is that O.K.? You know how I feel about you."

Marchi says he understands.

"I just want you to know," the Mayor concludes. "I think you are the best."

The sanitation meeting resumes. Commissioner Steisel says he has only eight hundred and fifty trucks operating on each shift and needs a thousand. A hundred and ninety collection trucks that have been ordered will not arrive until spring. (Several months later, Steisel said that delivery time had been cut in half, from twenty-four months to twelve, and that the trucks arrived on time.) To survive the winter, Steisel wants permission to hire extra mechanics to repair existing trucks.

"Is the city ordering the wrong trucks?" Koch asks.

"We could have bought better

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trucks," the Commissioner admits, "but we can't cut off the order."

Koch asks why it takes twenty-four months to get a truck.

"Because there is no central person goosing them along, and the trucks are made special," says Steisel.

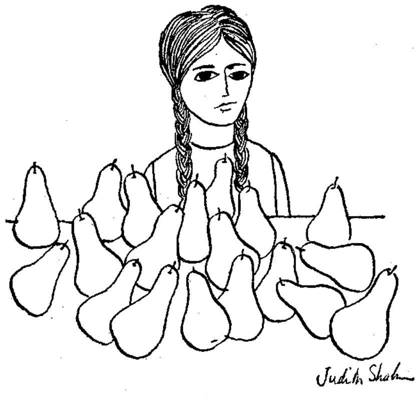
"Since it takes so long to get an order, why don't we order the same trucks as Chicago and other cities?" Koch asks.

Each city insists on its own "models," Steisel says. At least, some of the new trucks are larger. That means bigger loads and, he notes, harder work for the men. "We're trying to talk about it not as loads a day but as route extensions," he cautions, "though the reality is that the men have to work harder." To "sell" them, he needs the coöperation of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association. That won't be easy to get, he says. The union is split. Just the other night, the president of the union, Edward Ostrowski, found himself in a fistfight with a union rival. The Mayor shakes his head in disbelief. To sell the new routes, Steisel says, he may have to agree to rehire two hundred laid-off sanitation workers.

At noon, the Mayor leaves City Hall with Dan Wolf and Maureen Connelly for a lunch uptown with staff and executives of WCBS-TV. The Mayor's lunch hour is often reserved for press appointments—"my filter" to the public, he calls the press. (Lunch is also a time to collect information and meet interesting people. The writer Theodore H. White and his wife, Beatrice, were recently surprised to receive an invitation to lunch with Koch at City Hall. They went, and were charmed to find that he simply wanted to exchange ideas.)

The Mayor returns to City Hall for a brief courtesy meeting at two-forty-five with Stella Hackel, the director of the Bureau of the Mint, and Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo. Just after three, the chairman of the state's Metropolitan Transportation Authority, Harold Fisher, comes in, trailed by Deputy Mayor Brown, Planning Commission Chairman Robert F. Wagner, Jr., Wolf, and Tierney. A big bear of a man, Fisher is, at the age of sixty-eight, one of New York's premier power brokers. His power derives from his raising money for candidates and volunteering his legal services to them. Fisher was an early supporter of Representative Hugh Carey for Governor, and Governor Carey appointed him to his current part-time post. He serves as treasurer of the Brooklyn Democratic County Committee. Though his friend Carey endorsed Mario Cuomo for Mayor in 1977, Fisher stood by his old friend Abe Beame. When Beame lost, Fisher chose Koch over Cuomo, yet retained his ties to Carey. Moreover, though he is an organization Democrat, he is close to many Republicans; he served as attorney for State Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea, a Republican, when Duryea was indicted in 1973 for violating the state election law—a law that had been written by Fisher himself, when he was serving as counsel to former State Assembly Speaker Anthony Travia, a Democrat. One would expect that Fisher and Koch would not click. Fisher is the consummate insider, a Democrat who considers reformers more of a menace than Republicans, a man who refused to give up his law practice to serve as M.T.A. chairman. But Koch likes Harold Fisher—likes his sense of loyalty, his directness, the warmth he shows friends. Koch "can turn on to anyone who's warm," Dan Wolf explains. The advantage of this personal approach is that the city, for the first time since its Transit Authority was taken under the state M.T.A.'s umbrella, exercises a veto over the M.T.A.'s city policies, through Koch's friend Fisher. The disadvantage is that Koch is not free to criticize M.T.A. mismanagement. A major Koch weakness, says one commissioner, whom Koch calls a superstar, is that "he makes judgments based on the instinct he has for the person presenting the information rather than on the information itself."

Fisher is accompanied to City Hall by aides, but he asks them to wait outside while he first has a private conversation with the Mayor and his team to learn their agenda, to avoid staff clashes, and to reduce the chances for press leaks. (They remained outside throughout the meeting.) The purpose of this meeting is to discuss the Queens Bypass plan, an ambitious proposal for the construction of new subway lines and connections that would ease congestion and expand service to outlying sections of Queens. It would permit Long Island Rail Road commuters to bypass the Jamaica station and come directly into Manhattan. Eighty per cent of the construction costs would be borne by the federal government.



Koch says that the plan is "a waste of money."

Fisher is not so sure. "My problem with making that decision today," he tells the Mayor, "is that we could get that four hundred to five hundred million dollars today"—from the federal government. If the city does not go forward with the bypass, there will be no federal funds. Fisher wants to avoid making a decision today; one method of delay is the scheduling of public hearings, but he wants to avoid public hearings, too.

Planning Commission Chairman Wagner agrees that hearings are unnecessary. He would like to use the federal funds to renovate existing subway lines, not to build new ones.

If we can stall for a year, says Fisher, we buy time to learn if the city can trade in the funds.

But if we don't go forward on the bypass, says Deputy Mayor Brown, how does the M.T.A. achieve the goal of transporting Long Island commuters directly into Manhattan?

"The Long Island Rail Road will be a disaster from here on in without massive amounts of money," Fisher says, and he adds that such amounts will not be available. He complains that his predecessors built new cars but forgot to build maintenance shops. "They shouldn't have built those cars. They should have built old-style cars. Right now, those cars cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars each, and we need two hundred cars. If we don't eliminate the Jamaica bottleneck and bring the Long Island Rail Road into Grand Central Station, the Long Island Rail Road will be a disaster."

Brown wonders if it would not be a mistake to leap at federal dollars just because they are available. Maybe there are better ways to spend the money.

"I think the bypass is a necessity," Fisher says. Nevertheless, he turns to Koch and assures him that this is just "an informal meeting."

Koch sums up: First, it's agreed that at the moment it appears that the city could not get the money unless it decides to go forward with the Queens Bypass. Second, a decision should be deferred for a year, if possible. Third, if the facts do not warrant the bypass it's important that "we use this year to develop other options."

Fine, says Fisher. "But if we can't

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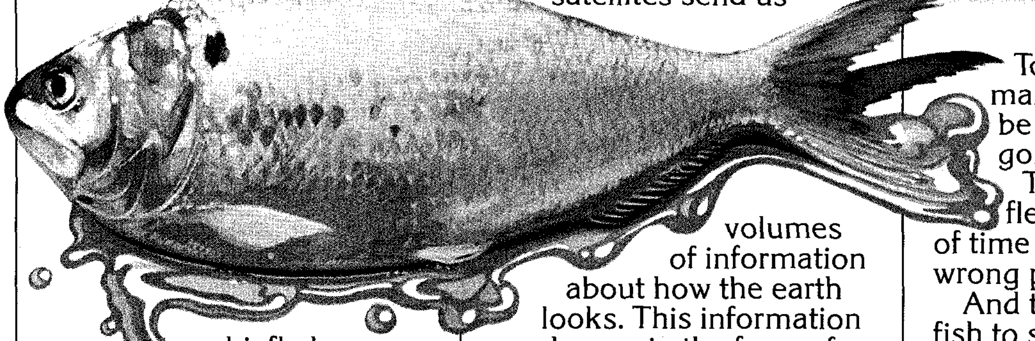

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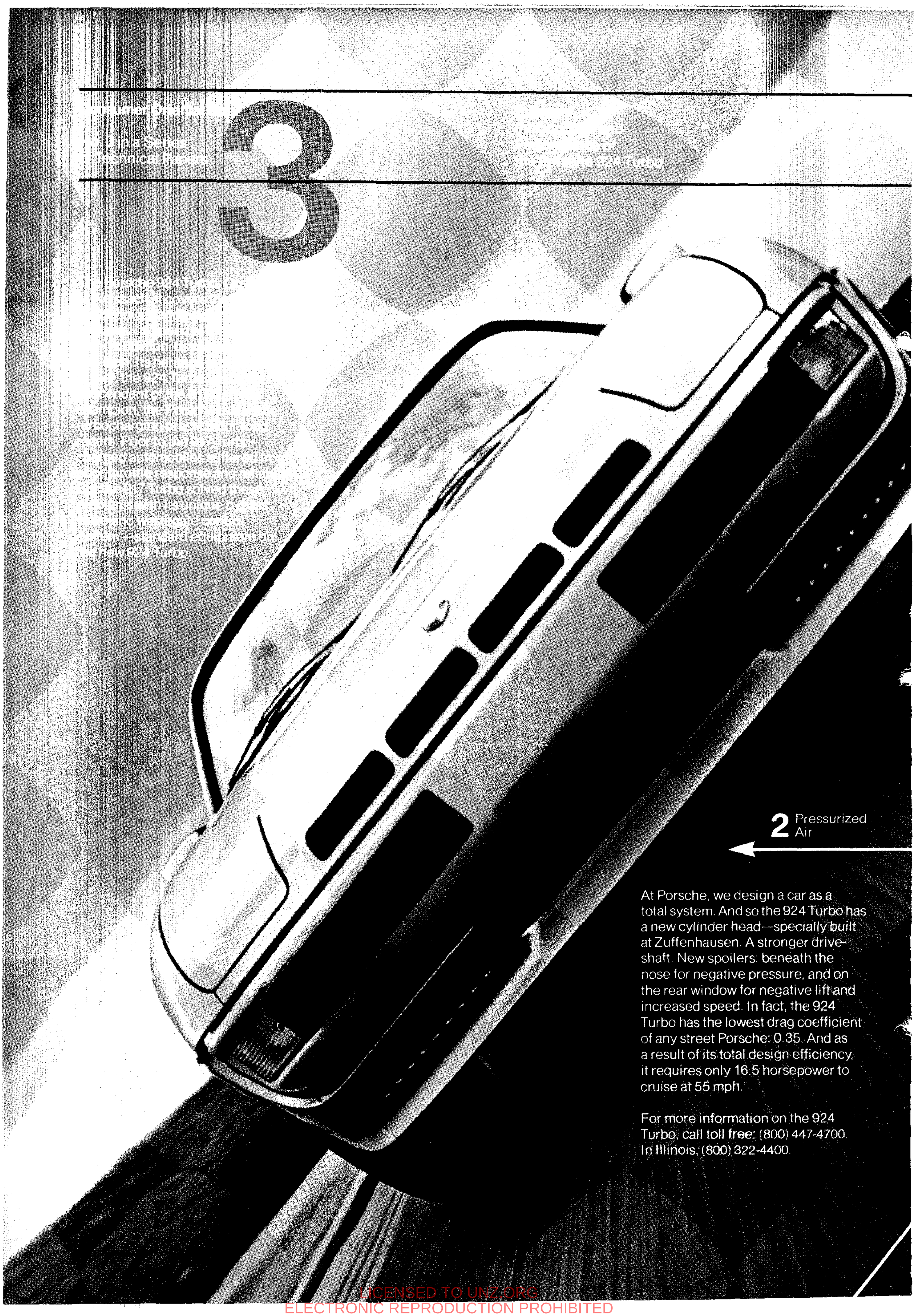

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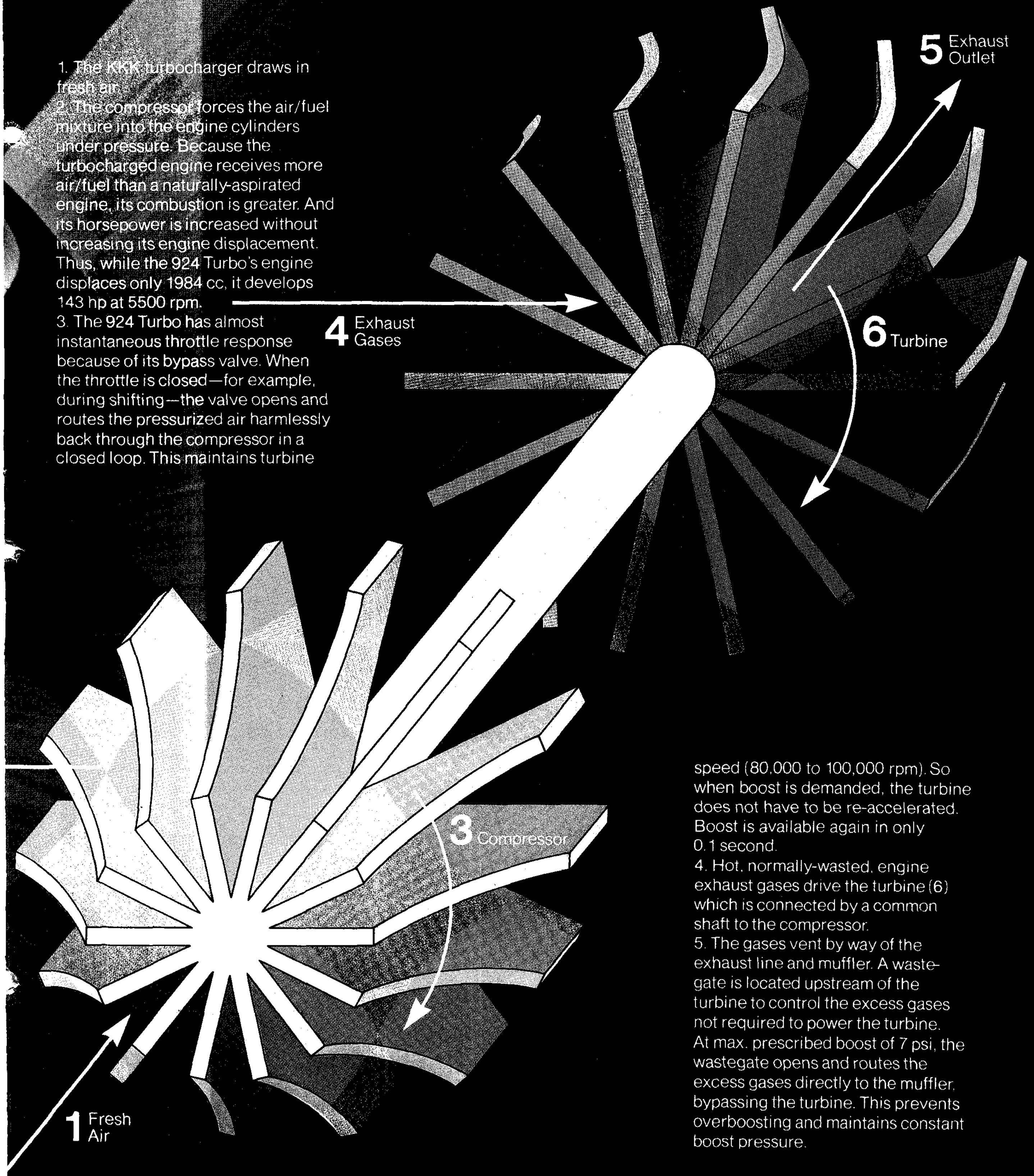

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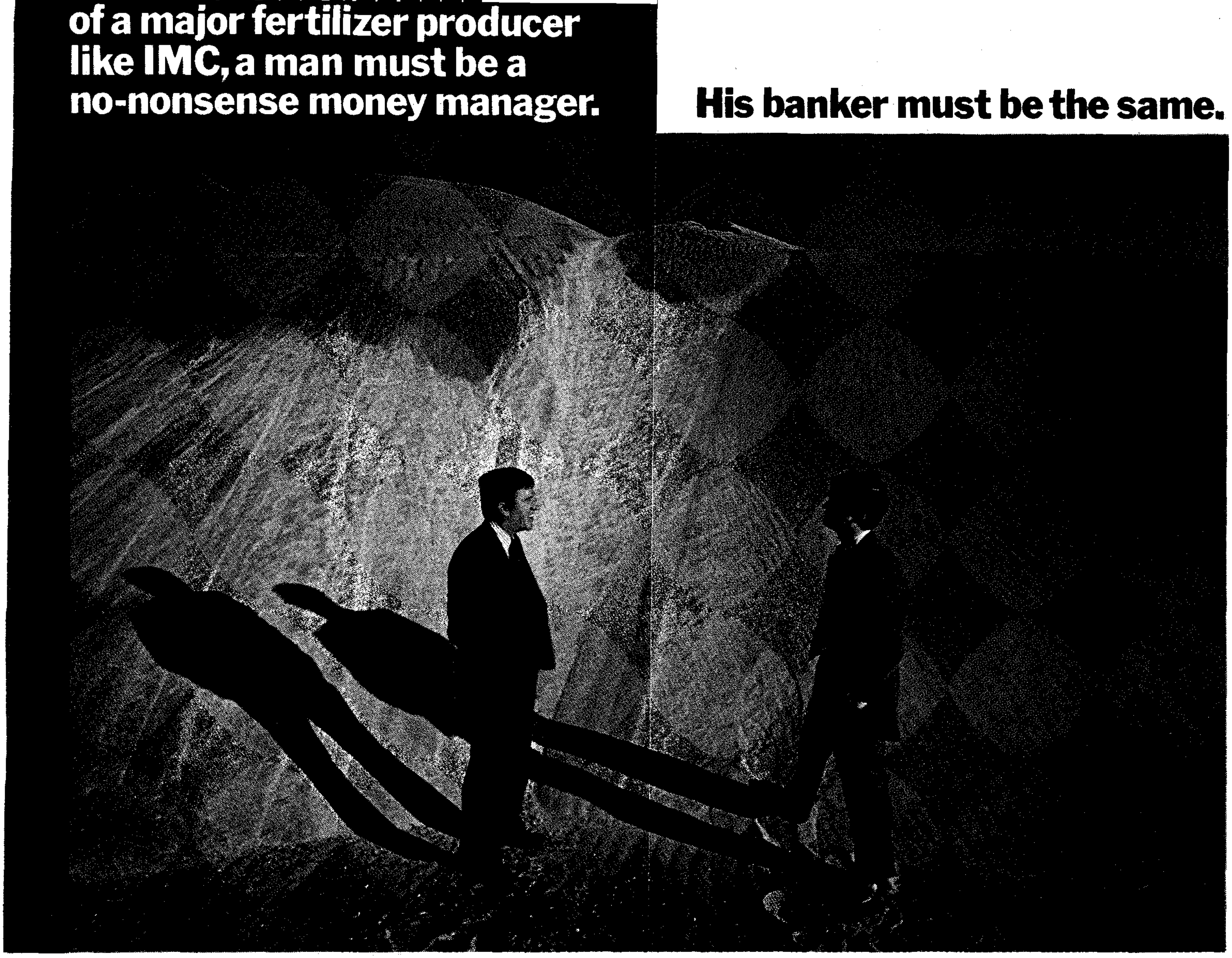

Darrell L. Feaker, Treasurer, International Minerals & Chemical Corporation.

Jonathan W. Strom, Vice President, Chemical Bank.
Photographed at IMC's phosphate terminal, Tampa, Florida.

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get that final money any other way, we should take it."

Brown says again that he is not sure; he warns that over a period of time the bypass would commit City Hall to spend matching funds it does not have. Besides, he cautions, federal money is *our* money. "We can't just say we got some money, let's spend it."

"Are you saying we should not do it because we may have to spend seventeen million in 1988?" Fisher asks, incredulously.

No, says Brown. "I'm questioning it. We started and never finished some subways."

"Other areas will be looking to grab the dough," Fisher warns. "Otherwise, it will go down the drain."

"Let's sum up," Koch says. "What do we do so that we don't prejudice the five hundred million?"

"We have to figure out something we're gonna say," Fisher says. "I have to talk to the fellas who go to Washington. First, we have to say we're not ready for hearings. We have to study it more first. We just have to figure out how to say we're conducting studies, talking to the L.I.R.R.—any damn thing!"

"The Mayor needs an answer if he is asked why it's taking so long," Brown says.

Fisher suggests that they say there is a clash between the city's Highways Bureau and the M.T.A. over the cost of the bypass. "Therefore, we have a right to say it needs further study."

"Why not have the Department of Transportation study it?" Brown says. They have "some money" for studies.

"Great!" Fisher says.

(Thus, a "study" was born. An April, 1979, report on "Capital Needs and Priorities for the City of New York," prepared by the City Planning Commission, notes, "In October, 1978, Mayor Koch and M.T.A. Chairman Fisher agreed to engage a consultant to undertake a comprehensive review of all rail alternatives in the Queens corridor. This study, now in its early stages, is scheduled to provide . . .")

The meeting ends at three-forty. Five minutes later, Deputy Mayor Brown returns for his daily appointment with the Mayor. The first item on his list is to urge Koch to call Governor Carey directly concerning the prospective appointment of Comer Coppie, Budget Director of Washington, D.C., as executive director of the state's Financial Control Board. Brown says that Robert Morgado, the Governor's chief of staff, is not responding to pressure, because the Governor is concerned that he will be criticized for making a long-term appointment before an election. Koch agrees to call Carey. (That City Hall has a hand in the selection of the executive director suggests how much the Control Board's role has changed since its creation, in September of 1975. To assure investors that Mayor Beame no longer ran City Hall alone, the executive director was appointed solely by the Governor. When the Koch administration asked to amend the Control Board legislation last year, Governor Carey readily agreed. Governor Carey's relationship with Koch, unlike his relationship with Beame, is marked by mutual respect; and, in any case, Carey, on the eve of a state election, was eager to escape the firing line. When the amendment passed, the word "Emergency" was deleted from the Control Board's title—a projected two-billion-dollar budget gap by fiscal 1982 presumably did not qualify as an emergency—and the Mayor now shared with the Governor the power of appointing the executive director, who would oversee the city's contracts and budget. The prisoner was to appoint his warden.)

Just after five, Koch gets into his car and heads uptown with Ronald Gault, one of his black advisers, for a scheduled walking tour of East Harlem. At the corner of 102nd Street and Third Avenue, the car stops and the Mayor is greeted by leaders of the Third Avenue Merchants' Association of East Harlem. In the riots and looting that took place during the blackout in the summer of 1977, many stores in East Harlem were vandalized. Most of the stores have reopened, without government assistance. But, the Mayor is told by David Acosta, the owner of El Barrio Cleaners and the president of the association, many of their customers have fled this predominantly Hispanic and black neighborhood. Acosta claims that in the last four years eighty per cent of the housing on East 103rd Street has been vacated. The manager of the McDonald's at 103rd Street complains that business has been off twenty-five per cent since the blackout. Outside his store, the sidewalk is blanketed with beer cans, bottles, empty egg cartons, crumpled paper bags. There is only one city

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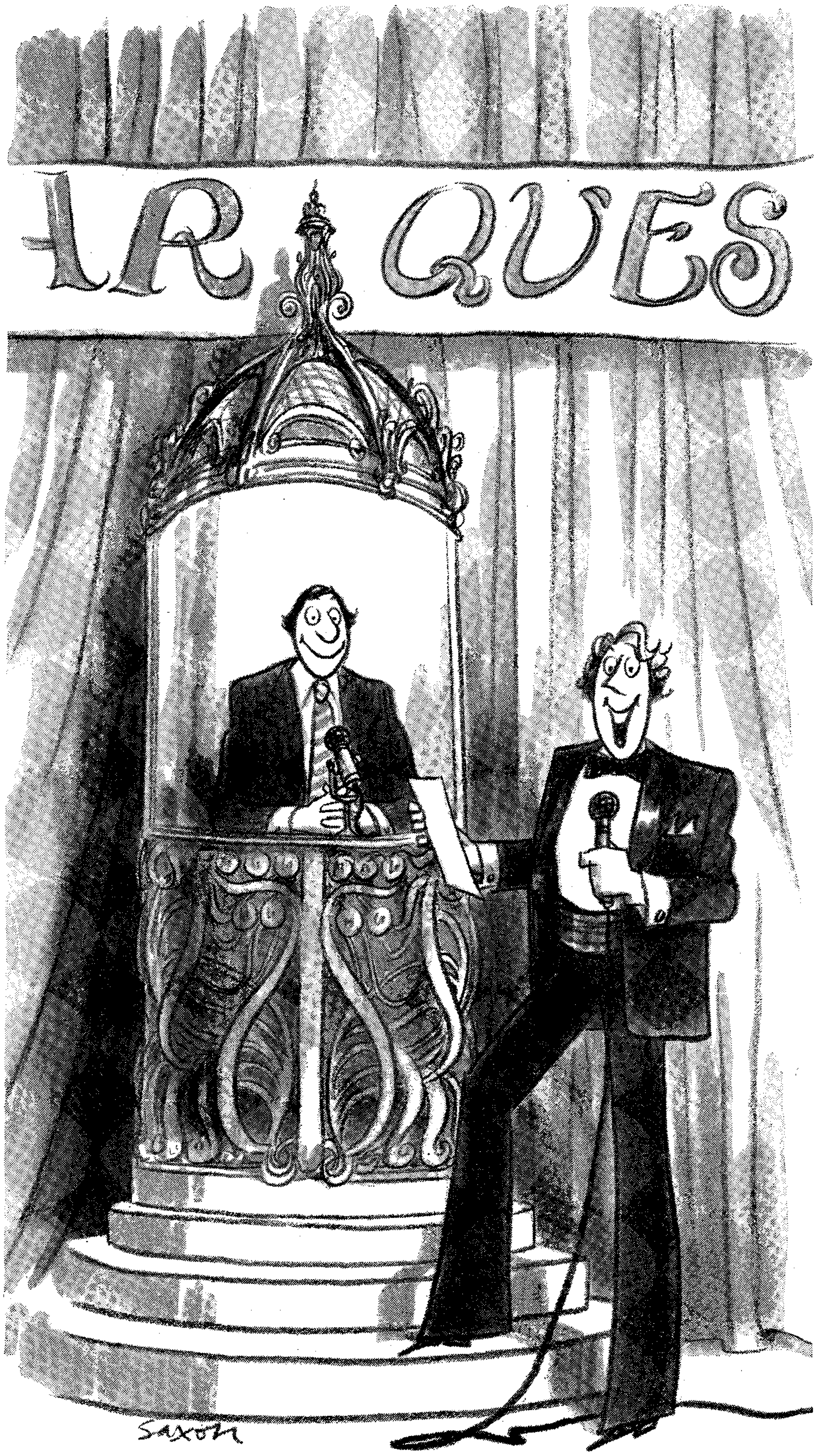

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refuse basket on the block, and it has overflowed. "This is terrible," Koch declares, asserting that "lousy sanitation service" is the most frequent complaint he receives in both poor and affluent neighborhoods. Turning to an aide, Koch orders him to make sure that refuse baskets are placed along this part of Third Avenue within forty-eight hours.

On Third Avenue, some friendly students gather around the Mayor. A student at Hunter College asks why students are not eligible for half-fare subway and bus rides.

"Why should we pay for you?" asks Koch.

"We can't afford it," she says.

"When I was in school, I worked my way through," the Mayor responds.

Striding through the Johnson Houses, a public-housing project, Koch inspects a stretch of neat gardens kept by residents. It is growing dark, and as he approaches Lexington Avenue and 105th Street a stench of wine and urine is in the air. Across the street, a menacing-looking group of young men and women, drinking beer and loudly banging drums, glare at the Mayor and his contingent. "They're not angry," says Ronald Gault. "They're showing off."

A drunken middle-aged man shouts, "Now for another three years we'll wait for a politician to come by and tell us how poor we live!"

The Mayor visits the Otto Chicas Company, a store on East 115th Street that sells religious articles; he promises Chicas and his son Roland that the Buildings Department will not be allowed to bulldoze an abandoned building the Chicases recently bought and intend to restore. The department "should kiss your feet" for restoring a building, says the Mayor, shaking his head in disbelief that one of his agencies has actually planned to raze this building.

Several blocks away, at 24 East 116th Street, Koch stops to visit a fourteen-apartment brownstone that was recently rehabilitated by Angel Colón, a thirty-nine-year-old entrepreneur. The lobby features painted murals donated by a local artist who was eager to display his work. The electric wiring in the building was installed by a neighbor. "He rents one of my stores, and we made a deal where I pay later," Colón says. Music is piped into the lobby. Two guards are employed at the minimum wage to patrol from 8 P.M. to 6 A.M. Colón shows the Mayor a neat one-bedroom apartment with a brick fireplace. The

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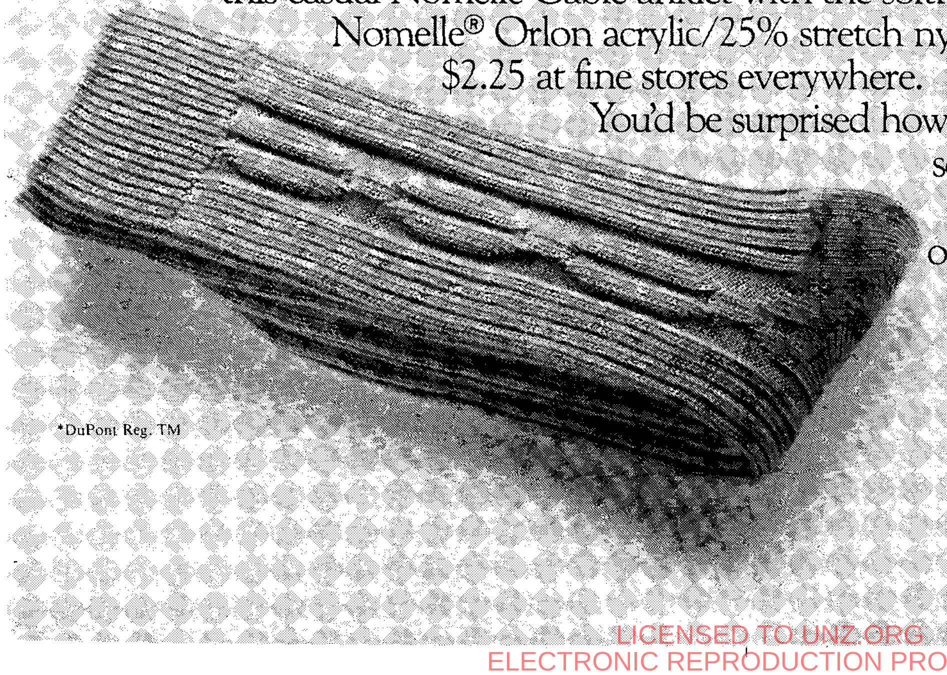

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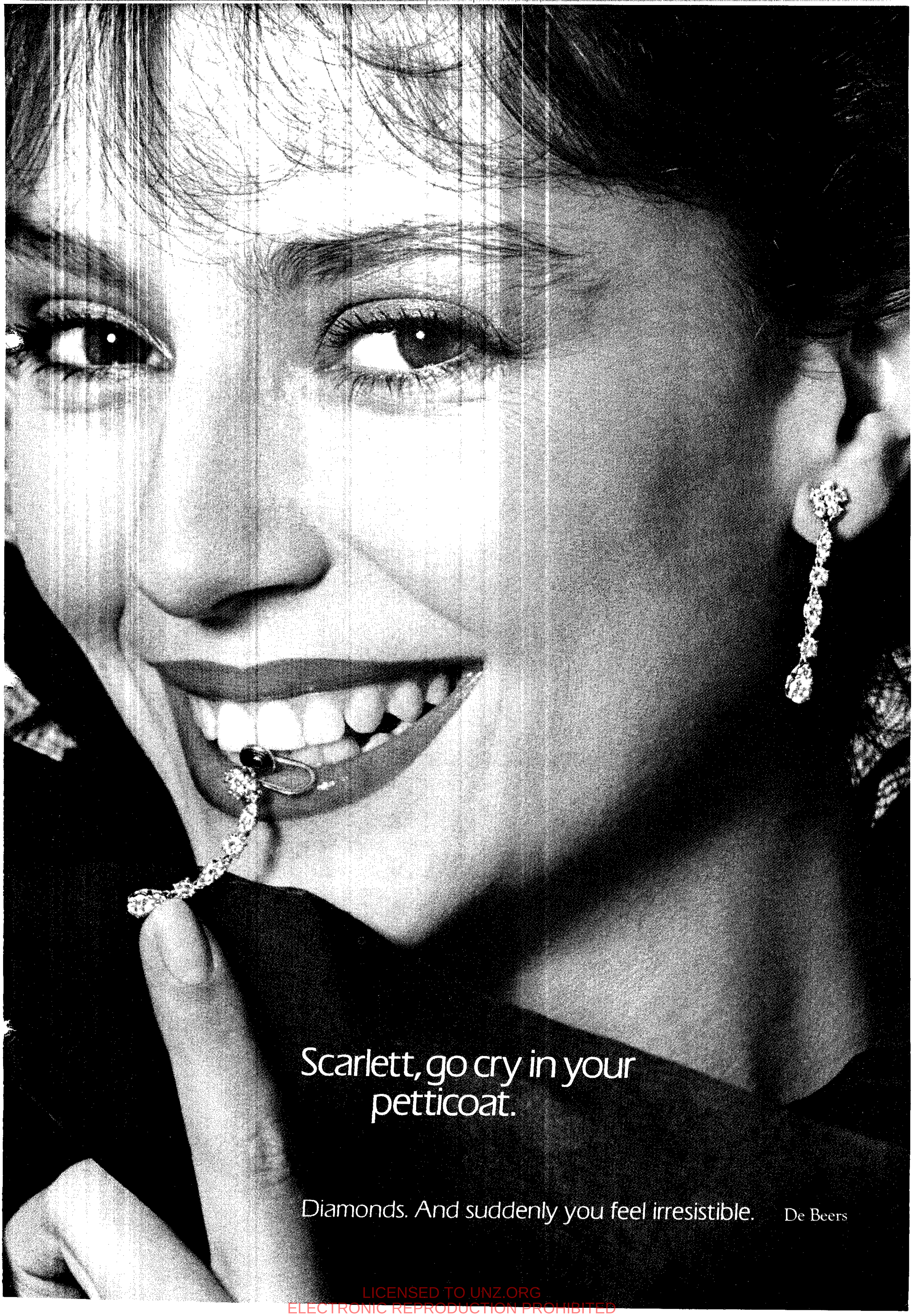
rent, he says, is a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. The entire building was renovated for eleven thousand dollars. Unbelievable, says the Mayor, and he goes on to explain that it costs the city three times that sum to rehabilitate a building. "This was a thrilling experience," Koch says as he gets back into his car after warmly embracing Colón. To rebuild New York, he says, "you've got to get the private sector—people like Colón."

At 7 P.M., the Mayor's car pulls into the driveway at Gracie Mansion.

WAITING in the living room for the Mayor are Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan; Deputy Mayors David Brown and Philip Toia; Maureen Connelly; David Margolis, a businessman who is a friend and adviser of the Mayor's; and Richard Ravitch, a businessman who in August of 1978 quietly resigned from the Board of Directors of the Municipal Assistance Corporation to devote more time to his private business and because he believed MAC was selling securities that might not be creditworthy. Moynihan heard about this meeting from Ravitch and asked Koch if he might attend. For more than a year, Ravitch has been warning anyone who would listen that New York may be slipping irrevocably toward involuntary bankruptcy. He told this to members of the Carter Administration and to friends like Moynihan and Victor Gotbaum. After Ravitch expressed his fears to Brown, Brown asked Koch if he would set aside three hours at the Mansion to hear Ravitch make his case. The Mayor did.

Over cocktails, Ravitch begins his presentation by warning Koch that the federal and state governments are setting him up as "the fall guy." Criticism of Koch's tepid budget-cutting efforts is already beginning to surface, he says. He agrees that Koch has not cut deep enough, but says, "Part of my view of the fiscal crisis is that the Mayor does not have the power to cure it all by himself." He does not believe that the city, alone, can make up a cumulative budget deficit over the next three years of more than two billion dollars. And this staggering sum does not include the cost to the city of a 1980 labor settlement, conservatively pegged at six hundred million dollars over two years. Ravitch briefly reviews the history of the city's fiscal crisis, beginning with the banks' refusal in early 1975 to sell city securities. The original objective of MAC, when it was created, in June of 1975, was "dishonest, because it was really saying, 'How do we kid the public into buying securities?' " he says. "The more honest question would have been 'How do we make the city creditworthy?' The approach was basically cosmetic." He says that he turned down an offer from the Governor in the fall of 1975 to become the first executive director of the Financial Control Board, in part because he didn't think that the board's approach would work. He says that the city then succeeded in avoiding bankruptcy partly "because the federal government provided the city with substantial new aid." But city expenditures simply rose to sponge up that new aid. The city won a reprieve when the federal government approved a two-billion-three-hundred-million-dollar seasonal loan program in 1975. Another reprieve was granted in 1978 when the Carter Administration and the Congress approved federal loan guarantees, only after New York promised, he says, "to do in the next four years what it had not done in the last three." The federal government, he says, extended a hand for "political" reasons; employee-pension funds risked three billion eight hundred million dollars in purchasing city and MAC securities not because it was a good investment but because "bankruptcy would be worse and they gained leverage over labor negotiations;" the banks rolled over notes because they feared that bankruptcy would unleash note- and bond-holder suits charging them with fraud. In summary, he says, "the city has been able to avoid bankruptcy to date because people extended credit for non-economic reasons."

Dinner is announced. The Mayor, suit jacket off and vest unbuttoned, leads his guests into the chandeliered dining room, where three servants hover over a rectangular table draped with a white linen cloth and set with china plates, fine crystal, and decanters of wine. Ravitch is assigned a seat directly in the middle of the table, facing Koch. Sometime in 1980, Ravitch says, "absent substantial state or federal aid or other relief, there is dim prospect the city will be able to balance its budget—and there is little chance the responsibility for that will be pinned on anybody but you." Ravitch is looking directly at Koch. He goes on to say that bankruptcy would be "a disaster for this city," and that to avoid it "the partners"—the banks, the unions, and the state and federal governments—must be induced to make further "giveups," further "sacrifices." The financial com-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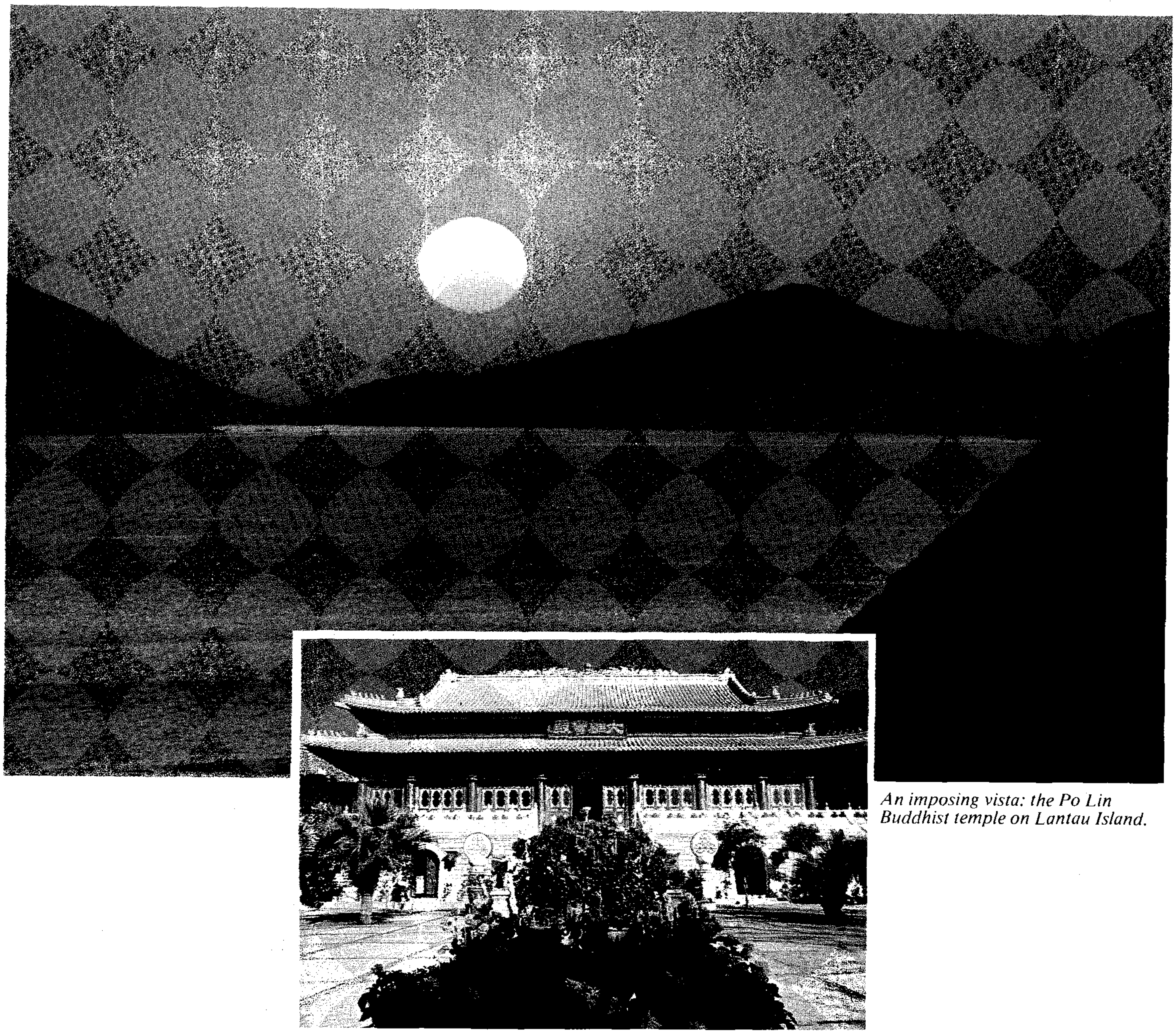

An imposing vista: the Po Lin Buddhist temple on Lantau Island.

To refresh their minds, the Chinese come to the Island of Prayer.

The towering Buddha image in the main temple of Po Lin.

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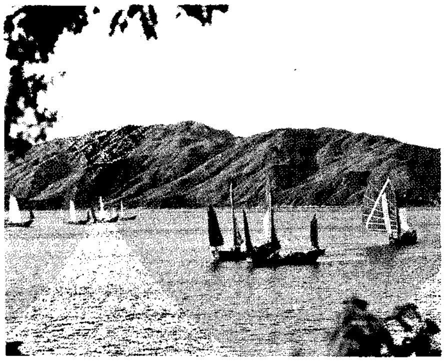
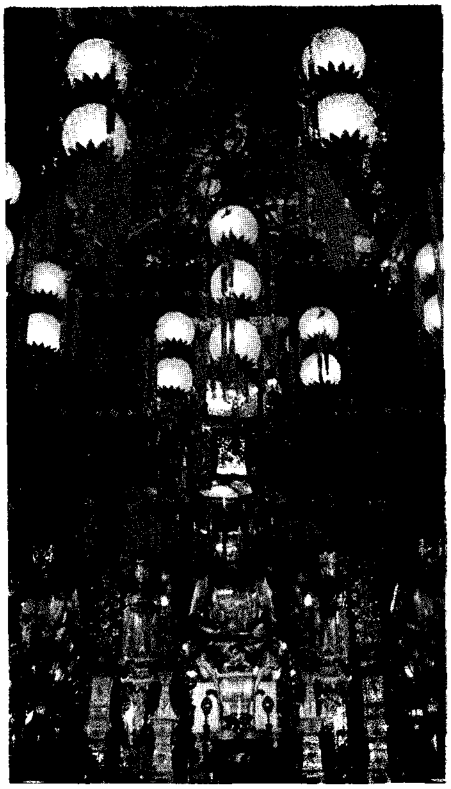
The Chinese are true lovers of beauty and calm and to find such luxuries in today's busy Hong Kong life, they take to the islands that dot the South China Sea. One such island is Lantau, the largest of Hong Kong's 235 islands, also known as the Island of Prayer. It's an hour away by ferry and once you come ashore, you're in the China of yesterday. Here is the Po Lin Monastery, dedicated to the worship of Buddha, on a plateau 2,460 ft high in the wooded hills. Vegetarian lunches are available and overnight stays too, for longer periods of meditation. Guided by a monk, you can climb Lantau Peak to watch the spectacular sunrise. Or you could take another peaceful walk even higher to a tea garden or a walk downhill to the fertile valley of Tung Chung.

Lantau is but one island to visit by ferry for a day away in another world. On Lamma Island, expansion has not yet come and the inhabitants still fish for a living. On Peng Chau, the temple, built in 1792, is well worth a visit and is dedicated to the protector of fisherfolk, Tin Hau.

A Buddhist nun goes about her daily tasks.



Hong Kong waters are home to many traditional Chinese junks.



Hong Kong temples offer a splendid insight into the Chinese way of life.

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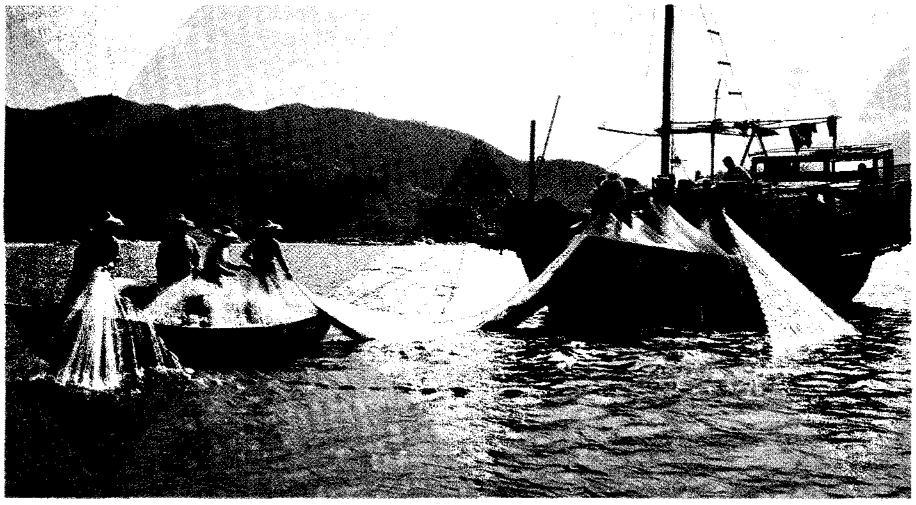

For many, the traditional fishing ways are still the best.

There are many relaxing ways to discover the Hong Kong countryside.

A contemplative scene, typical of Hong Kong island life.

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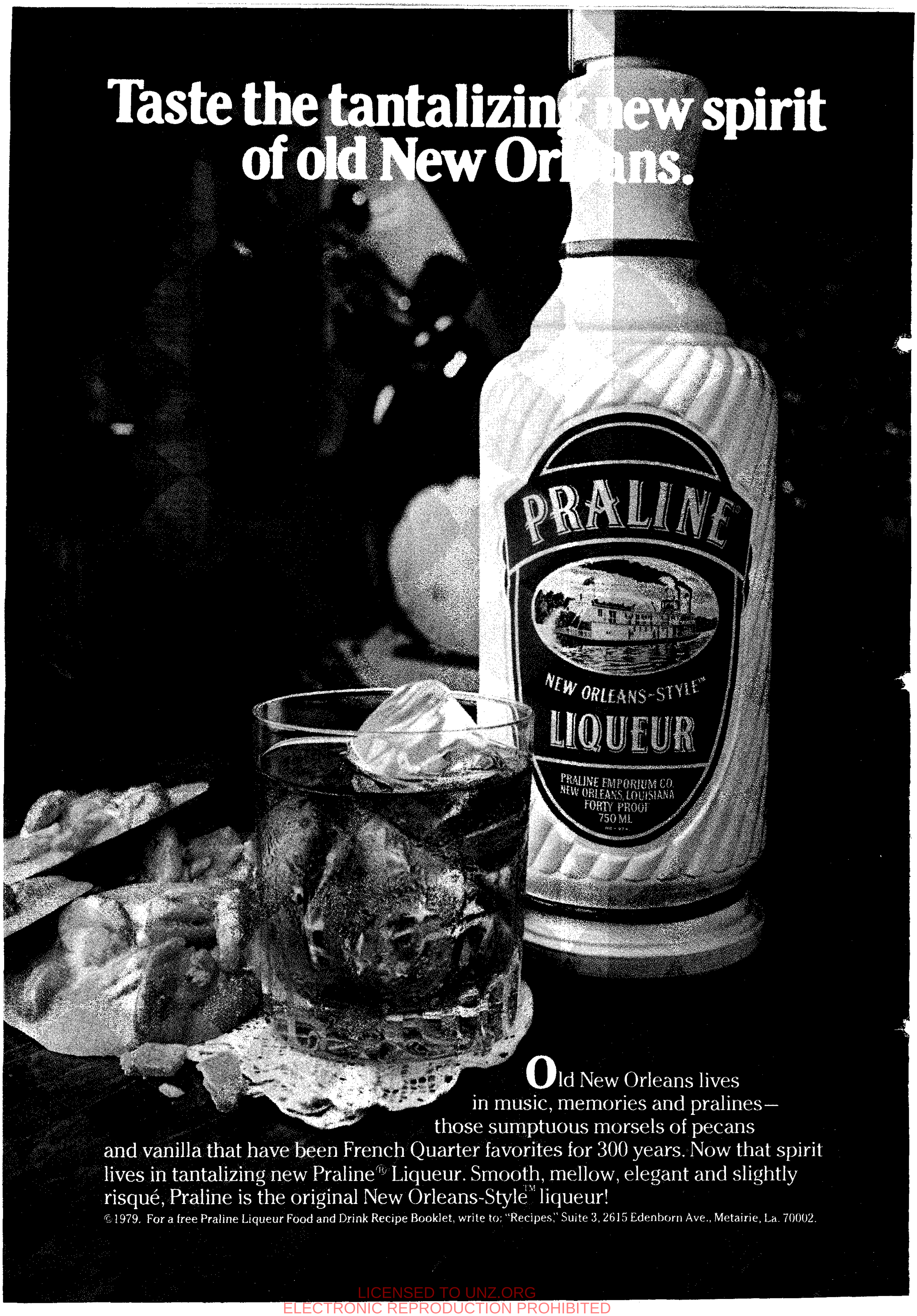
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munity has to reduce its interest rates, he says; the union pension funds must accept lower interest rates on their future purchases of city and MAC securities, and the unions must surrender some of their fringe benefits; the federal and state governments must increase their aid. And the Mayor must tell the public "the unvarnished truth"—that the fiscal crisis is far from over. "My bottom line," Ravitch concludes, "is that I think we have a year now in which you have a chance to figure out what to do."

The Mayor, his head braced on his fist, nods.

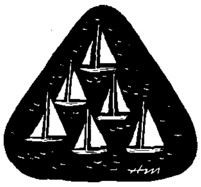
"I'm sorry this is boring," Ravitch says.

"No, it's not boring," Koch answers. He scans the table and invites questions and comments.

Senator Moynihan recounts a recent conversation with the President. Without additional federal assistance, he told Carter, it was likely that New York would be forced into bankruptcy. The President was shocked, perhaps because just two and a half months before, in front of City Hall, Moynihan and others profusely thanked Carter for "saving" New York with federal loan guarantees. Moynihan's sense of the congressional mood was bleak.

"I am convinced," Koch says, "we are not able to go back any time in the future for more federal assistance."

Toia, who is Deputy Mayor for Finance, offers another perspective on federal retrenchment. "Somewhere along the way, we've lost the message," he says. "Blumenthal"—Secretary of the Treasury W. Michael Blumenthal—"signed off on a hundred million more in federal aid, and we've only got twenty-three million. We'll be lucky to maintain our current levels of federal aid." The Koch four-year financial plan, introduced last January, assumed an increase of a hundred million dollars in federal support, and Toia and Koch believe that the federal government "reneged" on a promise. (Blumenthal did "sign off on" Koch's four-year plan, certifying that the plan, including federal-aid projections, was "reasonable." But Blumenthal later reminded City Hall that he did not have the power to make promises for the Congress, which cut federal aid. Nor could he predict altered economic and political circumstances.)



"The question facing New York is: Which group of taxpayers is going to pay for this insolvency?" says Ravitch. "The city? The federal government? The state? Bondholders? Or city workers?" The Mayor can "begin to confront the public, the President, and the Governor with the problem," he says. Or the Mayor can wait until the 1980 Presidential campaign, when the city will have more political leverage. "There is something to be said for this strategy," he adds.

"There is nothing to be said for that strategy," says Moynihan, the tiny veins in his nose and cheeks reddened. "It is deception."

Ravitch says that since Koch is at the peak of his popularity, now is the time for the Mayor to spend his credibility with the public and his partners and act.

Brown is not so sure. Speaking for the first time, he says that the weakness of the Ravitch position is that the Mayor cannot "command his allies," because he does not control them. But, he admits, "if we don't get out in front of them they will have you for dinner."

Ravitch concurs. They'll claim that "you're unwilling to take on the problem," he says.

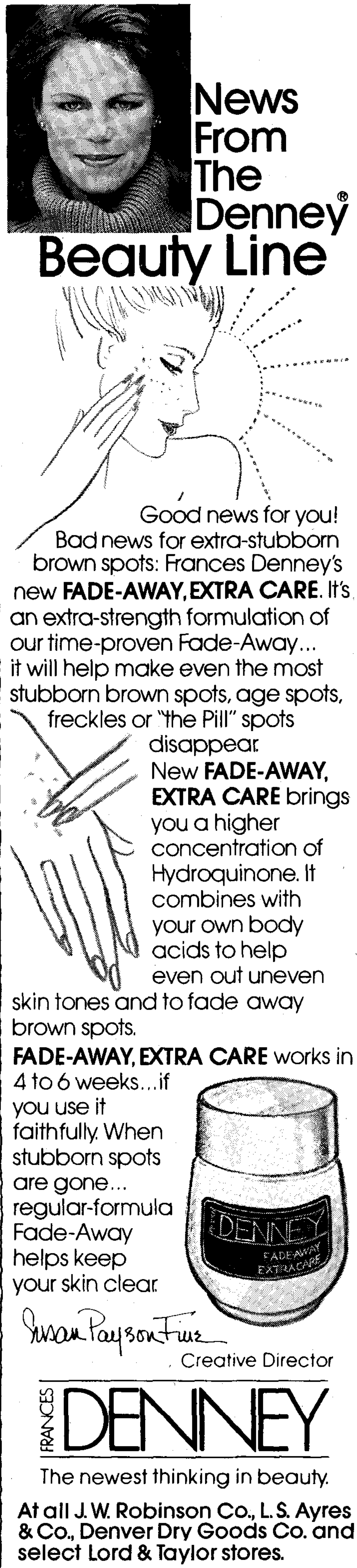
The first priority, says Maureen Connelly, is for Koch to make deeper cuts in his budget. If he fails to do that, he will lack the credibility to demand sacrifices from his partners.

Ravitch disagrees. The Mayor can't put his "piece on the table without extracting from the others, too," he says. "Koch will have to use the threat of bankruptcy as his ultimate weapon."

Toia returns to the question of federal aid. It's true that there will be no large increase in federal aid in coming years, he says. Nevertheless, the city and the state can ally themselves with others in pressing the federal government to assume, for instance, more of the welfare-cost burden. This they should do.

Brown returns to the contradictions. On the one hand, he says, Koch has been willing to make tough decisions and is an optimist who has brought new spirit to the city and the government. On the other hand, Koch's optimism doesn't square with the facts: "A grim view of the city is needed in order to take a leadership role." But Koch's view is far from grim. He has regularly boasted of the city's "renaissance." Brown points out to Koch that if he accepts the thrust of the Ravitch thesis he must alter his public position, because "the rhetorical curve is getting away from the fiscal curve."

"It is not just a question of tone,"



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Maureen Connelly says. She does not want Koch "rushing about shouting 'Fire!' " she adds. "Just do it!"—cut the budget.

Brown, who knows his client, is building an argument. He knows that Koch, after some cajoling, toned down his "renaissance" boast, and now talks only of "Manhattan's renaissance." Slogans won't work. "We are reacting on a crisis-to-crisis basis on the four-year plan," Brown says, his voice rising. "You can't just say 'I'm not going to jail,' or 'I intend to balance the budget.' You have to give a vision of what you want for the city."

Margolis speaks up, returning to the question of budget cuts. He believes that Koch, following the advice of Toia and Budget Director James Brigham, has been too cautious in making cuts.

The conversation does not build but divides, with Ravitch returning to the credit question. Maybe the city can borrow money, as Toia thinks, Ravitch says, but "how in good conscience can we borrow money when we're not sure how we'll repay it?"

The city has no problem repaying loans this year, Toia replies, but he admits that there will be more serious obstacles in succeeding years—one reason the city still cannot sell its bonds.

Cutting the budget aids the city in the credit market, doesn't it, Connelly asks.

"Yes," says Toia. "The market loves cuts."

"We haven't cut one program," Connelly says.

"I favor programmatic cuts," Ravitch says. "But those cuts can't be deep enough." And when the city does make cuts, he continues, it "must get a consideration for them."

Margolis vehemently disagrees. First, City Hall must cut its budget to gain credibility, he says. Only then can it ask further sacrifices of its partners. "By God, this city has not done enough!" Margolis exclaims.

Ravitch scratches his head, saying he is not sure where he and Margolis differ. Then, after a long pause, he says, "I guess the difference is that you think the political system will reward Ed Koch for being prudent. He ought to do it. But those cuts in and of themselves will not produce a billion dollars in any one year. Therefore, the critical question is: By what process can Ed get more state or federal aid, or get the banks to reduce their interest, or the unions their fringe benefits?"

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Two sessions: 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.
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The Estate of Henry Hottinger, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.; the Estate of Grace Merrill Magee, Warrensburg, N.Y.
EXHIBITION: Sun. Sept. 16, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Sept. 17, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Sept. 18, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, September 19 at 7 p.m.
Important Old Master, 19th and Early 20th Century European and American Paintings.
Properties from George B. Adams, Jr., New York; William Hahn, Westbrook, Conn.; Mrs. M. Denson Harrington, Sea Island, Georgia; the Estate of E. M. Rheinstrom, New York; the Estate of Henry Hottinger, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.; and various others.
EXHIBITION: Sun. Sept. 16, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Sept. 17, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Sept. 18, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, October 3 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century French and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Georgian Silver, Bronzes, Paintings and Fine Rugs.
The Estate of Gladys Gardiner, New York; and various others.
EXHIBITION: Sat. Sept. 29, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Sept. 30, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Oct. 1, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Oct. 2, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, October 17 at 10 a.m.
17th and 18th Century English and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Georgian Silver, Paintings, Tapestries and Fine Rugs.
EXHIBITION: Sat. Oct. 13, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Oct. 14, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Oct. 15, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Oct. 16, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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18th, 19th, and early-20th Century Royal Worcester Porcelain.
Over 500 lots: Vases, singles and pairs, clocks, figurines and figure groups, pilgrim vases, candlesticks, rose bowls, pâte-sur-pâte, etc.

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Late-19th and early-20th century Paperweights.
Approximately 150 lots: featuring St. Louis, Baccarat, Charles Kaziun, Whittemore, Kosta, Art Deco, etc.

Thursday, November 1 at 10 a.m.
Art glass.
Approximately 250 lots: Tiffany, Aurene, Loetz, Lutz, Webb Cameo, Daum Nancy, Quezal, Gallé, Satin glass, and Bohemian glass.
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Connelly says, apparently feeling that Ravitch flirts with too neat—too idealistic—a solution. She does not believe that all the parties have the same interests; it is naïve to suppose they do.

"There is an appearance of disagreement here," says Ravitch, "and I'm not sure there *is* disagreement."

There is the *reality* of disagreement, Koch says, speaking for only the third time. "Margolis is saying the city has to do what it has to do and then go to the other parties. Ravitch is saying we're all in this together and suggesting we say to each, 'This is what you have to do.' "

Ravitch disagrees, saying that he is not in favor of deferring cuts. His point is that the city cannot cut enough and will need help from the partners.

But that wasn't his point earlier, when he urged the Mayor to play poker and not show his cards before the others did. Koch, who has a talent for peeling arguments down to their core, has put his finger on the essential difference.

The Mayor invites his guests to adjourn to the living room. Over cordials, Moynihan asks him to state his own views. "It is not helpful for me to speak at this moment," Koch says. "There is no disagreement. I'm prepared to do those things that are necessary." The gap confronting City Hall in fiscal 1981, he says, is not a billion dollars, because two-thirds of that sum will be met by state and federal aid. (Ravitch argued that this assumption was unrealistic.) The Mayor says he wants to strike a balance between his responsibility to tell the truth and his responsibility to inspire confidence. "It's really like legionnaires' disease," he explains, referring to the summer of 1978, when there were fears that an epidemic had broken out in New York. "We acted without creating panic. Our approach was straightforward and low-key. And that's what we'll do" with the fiscal crisis. In the tension between his twin responsibilities, however, Koch leaves little doubt that he comes down on the side of inspiring confidence and optimism. "I think people are not thinking of whether to move or stay but whether to move back to the city," he concludes.

Now Ravitch exposes a basic disagreement. He does not believe that Koch's optimism squares with the facts. Studies show that more people are fleeing the city than are returning to it. What is most worrisome is that the city is losing the wrong people—middle-income blacks and Hispanics as well as whites—and is being left with too many poor people and a dwindling tax base to support them. "It's never pleasant to sound like a Cassandra," Ravitch says. "A lot of it"—the business renaissance of Manhattan—"is due to a devaluation of the dollar. The assessed value of city real estate has gone down more than a billion and a half dollars since 1976."

New York is losing political muscle as well as its housing stock. Moynihan says that the 1980 federal census will result in the loss of four New York members of Congress. "That's not all bad," he jokes. "I can imagine losing four congressmen and having a better delegation."

Everyone laughs, and then there is a moment of silence. Koch glances at his watch. It is nearly ten o'clock. He says, "Well, I think we've had an extraordinary evening. I'm very appreciative that you made a presentation. It leaves a great deal of food for thought. I don't know what the options are. I am committed to doing whatever needs to be done. I don't flinch from that. I'm an optimist by nature. This is all the downside. We've yet to hear the upside: increased revenues. I'm hopeful we'll increase revenues. So the long and short of it is that I'll do what I have to do."

A few minutes later, in the car on his way to make a presentation to the American Image Awards Dinner of the Men's Fashion Association of America, at the New York Hilton, Koch says of the dinner, "The intensity was extraordinary. The first thing is, this was not something new. What it does is accelerate the response we have to make. The one thing new is Ravitch's feeling that they're setting me up. Let me tell you why I don't think they're consciously doing it. For what? Why destroy me? I'm not convinced of duplicity. But I am convinced of the need to reiterate that solving the problem is dependent on all the partners' doing what they promised to do." The major disagreement to surface, he says, was one of timing. "Ravitch is saying we should not begin to make cuts until we establish a quid pro quo, and if we don't we will go into bankruptcy. David Margolis' position is to do what we have to do and then extract from the others, either through threats of bankruptcy or through labor negotiations." Koch implies that he sides with Margolis.

DURING his first year in office, the Mayor seemed to side with neither Margolis nor Ravitch. He came closer to siding with former Mayor

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Beame's incrementalist approach. As Maureen Connelly reminded him, he, like Beame, had made no program cuts and had not altered fundamentally the broad range of services provided by the city government. Like Beame, he had nibbled at the budget, relying on wage freezes, attrition, and across-the-board reductions. Criticism of Koch's caution came, most significantly, from the federal government. A private memorandum sent to President Carter by three of his domestic advisers last December slipped into the hands of the press and into public view in early January. The memo stated that the city's "budget outlook is deteriorating, as projected deficits have been revised steadily upward since last spring." The advisers complained that the Mayor had backed off from his planned 1979 service cutbacks and four-per-cent attrition rate: "In our view, the Mayor's failure to implement these cuts in 1979 was a mistake, and his failure to do so has deepened the post-1979 deficits." They charged that Koch, like Beame, had relied on one-shot revenues and increased federal aid. The crunch would come in eighteen months, they wrote. Until then, the city could get by. By delaying painful decisions, they said, Koch was angling to guarantee that "the crisis will peak at the beginning" of fiscal 1981—that is, in the summer and fall of 1980, a Presidential-election year. Thus, "the Administration's political problem is evident," the memo said. "The dynamics of New York politics are such that local parties are almost certain to blame 'the 1980 fiscal crisis' on the Administration." Accordingly, Carter's advisers suggested that the federal government should press to "accelerate City expenditure reductions and increased state aid in order to modify the present back-ended nature of the plan."

When stories about the memo appeared, first in the *News* and then in the *Times*, the Mayor, after receiving a series of soothing calls from Washington, simply told the press he had not yet read the memo. "The federal Administration would like us to do more," he said. "In fact, we have done more." Eager to cool the controversy, one of the advisers who had written the critical memo offered public praise of the Mayor's leadership. As had often been true through the first three and a half years of the fiscal crisis, the "partners" were eager to avoid a public split. All agreed that bankruptcy would be a disaster, and that avoiding it required cooperation. Like mountain climbers connected to the same lifeline, they might quarrel at night, but by day they inched forward together, one step at a time.

Koch's close friend Margolis was quoted in the semimonthly *Fiscal Observer* of November 16th as saying of the budget-cutting, "He's not doing as much as I would like," whereupon Koch dispatched the following letter, dated November 22nd: "Dear David, I read your comments in *The Fiscal Observer*. They are indisputable and I will try to deal with the issues raised. Sincerely, Ed." The letter implicitly acknowledged that Koch agreed with the White House. But there were other pressures. Commissioners clamored for more resources. And deeper budget cuts, he feared, would rupture the lifeline to the municipal unions. To city workers, cutbacks are not abstract budget numbers but lost jobs and real pain. The unions strenuously opposed layoffs, pushing Koch to press the federal partner for more aid instead. Each time the Mayor mentioned layoffs, as he did last December, when he promised "modest" layoffs, union leaders complained bitterly. Barry Feinstein, the president of Teamsters Local 237, called the Mayor's words "reprehensible" and said they "could lead to a total breakdown in the relationship with my union." Committed as he is to avoiding bankruptcy, Koch could not tolerate that. Employee-pension funds, which are effectively controlled by municipal-union leaders, are now the city's principal bankers. On past occasions, the unions have threatened: no coöperation, no loans. Koch could counter by threatening bankruptcy, but that would be an empty gesture, since his partners know that he believes bankruptcy unthinkable. "Leaving the social costs aside," the White House memo warned the President, "the fact that the municipal unions are both the City's bankers and the recipients of the cutbacks will make the achievement of the 1981 mark extremely difficult, to the point where serious discussion of the bankruptcy option is possible."

The thrust of the federal government's effort has been to press Koch to press the unions and the local banks for more sacrifices, and Governor Carey for more state aid; the local partners have responded by urging Koch to join with them in pressing Washington for more help. "The real villain is what happened in Washington," Victor Gotbaum said early this year. He and others wanted Koch to threaten to tell President Carter to drop dead in 1980 unless he came through with more fed-

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eral aid. Put enough political pressure on Carter and he will cave in, they asserted. This, Ravitch warned, was "fairy-godmother talk." He said that Carter probably couldn't persuade the Congress to go along with more aid even if he tried.

In his first year, Koch chose to follow cautious budget-cutting advice and incautious political advice. His natural optimism and his propensity for living one day at a time probably contributed to this decision. He has faith in Ed Koch. He believes that in a jam he will do what has to be done. Unlike Beame, he takes pride in and enjoys making tough political decisions. But, also unlike Beame, he feels insecure dealing with budgets and finance, and this partly accounts for his caution. During the transit labor negotiations in the spring of 1978, the Mayor memorized and privately rehearsed to a commissioner the figures in the proposed settlement. He was, the commissioner recalls, "like a schoolboy trying to get comfortable with the numbers." He "absolutely glazes over" on budgetary matters, Deputy Mayor Peter Solomon admits. During a briefing on November 6, 1978, with the Mayor, Deputy Mayor Toia, and others, Budget Director James Brigham handed the Mayor four memos. One of these outlined the city's cash-flow projections for capital projects. After allowing several minutes for the Mayor to read the memos, Brigham read the key paragraphs aloud, as if to a child. In this meeting, as in others concerning budgets or finance, Koch did not take charge or ask basic questions, the way he often does in meetings. Instead, he nodded and frequently said "O.K." As Brigham came to an explanation of how the city had failed to spend all the capital-budget dollars it was supposed to, Toia interrupted to say, "Let's stop here, so we're sure you fully understand what we're saying here. The last sentence says . . ." Koch had not noticed that in the first three months of the 1979 fiscal year capital expenditures were thirty-three million dollars below projections; that is, Mayor Koch's delinquency in capital spending was ten per cent worse than the Beame record that Candidate Koch had criticized. (The capital budget, which is financed by long-term borrowing, is devoted to improving the city's physical plant, such as streets and bridges; underspending in this budget means that the city is not renewing its capital facilities. The expense budget, which is financed by current revenues, is devoted to current expenses, such as labor and supplies; underspending in

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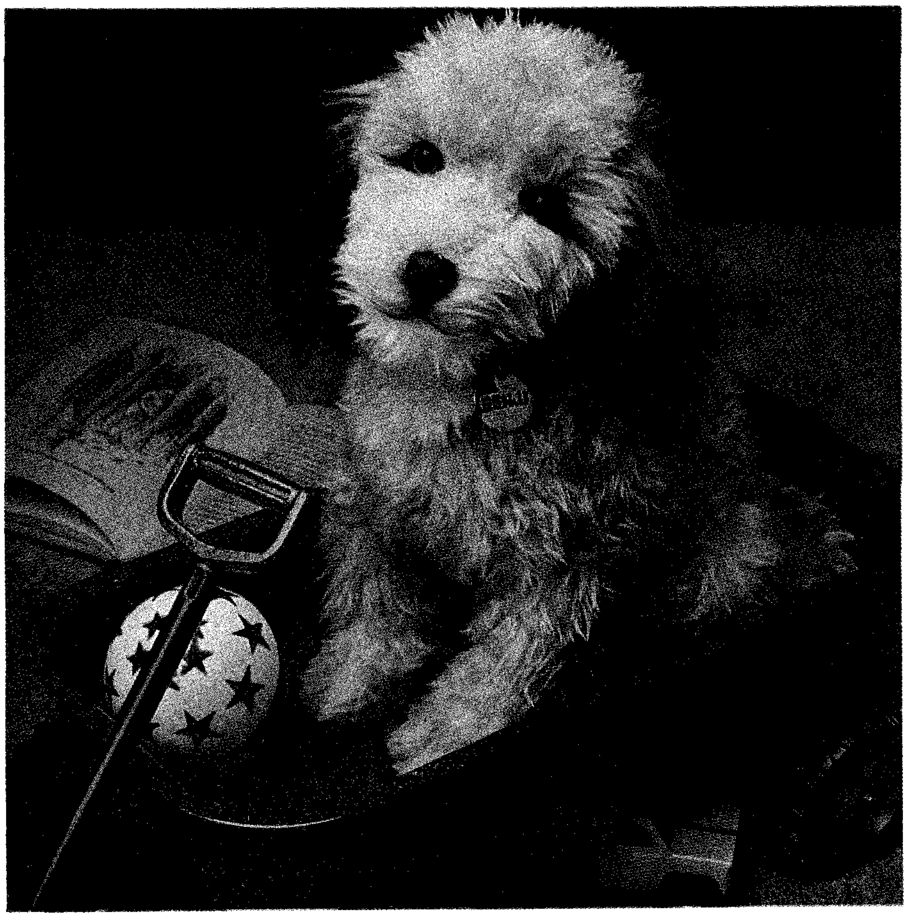

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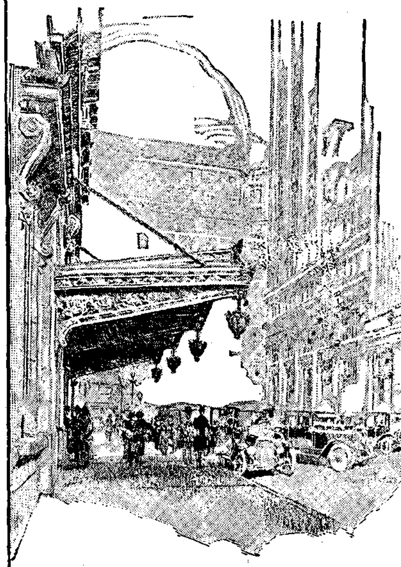
this budget has the desirable effect of building a surplus.)

When Koch is asked about his discomfort with numbers, he responds, "I have to rely on my financial team. I think it's a pretty good one. I never said I was a financial genius." Because he is not a financial genius, he is less self-reliant than he likes to be and than some of his advisers and associates wish he were. There is a widespread feeling, shared by Margolis and others, that in Koch's first nineteen months his fiscal team was weak. Like the Mayor, Toia and Brigham spent the first year getting to know their jobs—the numbers, what had to be done. The public paid for their inexperience in the 1978 labor negotiations. As the negotiations began, the Mayor loudly proclaimed that it was his intention to win sixty-one "givebacks" from the unions, totalling about three hundred million dollars in fringe benefits. While budget aides told Koch that the cupboard was bare, experienced union negotiators, assisted by Allen Brawer, a former staff assistant to the city's Budget Director, began unearthing underspending in the expense budget. The more they found, the higher their demands rose. In the end, the new Mayor retreated, agreeing to drop all his giveback demands and assenting to an eight-per-cent wage increase over two years, plus a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar annual cost-of-living bonus. Compared with previous city labor settlements or with those in private industry, this was a modest package. Compared with Mayor Koch's rhetoric, and considering the huge budget gap that the city must close by 1982, it was an extravagant one, which would cost the city almost a billion additional dollars over three years. Koch explains that budget officials assured him there was no money. "They weren't lying," says the Mayor. "The reason was that in the past the less you told the Mayor the less chance he would make a mistake." Norman Steisel, who was First Deputy Budget Director during the labor negotiations, disagrees: "To say we hid dollars from him is not fair." But Steisel admits that budget officials tried to protect the new Mayor. "That was part of it. The guy had only been in office twenty days. I guess we assumed he knew the complexities of the budget better than he did."

The new Koch administration, like the Lindsay administration in 1966, was not prepared for negotiations with a skillful, experienced opponent. "He gave the unions back things the city should not have given back," says John Zuccotti, who was First Deputy Mayor in the Beame administration. "He also settled for more than he had to—at least two hundred million more over two years. That's not going to help the city in the 1980 negotiations." Edward Costikyan, Koch's original choice for First Deputy Mayor, is more troubled by Koch's weak grasp of the budget. A Mayor can't delegate responsibility for budgets and finance, he says. "That's not delegating. That's abdicating. Delegating is saying, 'O.K., here are my guidelines. Go do it.' The biggest part of delegating is checking. I don't think he's managed the city's finances. That's his Achilles' heel." Ironically, despite Koch's resistance to having a first deputy, his own unsure grasp of finances in effect made Toia and Brigham first deputies.

The Mayor and his budget team presented a new four-year financial plan to the public last January. The Mayor explained that approximately a billion dollars of recurring expenditures had to be cut from the budget over the next three years, and he said that these cost reductions would be achieved primarily through attrition. The work force would be reduced by about six thousand in fiscal 1980. There would be a reduction in city services, the closing of some municipal hospitals, work-rule changes, the elimination of several departments, and extensive management improvements. The cuts that the Mayor proposed were deeper than had been made the first year, but not nearly as deep as David Margolis urged or the voters had been led to expect when they elected Koch. More drastic cuts were outlined in what was called a "contingency program." These would come, Koch warned, if the state failed to increase aid by two hundred million dollars (most observers believe that the state will not fail to) and the federal government failed to increase aid by a hundred million (most believe that it will fail to).

City Council President Carol Bellamy called Koch "overly optimistic" for delaying cuts in the hope of claiming more federal aid from a Congress and a President pledged to reduce aid. Comptroller Harrison Goldin said that the actual budget gap could reach one billion six hundred million dollars—fifty-five per cent more than Koch claimed. In making this estimate, Gol-



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din said, he assumed that there would be another eight-per-cent wage settlement in 1980 (which would cost four hundred and twenty-five million), that oil prices would increase by fifty per cent or more, that a national recession was approaching, that the cost of goods and services would continue to rise, and that there would be reductions in federal aid.

In April, when Koch formally presented his budget for the 1980 fiscal year, projected deficits for future years were below earlier forecasts. Instead of a gap of eight hundred and eighty-nine million dollars in fiscal 1981, the figure was halved to four hundred and six million. Koch could point cheerfully to 1978 as the first year in the last nine when the number of private-sector jobs in New York increased; to expanding local revenues (partly a result of inflation); to record tourism; and to a decrease (despite inflation) of one per cent—a hundred and seventy million dollars—in the size of the city's 1980 budget. He was also aware that a quiet policy of deliberate underspending of the expense budget was building a cushion. Underspending partly accounted for a statutory surplus of about two hundred million dollars in fiscal 1979. The Mayor felt so confident about the city's fiscal prospects that he proposed to expand the city's work force. If Armageddon was to come, clearly fiscal 1980 was not the year.

But a June 7th review of the 1980 budget, prepared by Special Deputy Comptroller Sidney Schwartz for the state's Financial Control Board, clashed with the Mayor's optimism. The review said that the budget contained only thirty-four million in net expenditure reductions, or twenty-two per cent of the reductions Koch proposed in January. City-funded spending, the review noted, had increased by a hundred and thirty million dollars over Koch's January estimates. The biggest change between the January four-year plan and Koch's April budget came in Koch's budget-cutting proposals. In January, twenty-five per cent of the total budget actions necessary to balance the city's books by 1982 were planned for 1980. In April, only eleven per cent were.

A June 11th analysis of Koch's April budget by the state Municipal Assistance Corporation was equally critical. This report pointed out that although Koch promised to shrink the city's work force by 1982 he nevertheless proposed to stop the attrition clock during the whole of 1980. Since attrition has

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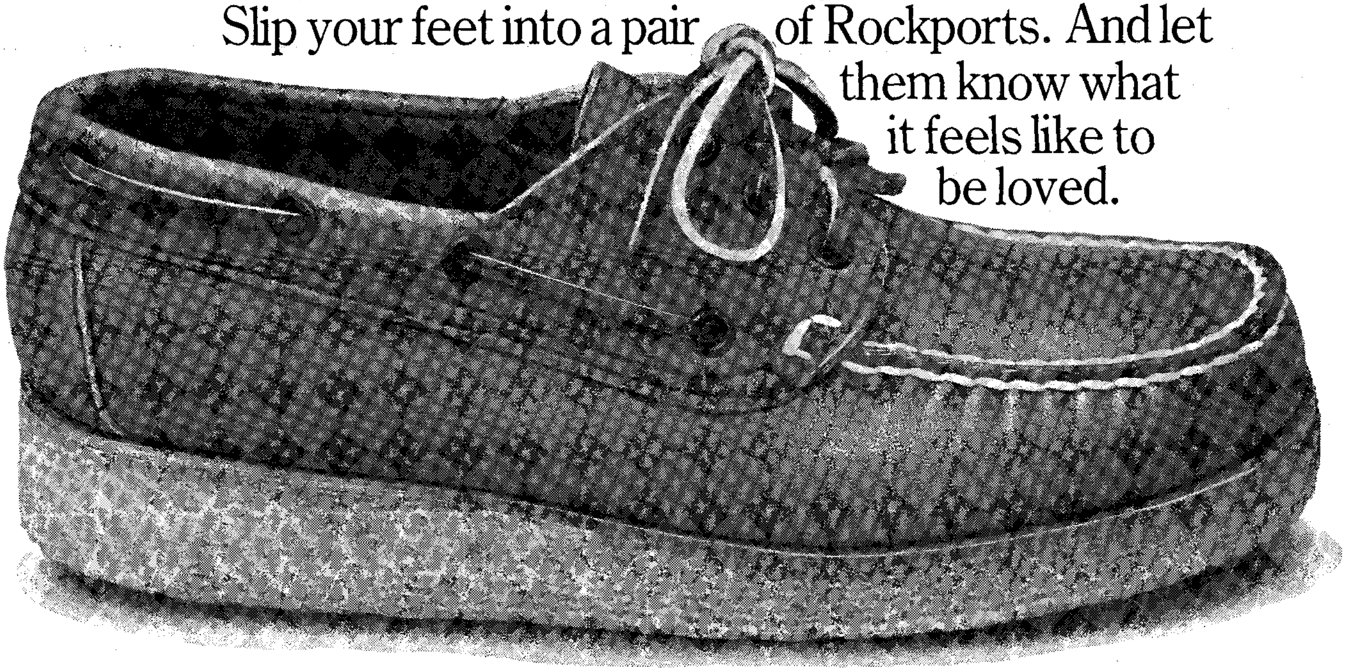

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been the city's chief budget-cutting tool, MAC worried that Koch was discarding his primary weapon. MAC charged that by taking this tack Koch was forgoing sixty-five million dollars in savings this year and a cumulative total of three hundred million by fiscal 1982.

Koch's budget message itself acknowledged that there were ominous signs for future years. Koch projected budget deficits of seven hundred and ninety-three million dollars in 1982 and eight hundred and fourteen million in 1983. And these deficits included just four hundred and thirty-one million dollars for new labor contracts. Though the Mayor hailed his "balanced" 1980 budget, he acknowledged that it was only "technically" or "legally" balanced, and that achieving it was possible only because state law still allowed New York to put two hundred and eighty-five million dollars' worth of expense-budget items in the capital budget. Moreover, since the state also permits the city a two-year lag in funding its pension liabilities, which resulted in a savings of a hundred and fifteen million dollars, the proposed 1980 "balanced" budget is really four hundred million dollars in deficit. It is not clear how Koch will close gaps in succeeding years. What does seem clear is that the real budget crunch for the city will probably not come until fiscal 1982—somewhat later than the White House and Ravitch feared and somewhat earlier than the Mayor, who will be running for reëlection that year, could desire. City Hall currently projects the fiscal-1982 gap to be eight hundred and thirty million dollars. Assuming the same eight-per-cent two-year pay increase negotiated in 1978—"I believe we'll be very fortunate if we can hold it at eight per cent," says Koch, mindful that inflation is rising faster—MAC estimated the gap at more than a billion dollars. Clearly, this Mayor, like his predecessor, was moving slowly, hoping that additional aid would materialize and that city revenues would increase. And though the state's Financial Control Board and the federal monitors may have been profoundly uneasy, they officially approved Koch's 1980 budget and the city's four-year financial plan.

A FEW thoughts about garbage: The Mayor has scheduled a discussion of the Sanitation Department with former City Council President Paul Screvane, Sanitation Commissioner Norman Steisel, and Robert Tier-

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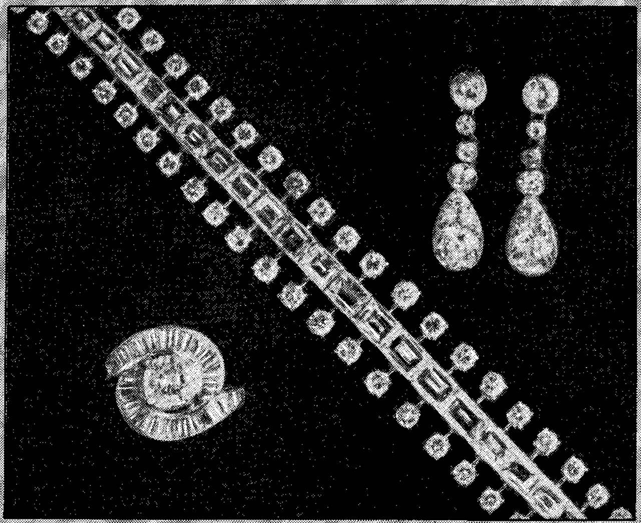

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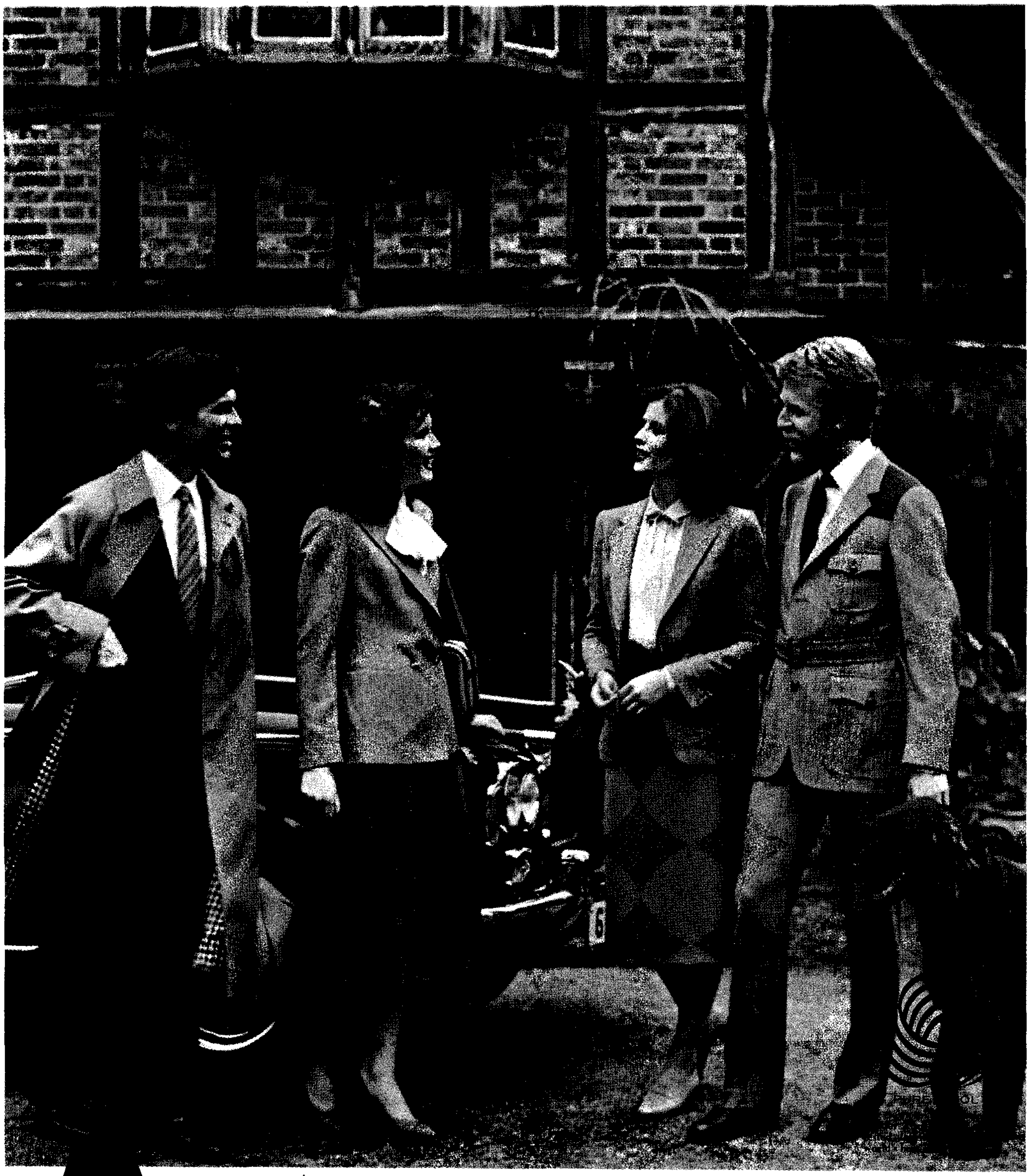

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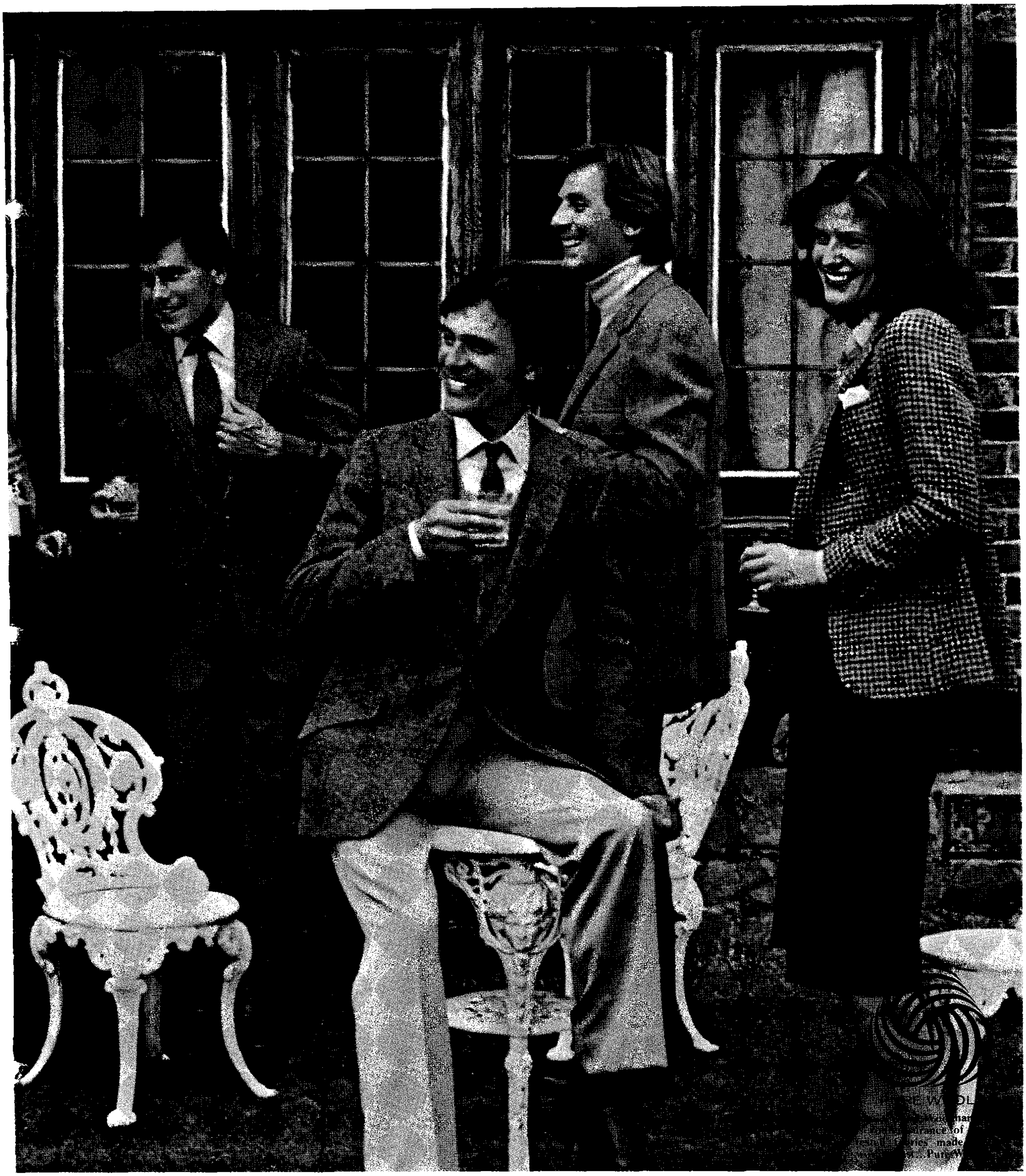

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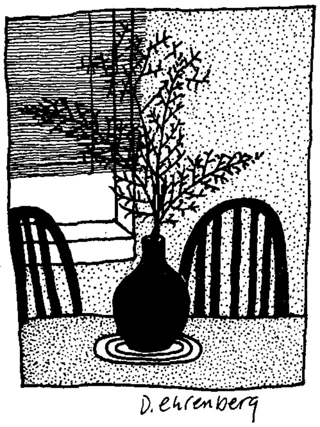
ney. Screvane was a sanitation worker for twenty-eight years, and rose to become commissioner in the late nineteen-fifties. Now in private business, Screvane requested this meeting to offer his help and to express concern about the low morale in his former department. If morale were good, he tells Koch, worker productivity would increase by twenty-five per cent. Koch recounts his shock at finding that many of the city's forty sanitation garages were without private toilet stalls, hot water, or heat. Immediately, the Mayor ordered repairs. What else, he asks Screvane, can he do to boost morale? "Pat them on the back," suggests Screvane. Koch admits that in his first year he did attack the work force, because he wanted to convey his dissatisfaction. But now that he has made the point, he says, the message will shift. Personally signed notes from Koch have been put in employee paycheck envelopes; he has gone out of his way to praise and publicize outstanding workers; he has polled workers and solicited their advice.

Screvane also blames faulty equipment for the low morale. The city shouldn't buy sanitation trucks all at once, he says. One time, Mayor Lindsay ordered five hundred new trucks at once. After eight years—the average life of a truck—many broke down simultaneously. The city should stagger the purchases, he advises. Steisel agrees, but notes that forty per cent of his equipment is more than eight years old, and that it takes fully twenty-four months to order and receive a new truck. (On another day, Operations Director Lee Oberst explains to me that to order a truck requires thirteen steps, including approval from the Office of Management and Budget, the City Council, the Department of Purchase, the Corporation Counsel, and the Financial Control Board. Because of the delays involved, the original price of the trucks rises. "So we must either reduce the number of trucks or ask for new money," Oberst says, sighing. "If we ask for new money, we have to go back to the Office of Management and Budget"—the first of the thirteen steps.) Steisel says that he has ordered new trucks but that there is no immediate solution to the problem. On any given day, a fourth of his department's sixteen hundred collection trucks break down.



The No. 1 service problem on the public's mind, says Koch, is "lousy sanitation service"—grime, not crime, in the streets. The public's perception of declining sanitation service is matched by those objective measurements available to the city. Project Scorecard, a rating system originally devised by the Fund for the City of New York, a small private foundation, in coöperation with the city, compared the cleanliness of city streets in September of 1978 with that of September of 1974. The percentage of acceptably clean streets in Manhattan fell from sixty-six to forty-four; in the Bronx, from sixty-three to fifty-two; in Brooklyn, from seventy to fifty-four; in Queens, from eighty-eight to seventy-eight; and in Staten Island from ninety-five to eighty. City streets, it was also found, were dirtier near the end of Koch's first year than they were in Beame's last year: 39.7 per cent were dirty in October of 1978, as opposed to 31.9 per cent the previous year. And sanitation services continue to decline. Koch reported last month that half of all city streets are now rated as dirty, and that none of the fifty-eight sanitation districts in the five boroughs have appreciably improved service in the past year. (The major problem, Koch told me later, is "the need to get more loads per day out of each sanitation worker," and he added, "It's my guess that they're not working a full day." The Mayor's surmise was supported by a recent *News* investigation. The reporter Alex Michelini quoted an Office of Operations study of sanitation collection crews in Staten Island which showed that the city could get at least two hours, fifty-six minutes more productive time from each sanitationman through stricter supervision and the use of relay trucks. Michelini wrote that sanitationmen were averaging sixteen days' sick leave annually, and that on some days as many as seven and a half per cent of the seventy-five hundred members of the department were out sick.) Computer printouts kept by the Office of Operations show that the average three-man sanitation crew collects less than two truckloads of garbage a day—not three loads, which is the target figure. The Mayor confronts Screvane with this

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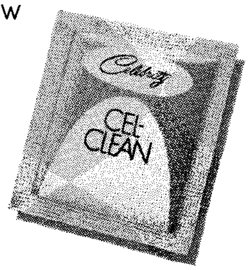

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problem: how do we get three loads a day?

It used to be, says Screvane, that the men called it a day when their work load was complete. But under former Mayor William O'Dwyer the workday was set at eight hours; the goal became punching the clock rather than completing an assignment.

Steisel observes that in some areas of the city three loads a day is not possible, because the distance to the dumps is too great—something that the computer printouts don't reveal. (Lee Oberst says that to solve this problem the city should imitate Flint, Michigan, which has huge transfer trucks cart the garbage to the dump.)

The meeting ends with Koch thanking Screvane for his advice.

Several days later, in Commissioner Steisel's wood-panelled, gymnasium-size office on Worth Street, behind City Hall, I ask Steisel about using two-man rather than three-man crews—a policy that has long been favored by city officials and, though it is not explicitly prohibited in the contracts, has long and successfully been resisted by the sanitation union.

Steisel says that he plans to introduce larger, side-loading, two-man trucks "in low-density residential areas to start," and to reroute his fleet. Just those two steps, he claims, "could save at least twenty million dollars and as much as forty million." Moving deliberately, Steisel has devised a series of targets to improve his department's performance. He knows he is Koch's designated miracle worker. "If Steisel can't do it, no one can," the Mayor says of Steisel, a thirty-seven-year-old commissioner he transferred from the post of First Deputy Budget Director last October to replace a Beame-administration holdover. Steisel wants to move cautiously. He does not disagree with Oberst, who says that the city's basic service-delivery problem stems from its "monopolistic" nature. "There is no competition. We have to stimulate artificial competitive tools," Steisel says. Steisel believes that management accountability and productivity measurements are among such tools. The first few months on the job he spent concentrating on improving management—decentralizing decision-making, reorganizing the supervisory structure of the department, and easing civil-service strictures in order to have more flexibility in assigning foremen and assistant foremen.

But Steisel has been wary of an approach that has long been advocated by reformers: contracting out certain sani-

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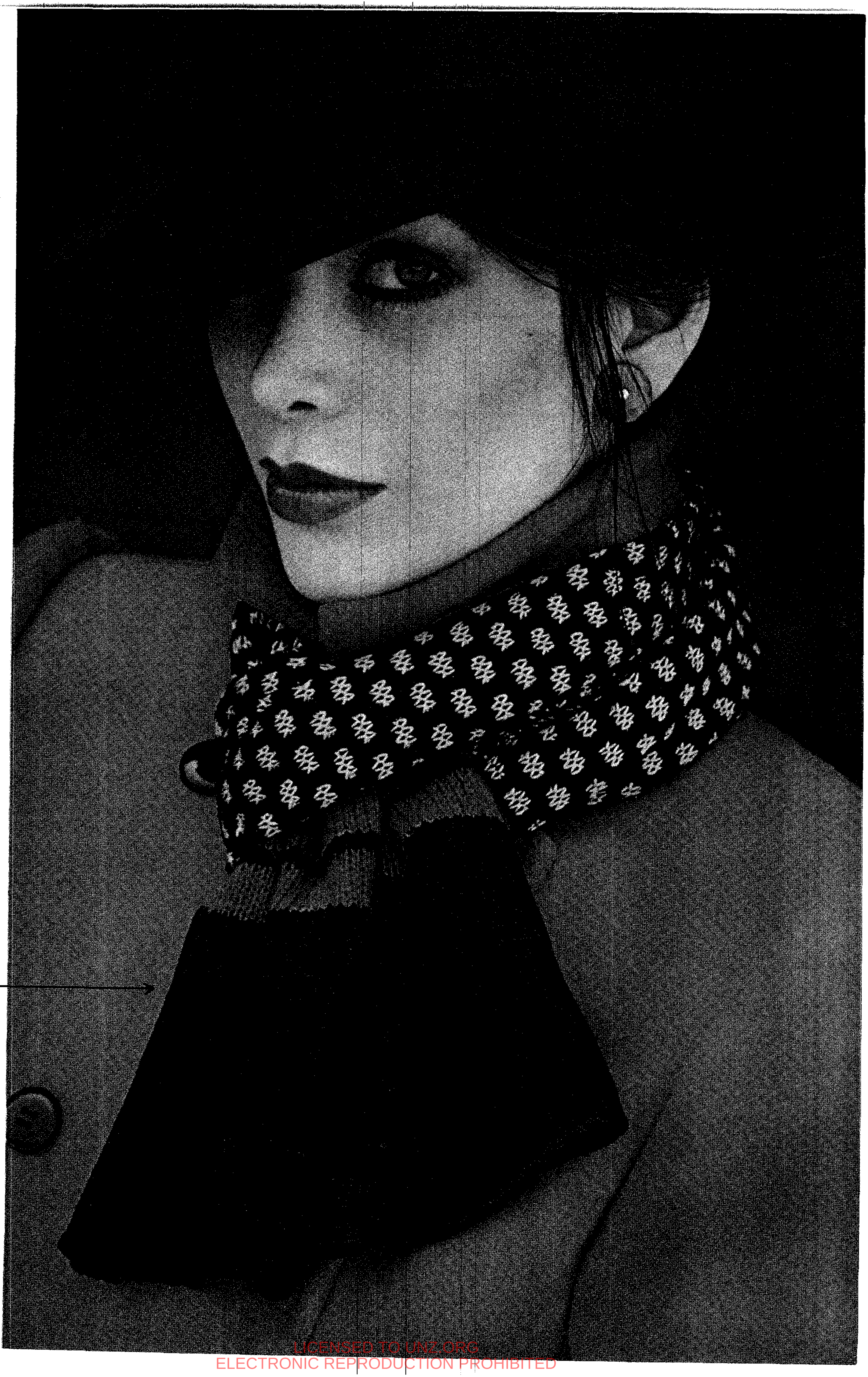

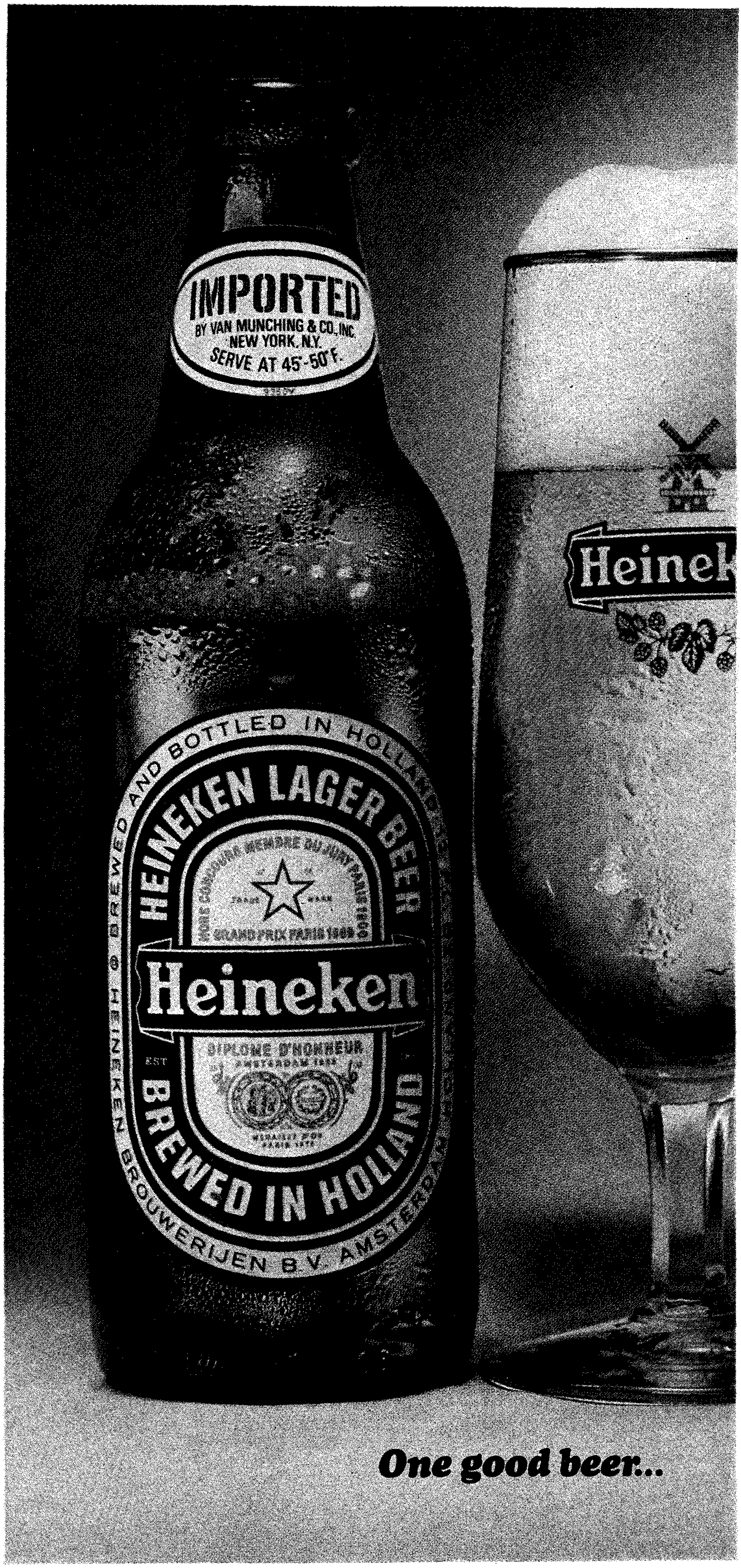

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tation districts to private carters, and thereby creating direct competition between private and city carters to determine which can deliver services cheaper. This practice has been adopted by such cities as Montreal, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and Kansas City, Missouri. Steisel responds to this idea cautiously, saying, "It's something we have to study"—which is how Sanitation Commissioners and Mayors have responded for more than ten years. Steisel also says he wants to study "gain sharing"—an incentive system whereby city sanitation workers would agree to deliver services for a fixed but reduced price, with the public and the workers sharing the savings. The 1978 sanitation-union contract contained a provision that called for a study of gain sharing. And so did the 1976 contract before it.

Steisel's claims that competition and gain sharing require further study arouse suspicions that, like his predecessors, he is playing to the wrong audience—not to the public, which receives poor service, but to the bureaucracy, which delivers it. Steisel aggressively defends the need for caution. The replacement of antiquated equipment takes time, he says; the city cannot contract out sanitation districts until management has devised "performance standards" and a set of goals to measure the competition. And, most important, he says, he must first address "the basic underlying problem in the department"—low morale. Sanitation workers feel picked on, abused. "There is also the problem that I don't even know how to talk about without appearing condescending," he says. "I think a lot of the workers are humiliated because of the way society views garbage. Garbagemen deal with dirt, and dirt is dirty. Nobody blames the cop if there are not enough cops on the street. The anger is directed at a different level. In sanitation, the anger is directed at the worker."

A somewhat different sanitation-service perspective is offered by Richard Doviken, superintendent of Sanitation District 1, in Manhattan. His district is one of fifty-eight sanitation districts in New York City; it runs south from Eighteenth Street to the tip of Manhattan and from the Hudson River, on the west, to Lafayette Street, on the east. Doviken works in a cell-like turn-of-the-century office on the second floor of a garage on West Street at Canal. His desk faces a wall of maps. A dirty window behind the desk looks out on the collapsed West Side Highway and rotting abandoned piers. Seated behind his desk, wearing a forest-green uniform with gold shoulder leaves, Doviken, who has been a sanitation worker for twenty-five years, brushes aside the morale problem. "I can understand it, but I don't feel it," he says. "If I did, I'd give away the store every day. It may be a dirty job, but the money's clean." His major concern is faulty equipment. Though his district is rated among the more productive ones, between eighteen and thirty per cent of his equipment is out of commission on any given day. He has only one mechanic and one CETA (federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) greaser to repair a total of twenty-two trucks. "If we could supply better equipment, the job would be much easier for the men," he says. "They can be on four different pieces of equipment a day. If we could give them good, safe equipment, their morale would be up." With adequate equipment, his two daily shifts—the day shift averaging about fifty men and the night shift about fifteen men—could meet their cleanup schedule of two loads a day, covering each block a minimum of three times a week. Without it, they cannot.

How does he feel about two-man crews?

"They make no sense at all," he says. "One less man means less tonnage. The maximum you can expect one man to pick up is seven tons a day. And a sanitationman burns out in thirteen years."

Doviken's district is densely populated. Couldn't two-man crews work in less densely populated, less commercial districts?

"They do in Florida," he says. "There, garbage collection is private." He doesn't believe that private collecting will be introduced here, because of union opposition.

But would he favor it?

"If the city gave it out to commercials, if it had the right management, it could be worked," he says. "You'd get better equipment. You wouldn't have the tremendous size of the five boroughs if it were localized. If they went to competitive bidding, you'd have more accountability. Far more." He favors the concept, but sees practical stumbling blocks. Under the current citywide system, when one district suffers a disproportionate number of truck breakdowns another district lends trucks and men. Today, Doviken has sent seventeen men to Staten Island and seven trucks to other districts. He worries that if districts were in competition with each other this citywide

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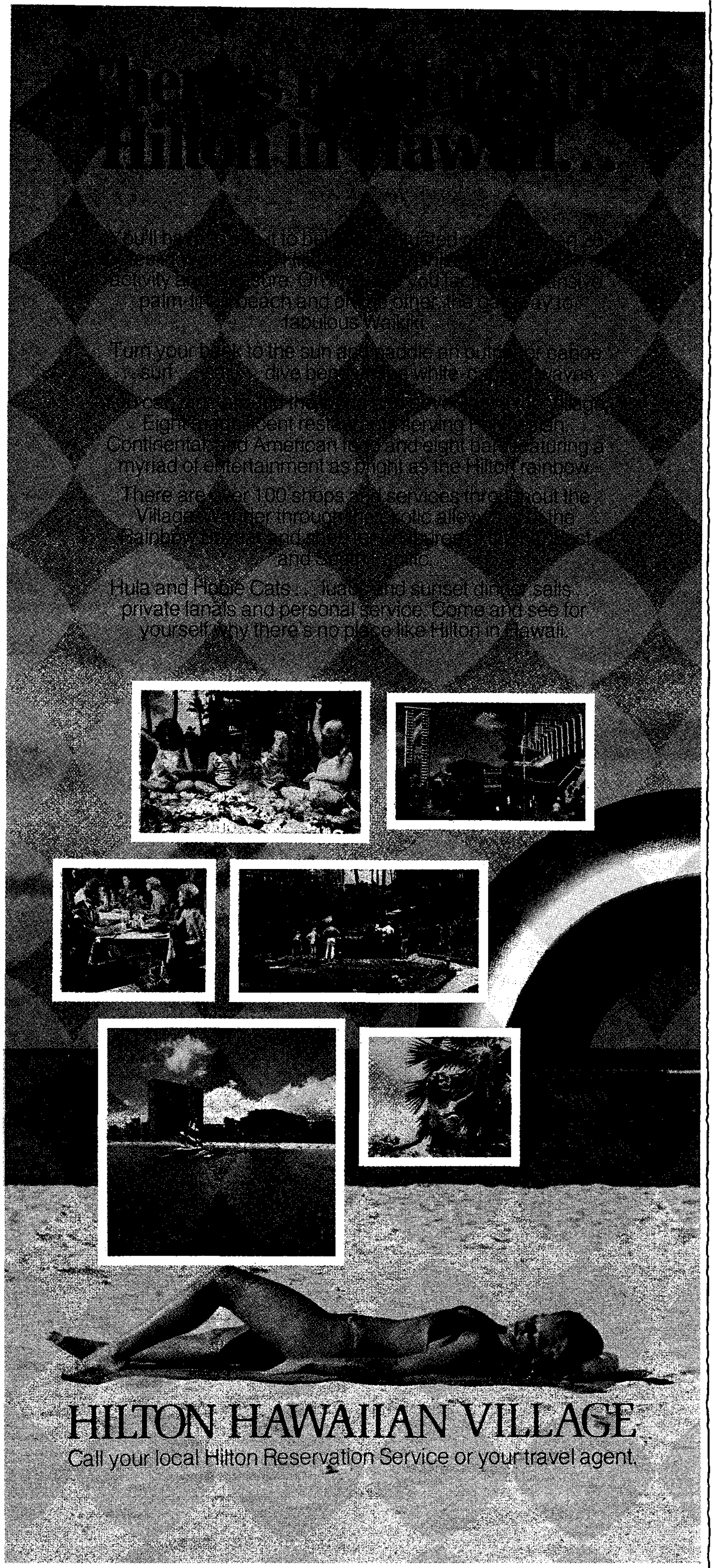

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sharing would not be possible. Another problem with contracting out, he says, is that certain department activities—snow removal, for instance—might not appeal to the private contractor, interested in maximum profits. Give the private firms the better jobs, he fears, and city sanitation services are bound to appear less efficient.

Would gain sharing work?

"In this particular district, if they were to pay by tonnage you'd see an upswing in tonnage," he says. "But in Staten Island you couldn't. There, the men have to go house to house." Thus, within the department the accident of assignment would determine the size of the worker's bonus. A similar problem is that if gain sharing were tried in other city departments it would reward the inefficiently run departments and penalize those that were well managed. The well-run departments would have little leeway to generate productivity savings for the workers to share—the Fire Department being a good example—but the inefficient department could offer a bonanza to workers. This potential built-in unfairness could arouse jealousies among departments and cause problems for the city when it negotiates labor contracts.

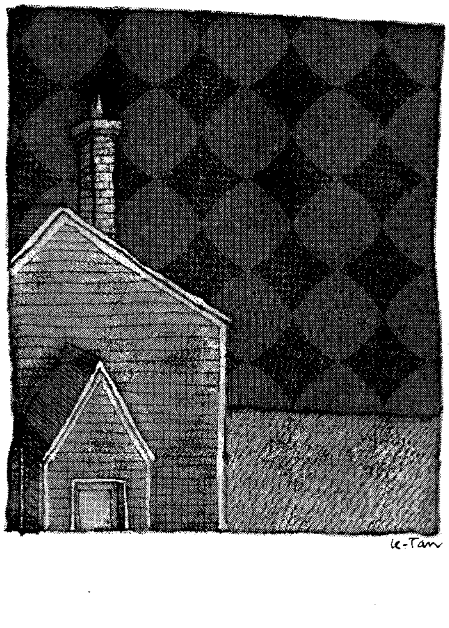
There is also a political problem. For instance, Barry Feinstein, whose union represents Housing Authority workers, has been told by city officials that savings of five to eight million dollars could be achieved if larger containers were used to remove garbage from housing projects. However, since larger, more easily removed containers represent what Feinstein calls "a change in the terms and work conditions of my contract," he would demand discussions and at least half of the productivity savings. Under gain-sharing or productivity bonuses, presumably the sanitation union would demand at least as much. If the two unions could somehow resolve their conflict, from the workers' point of view garbage collection would be easier, and workers would profit from it. But from the taxpayers' or the city's point of view the termination of a wasteful practice might result in no dollar savings. Also, from the taxpayers' point of view there is a policy question: Should public employees be paid extra for doing what they are supposed to do?

Many city officials, confronting a fiscal crisis for the foreseeable future, believe that more layoffs of workers will be required—layoffs that Doviken and the union leaders regard as counterproductive. "In this period in America, the more people you lay off the less productivity you get per man,” Doviken says. “It’s a psychological problem. For years, my district had a hundred and ninety men. Now we’re down to a hundred and nineteen. My people think they’re doing the work of the hundred and ninety men. They’re not. We have dirtier streets. Fewer trucks. Yet because they go over the same streets they believe they’re doing the work of the men laid off.”

Doviken is convinced that service can be improved. Productivity would rise if he were given more flexibility as a manager, he maintains, and if the civil-service system were reformed. “The seniority system protects the non-worker as well as the hard worker,” he explains. “You have to qualify the man even though he’s not qualified.” Layoffs must be based on seniority, not on performance. Choice shifts are awarded to the men on the basis of seniority, and this means that a manager cannot reward or punish. “I don’t harass a man. That’s about the only reward I can give,” Doviken says. He also blames the public: “More service is not always the answer to maintaining cleaner streets and sidewalks. There’s got to be civic pride. The generation we’re living in allows materials to be used and disposed of.” A refrigerator, says Doviken, comes in a huge crate with shock-absorber bumpers, a reinforced top and bottom, stuffing inside, baling wire, and “all this ends up on city streets.” City streets become junk yards. “Why do people abandon cars?” he asks. “I’m up to ten or fifteen a week. They could trade them in or sell them for junk. Why don’t they? I don’t know. This is the way we live.”

Can a Mayor make a difference?

“In all my twenty-some-odd years,” observes Doviken, “the only Mayor I’ve ever met was Wagner—in Bermuda, where I was vacationing.” He would like to see the Mayor focus on changing the sanitation-union contract, which he feels ties management’s hands. He remains skeptical about the productivity-measurement system that was introduced late in the Beame administration, the use of which has been expanded by Koch. “Those are good management tools,” he says. “But I break my back here, and anyone who evaluates my work has to say, ‘He’s doing worse.’ I haven’t had a sanitation inspector from Canal Street south to the Battery in months. We had retirements and new promotions. So we’re working short.” In addition, quantifying output can mean overlooking quality: “The minute I pick up something off my route, I leave a street of garbage. Then the district manager calls. Then my ‘productivity’ goes down. I get letters of complaint. I see the handwriting on the wall. I’m frustrated this way every day.”



Not for long, however. This career civil servant—who unconsciously refers to the city government as “they”—will soon retire from his twenty-eight-thousand-three-hundred-dollar city job and move from Staten Island to New Port Richey, Florida.

One floor below, among the workers in Doviken’s garage, the view is different, though no less pessimistic. The men are as angry at the public as the public is at them.

“The morale stinks,” declares Jimmy Quirk, a union shop steward on the night shift with thirteen years on the job. “No one ever tells us we do a good job. Look, we’re only human. When we go into a restaurant, people look at us like we’re goofing off.” To avoid scenes, Quirk now orders his coffee to go.

“We’re mostly high-school graduates,” says one worker defensively. “We’re not dumb.”

Coming off the day shift on this numbingly cold winter day, workers mill around in the dark concrete locker room. They all have complaints to make, the foremost being their aging garage, which so shocked Mayor Koch on a visit that he immediately ordered repairs. The lockers are too narrow for the men’s heavy clothing. “I got a locker the Police Department threw out,” complains Quirk. The locker room is frigid, and the light from bare ceiling bulbs hardly reaches the floor. Next door, in the makeshift washup room, there is one sink for the hundred and nineteen men. Less than half of the garage is heated.

Upstairs, a smaller locker room doubles as the garage toilet. A hot-water faucet handle in one of five sinks spins

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but nothing comes out. Of a total of four toilets, only two work. Since there are a few female CETA workers at the garage, the men assigned to the smaller locker room have to vacate it when the women use the toilet. Nothing personal, say the men, but it bugs them that a private lavatory was recently constructed for the women. It angers them that these inexperienced CETA workers take home only twenty dollars a week less than they do. That the CETA workers are black doesn't help.

Surroundings are just one of many complaints. The negotiated four-percent pay raise that was to start last October 1st was not received until around the first of the year. And the fiscal crisis jeopardized one of the great attractions of a government job—security.

Then, there is the lousy equipment. "We want to do a day's work," explains Quirk. "But we can't if the equipment breaks down. And when it does, who do they blame? They blame us." The workers, not without reason, blame previous city administrations, which borrowed from the capital budget to fund the expense budget, leaving less money to spend on trucks, spare parts, and garage renovation.

Nor has management ever consulted the workers on the equipment they are to operate. "The guy who designed our truck has to be seven feet tall," complains Pat Rizzo, a ten-year veteran who is the day shift's shop steward. The cabin door is so high that the driver "can't see a small car or a person," he says.

Two-man crews?

"No!" shouts a worker. "We got heavy baskets. There's a safety factor. Who helps you if you get tangled in the truck?" His co-workers nod, pointing out that the driver, in the cabin of a noisy truck, can't hear cries for help.

Contracting out?

"The privates can't handle it," claims Christopher Cerio, a burly man with a thick mustache. "They think it's just house stops. We have to clean catch basins and empty the litter baskets." In New York, private carters usually make bulk pickups from commercial customers. The city workers have to go between cars and lift many more individual cans. But their prime worry about contracting out, and also about gain sharing, says Cerio, is layoffs: "It's like saying you could save half a million dollars but you have to lay guys off."

No, the way to improve productivity, the men suggest, is to end their fear of being laid off. They would also

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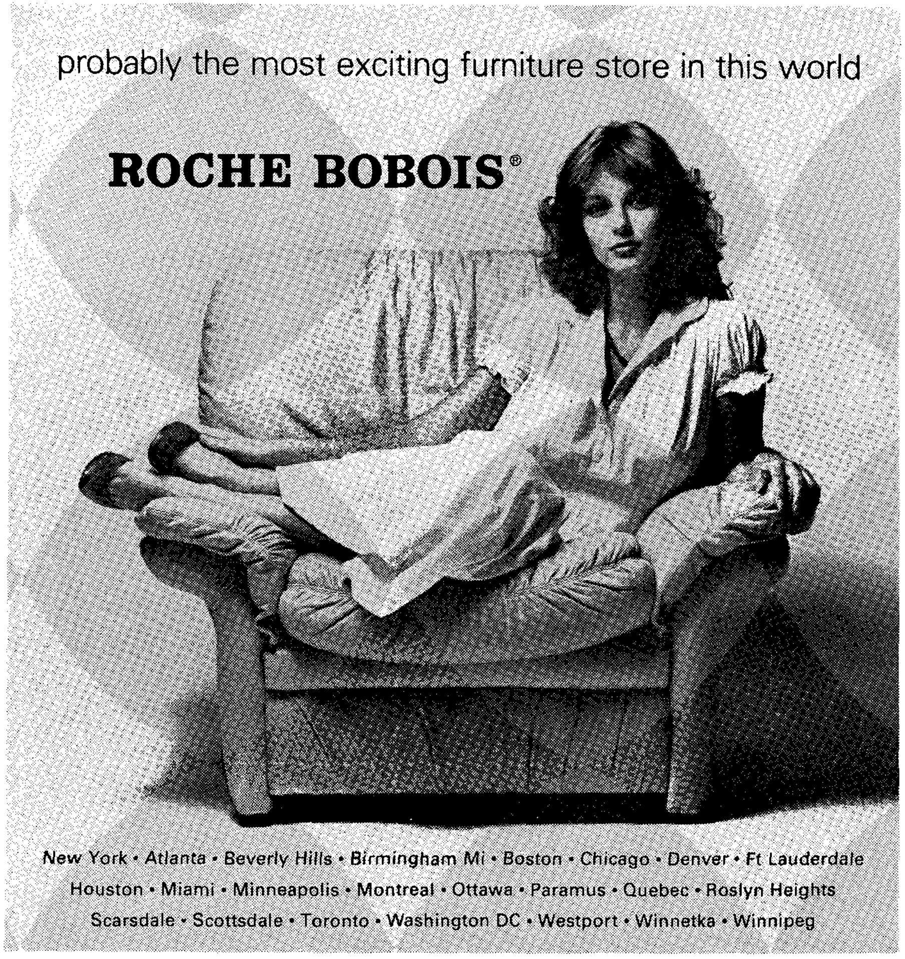

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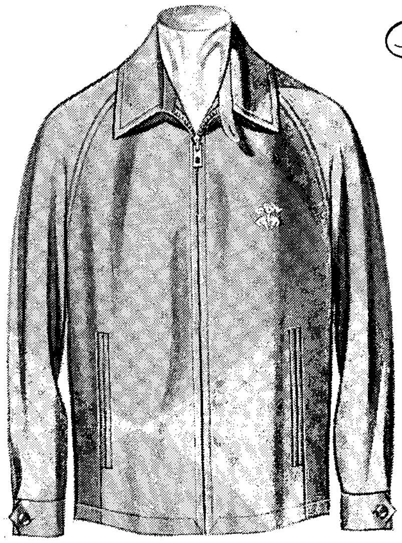

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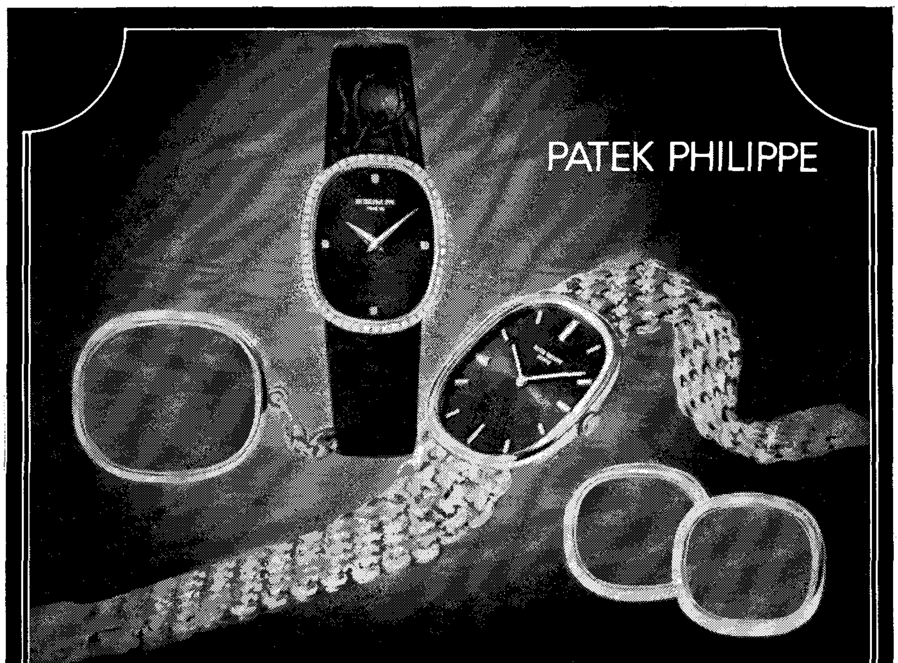

There is a store where 18-karat gold, through the artistry of Patek Philippe, is tinted a regal blue. Here, from the Ellipse collection, in the key ring and cufflinks, the blue is surrounded by yellow; the watches are enhanced by either diamonds or a basket-woven band. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.

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like a regular five-day week and an occasional pat on the back. They share Doviken's concern that measurements of productivity only quantify their work. Because the collection schedule has been reduced since the advent of the fiscal crisis, says Pat Rizzo, wire baskets and garbage cans often overflow and spill on the street. "If we were to stop and pick up everything, we wouldn't do thirty per cent of the route," he says. "They tell you we're supposed to do that, yet if we don't finish the route there is a complaint against us."

Many of these men work very hard. John Dalton, a ten-year veteran, and his crew collected thirteen tons of garbage today. "A private carter can do no better than these men," says Doviken, scanning the day's productivity charts. Abstract productivity schemes don't always take into account the reality of these men, their fears, their anger.

But apparently the Koch administration is succeeding with the work force better than many union leaders claim. "Koch is a pretty good man," says Quirk.

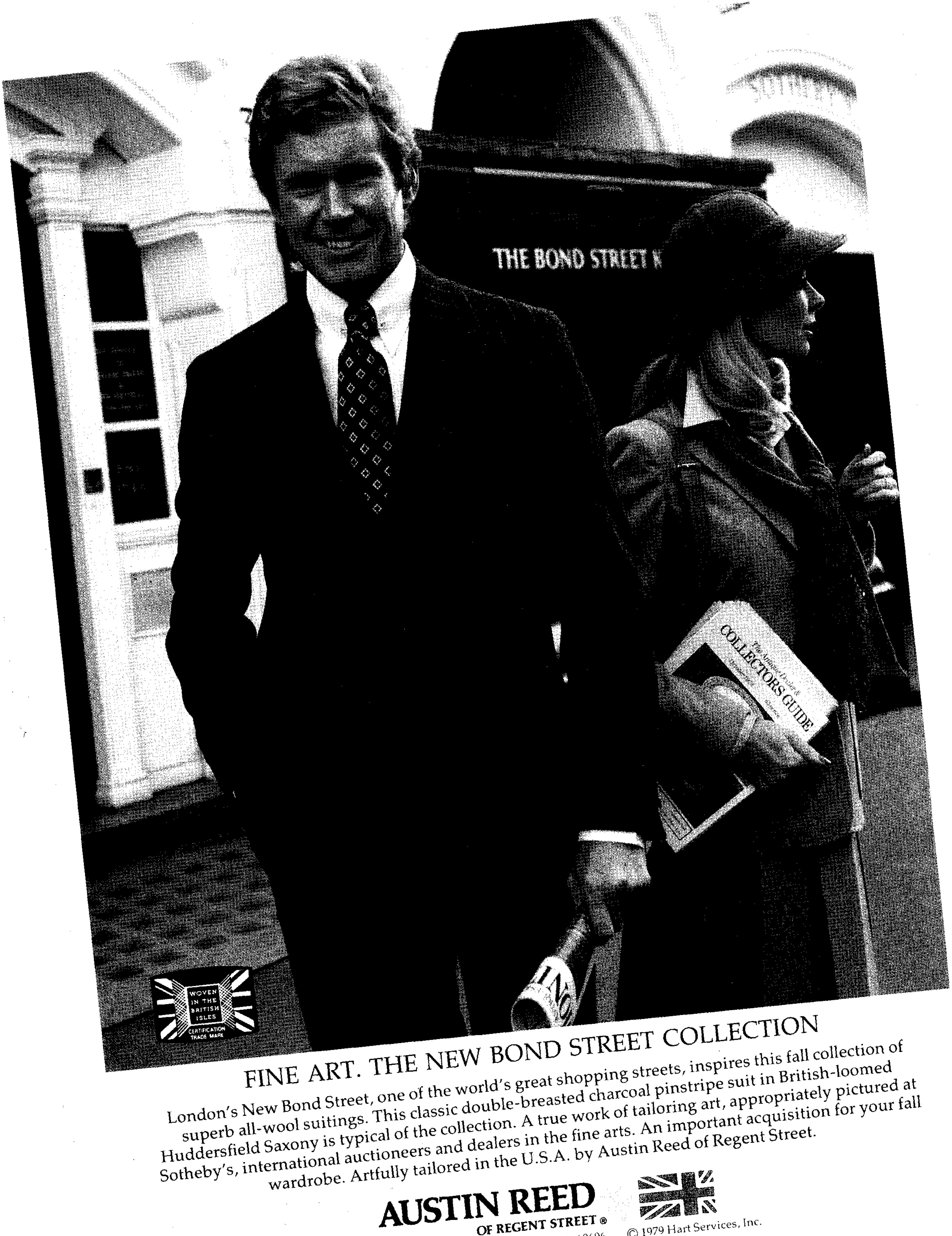
Rizzo says, "He's doing the best he can under the fiscal crisis. I thought at first he was sort of hostile. I think now he's trying to work with the department. He ordered equipment. He visited some garages."

Commissioner Steisel has won praise for sending an open letter to the men soliciting their suggestions on how to improve service. "It was the first time," says a grateful Quirk. "He seems to want to find out what the problems are. It gives you a sense that at least the boss cares about you."

ONE morning late in 1978, the Mayor discusses the future of the South Bronx with Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo, Deputy Mayor Peter Solomon, Planning Commission Chairman Robert Wagner, Housing Commissioner Nathan Leventhal, and Edward Logue, the director of the South Bronx Development Office.

What is important to note, Badillo says, is that neighborhoods are living organisms, capable of unpredictable growth as well as contraction. The West Side of Manhattan is still changing, as is demonstrated by the new shops springing up along Columbus Avenue. If the West Side could come back, so can the South Bronx.

But, cautions the Mayor, the devastation in the South Bronx dwarfs that in Manhattan, where it is also easier to attract private investment. His main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concern, he says, is that the federal government not renege on its commitment, which began when President Carter, on an overcast day in October of 1977, stood among the mountains of rubble on deserted Charlotte Street and announced his intention of forging a partnership to rebuild the South Bronx. It would become a "showcase" for the nation, Carter promised. First the Beame administration, then the Koch administration rushed to accept the President's generosity. Together, the city and federal governments would rebuild an area that had been compared to a desolate moonscape. The price tag of a billion and a half dollars in federal, city, and private funds which was originally agreed to is, according to a ranking federal urban official and a city commissioner, about one-tenth of the sum needed to truly rebuild the South Bronx. Understandably, city leaders press the federal government to provide new, additional funds for the South Bronx. They do not want to siphon scarce resources from other neighborhoods. To do so would invite protest from four of the five Borough Presidents, who sit on the Board of Estimate and must approve the South Bronx plan; moreover, to drain money from still marginal areas like South Jamaica, in Queens, or Bushwick, in Brooklyn, might speed the decline of those areas. Together, city and federal officials have worked for more than a year to shape a plan to rebuild the South Bronx. They have quibbled over details and personalities, and each side has always tried to induce the other to sweeten the pot of money. "The problem," says Koch, "is that every time we talk to the feds about more money they say, 'Well, we didn't say that.' " If they back off or insist on larger amounts of city funds, warns the Mayor, he will summon the press, denounce the federal government, and walk away from the entire effort.

Of course, "the problem" with the South Bronx effort is not whether the federal or the city government is reneging on a few million dollars. The problem is less political than fiscal: available resources do not match the promises made. There is scant prospect that any combination of government and private resources will be available to rebuild the entire South Bronx. The fundamental question is whether the vast effort and the limited resources should be spent there or elsewhere. It is Badillo's contention that to allow the South Bronx to continue to deteriorate is an outrage—another broken promise—and that poor people fleeing the South Bronx will move into and hasten the decline of other neighborhoods. This, he charges, is a policy of "planned shrinkage." Badillo's focus is on what should be. His opponents, led by Wagner, tend to focus on what is: on the reality of the area's already shrinking population, on what they see as the need to make choices.

To build twenty-seven thousand five hundred subsidized housing units in the South Bronx, as proposed in the original South Bronx plan, would, Leventhal says, divert citywide housing funds. A quarter of all federal Section 8 rent-subsidy money for the entire city is routed to the South Bronx. "So we shouldn't be out publicly saying it will have no effect," Leventhal cautions. He also warns that in 1980 the federal government plans to reduce Section 8 subsidies.

They wouldn't dare, Koch says. President Carter "won't want to be embarrassed" as the 1980 election nears. Carter may own the bank, but New York has a large political account.

Logue, responding to a suggestion from Wagner that the entire effort be reëvaluated in six months, suggests twelve or eighteen months as a more appropriate test period.

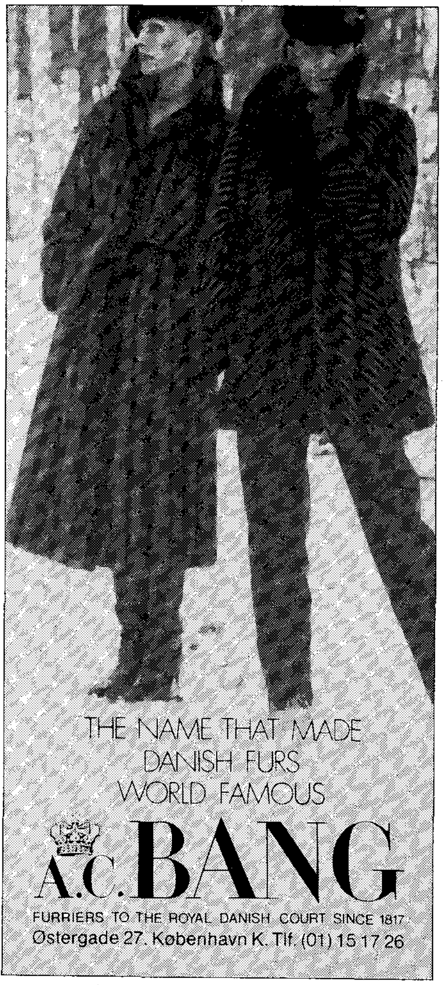
Fifteen months, Koch declares. At that point, "we can judge whether our goals are achievable" and whether the federal government has met its commitments.

"Fifteen months coincides with the 1980 campaign," Logue says.

"Right," says the Mayor, smiling.

ON a Saturday morning in December, Mayor Koch goes to Bushwick, Brooklyn, to conduct one of his so-called constituent hours, during which members of the community can bring their questions and complaints to the Mayor and his aides. Bushwick, which was once a stable middle-class community, has been ravaged by fires and housing abandonment in recent years; most of its citizens now are black or Hispanic and are very poor. Among the Mayor's advisers, there has been concern that Koch's visit could provoke an incident. The meeting is held in the gymnasium of a public school, and several hundred citizens are in attendance, seated on folding chairs facing a row of bridge tables, behind which sit the Mayor and several members of his administration. "Only one problem per customer," Koch jokes to the citizens, who fill out cards, draw numbers, and trickle up for an audience with the Mayor or some other city official.

The meeting lasts two hours, and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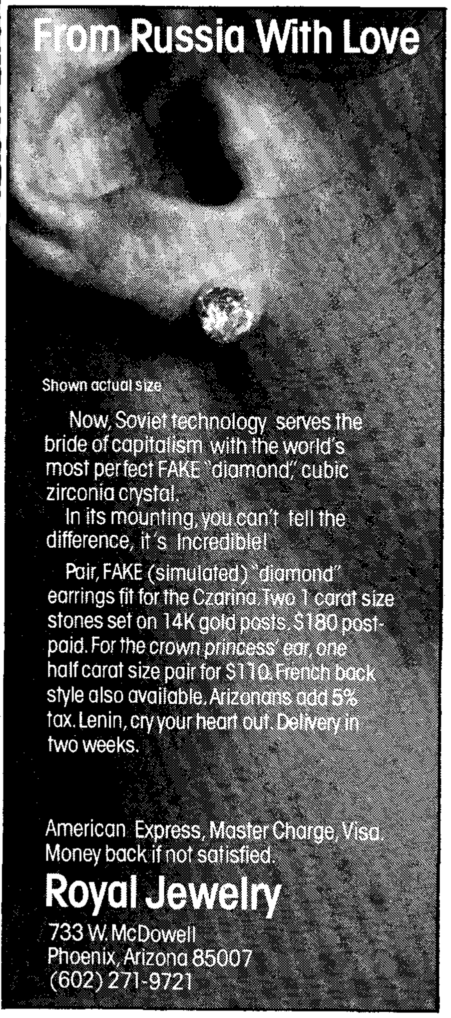
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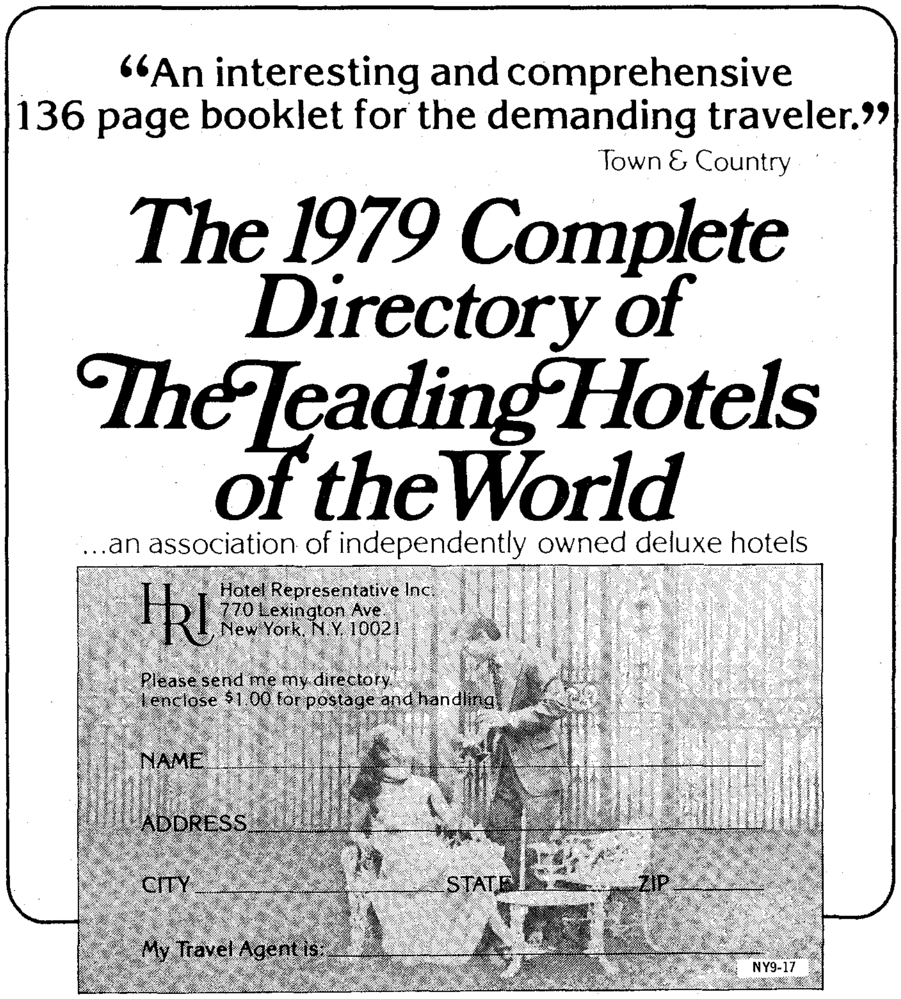
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Koch or members of his administration talk to two hundred and fifty-two people. As this count is blared over a loudspeaker in the gym, John Lo Cicero hurries over to whisper in the Mayor's ear. Three thousand Chassidic Jews are rioting in Borough Park, he says. They have taken over the Sixty-sixth Precinct police station. First Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph Hoffman is on his way to the precinct. Instinctively, Koch says he should join Hoffman. Lo Cicero urges him not to go—advice seconded by all the advisers gathered around the Mayor except Dan Wolf. He thinks that Koch should go. Koch accepts Wolf's recommendation.

Koch, Wolf, and two reporters squeeze into the back seat of the Mayor's car. Lo Cicero jumps in up front. "How did they take over the police station?" Koch asks. Information is scanty, Lo Cicero says. "So now it *will* give grist for blacks to do the same," Koch says to Wolf as Lo Cicero gets James Meehan, the Police Department's chief of patrol, on the car telephone.

Meehan, who is at the station house, reports that between forty and fifty cops were injured when citizens stormed it a few hours earlier. With the arrival of reinforcements, he says, the police have reclaimed the station house, but it is now surrounded by perhaps three thousand Chassidic Jews.

The Mayor tells Meehan that he is on his way but wishes to speak to Hoffman before appearing at the station house.

A few minutes later, Hoffman calls and clears the visit.

"Everybody thought there'd be rioting and picketing in Bushwick," Koch says when he gets off the phone. "Who would have thought there'd be rioting here?" Unlike Bushwick, Borough Park is a predominantly middle-income Jewish enclave, with rows of one- and two-family houses. In recent years, there has been occasional tension as poor Hispanics have moved into the neighborhood, but for the most part it remains a quiet residential community, with a low crime rate.

The Mayor's car stops in front of a barricaded street a block from the besieged station house. Chief Meehan is waiting, and pokes his head through the car window to brief Koch. A phalanx of plainclothesmen and uniformed policemen escorts Koch and his party to the rear of the station house. The station house is a tiny moated castle surrounded by a raging ocean of

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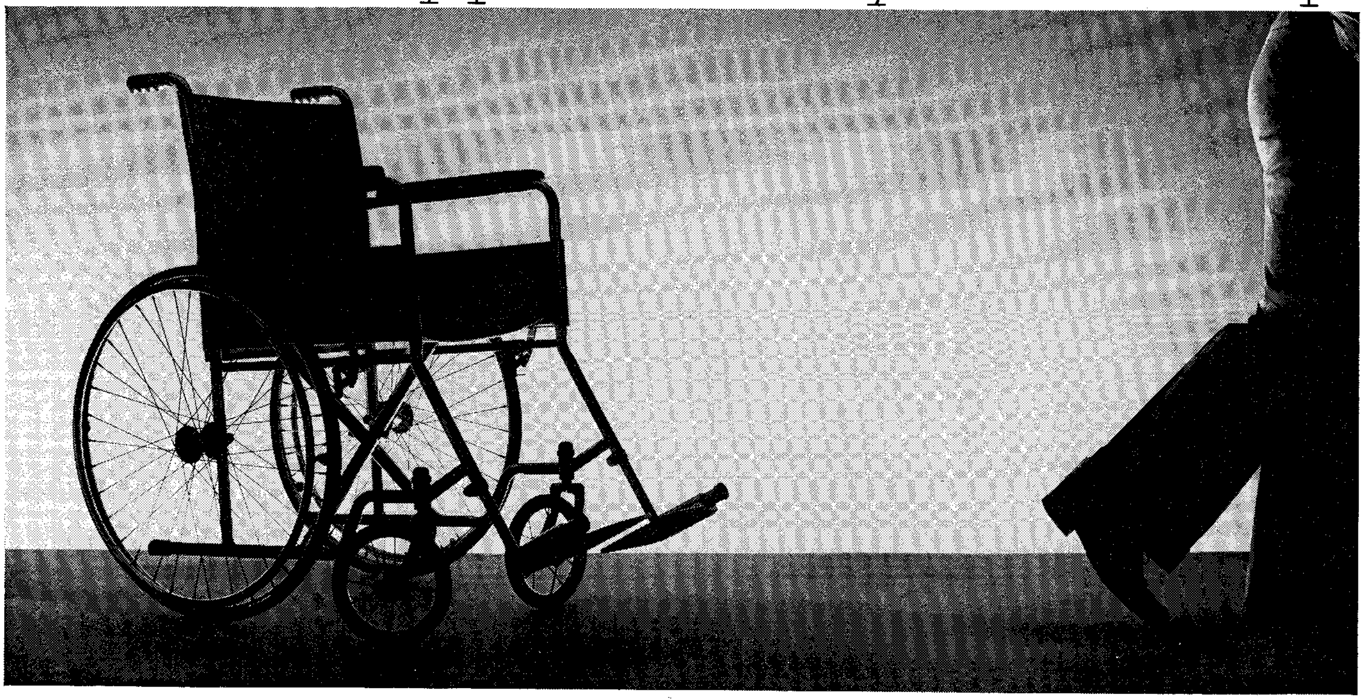

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people, all white, many wearing black fur hats, and long earlocks that flow into beards. "How come you came?" the first Chassid to notice the Mayor on the street shouts bitterly. "It's only Jews they're beating up!" As word spreads that Koch is here, Chassidim pour toward the rear entrance, but the Mayor's party is moving very fast. As the Mayor is whisked in through the rear door, the swelling crowd begins chanting, "Liberal! Liberal! Liberal!"

The station house is ankle-deep in debris—parking-ticket and arrest forms, pieces of broken chairs, overturned file cabinets, shards of glass from the front window, loose bricks that were thrown through the windows, and twisted wires from a broken computer terminal. Beckoning the Mayor to a small room, Hoffman gives him a lawyer-style description of what happened. Irving Sussman, an elderly Orthodox Jew, was walking home alone from the Bobover Synagogue late Friday night when he was stabbed and left to die not far from a street corner. Word of his death spread, and by late morning residents had begun to mass in front of the station house to protest inadequate police protection. A delegation of community leaders, including Assemblyman Samuel Hirsch, entered the station house to talk with police officials, and was followed by more people. Before long, fighting broke out inside the station house, leaving thirty-eight policemen and four civilians injured. "The issue has now become police brutality," Hoffman says. After reiterating the community's alarm about inadequate police protection, Hoffman informs Koch that before the riot the Police Department's Neighborhood Stabilization Unit was scheduled to add forty extra officers to the precinct—temporarily—over the next several weeks, in a normal rotation.

"Want to go out?" asks Hoffman.

"Sure," says Koch. But before he does, several community leaders are allowed to brief him on their concerns. Then, forming a wedge, the police help push Koch toward the front door, facing Sixteenth Avenue and a mass of hostile faces; the police nervously surround the Mayor on the front steps of the station house, just a few feet from chanting members of the Jewish Defense League, a group of radical activists. Hearing both jeers and cheers, Koch focusses first on the J.D.L. jeers. "In every community, there is a meshugana!" Koch bellows into a bullhorn. He is trying to soften the crowd with humor, and half succeeds. Puz-

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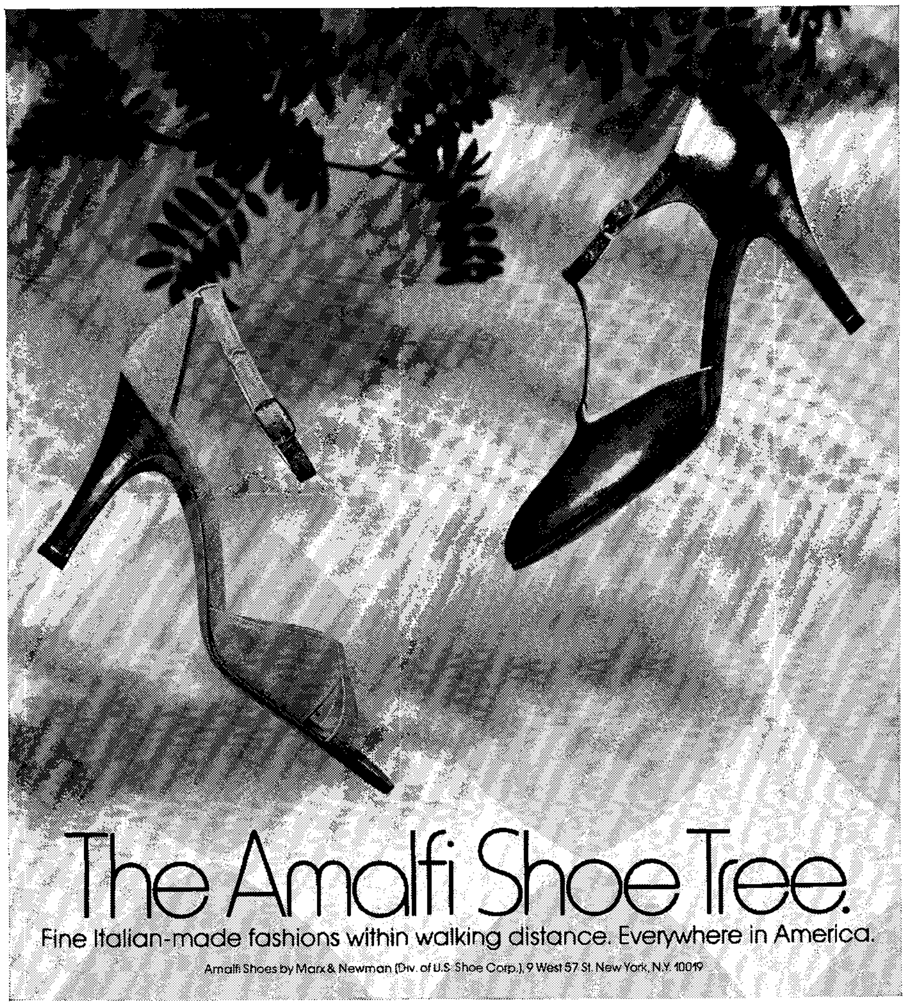

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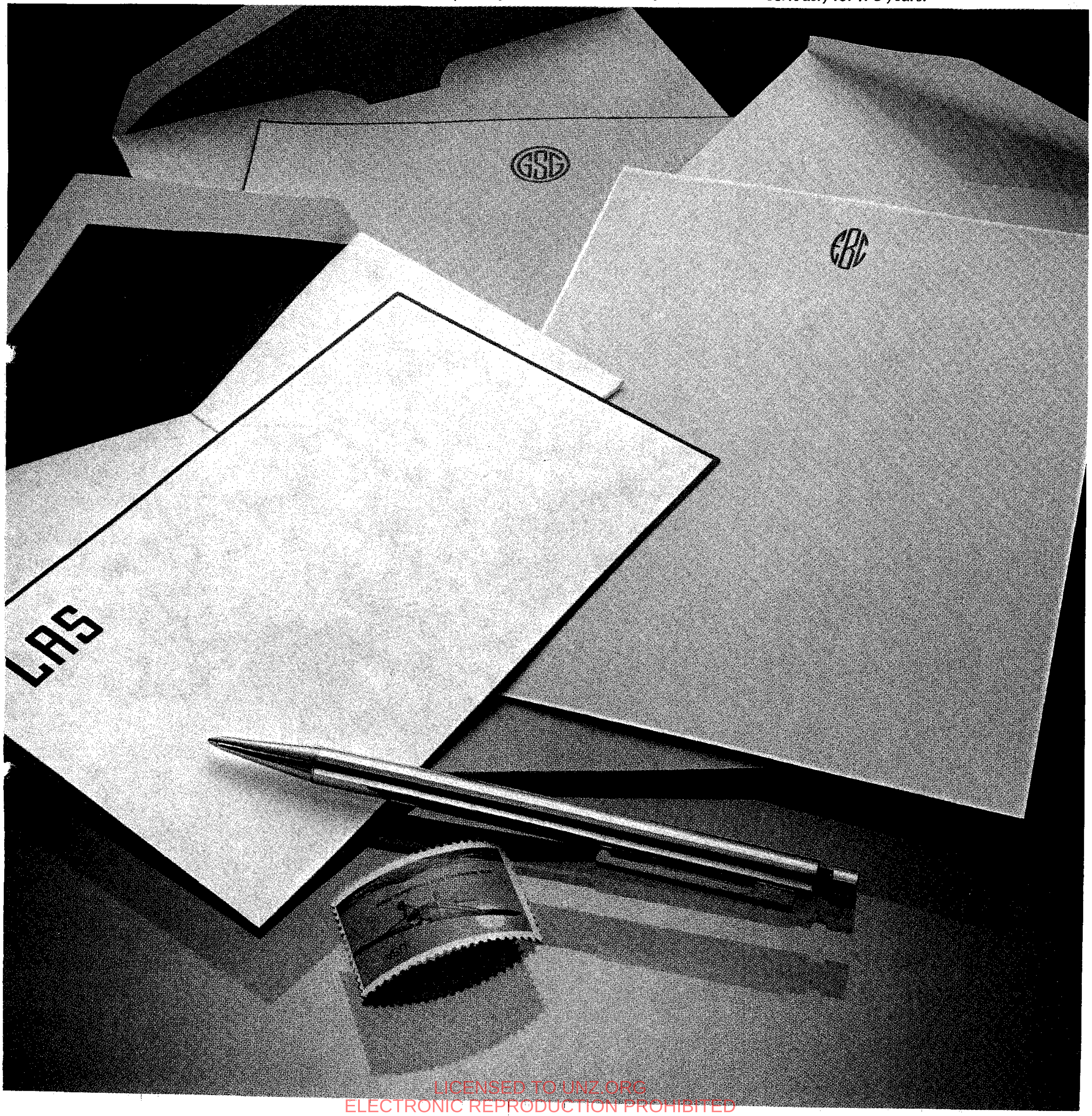

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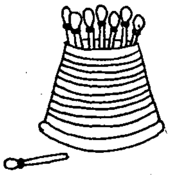
zled, the cops look at each other and laugh. As Koch shouts that four civilians and thirty-eight policemen were hurt, boos and hisses drown his words. The crowd doesn't believe him. Koch promises an investigation, and, more significant, "beefed-up patrols." He is using the information provided by Hoffman without explaining that the Neighborhood Stabilization Unit is a temporary arrangement and was scheduled before the death of Irving Sussman. Jerking his hand to signify that Koch is pulling a fast one, a nearby cop whispers to another cop, "There's no one here to beef up with."



The Mayor remains outside only a few moments, then retreats to the muster room, where he is engulfed by the press. "I want everybody to know I am very supportive of the Police Department," Koch begins.

"They should be locked up," growls a cop standing just beyond the knot of reporters. Looking about at the carpet of debris, he shakes his head and says, "What *is* this?" The shock is setting in. Along the walls, cops cluster and grouse. *Our station house was invaded. Cops were injured in our own station house.* Sworn to protect the public, these cops had to be protected from the public by reinforcements. As the Mayor is escorted out through the rear door, he passes these men, one of whom mutters, "It's a shame he has to go out the back door."

"Fellas, you're doing a good job," the Mayor declares while rushing out of the building. Outside, he is greeted by a throng of angry Chassidim. "How'm I doing?" the ebullient Mayor calls out, not waiting for a reply, as a wall of policemen hurries him to the car. The faster the Mayor strides, the faster the crowd follows, and it surrounds the car seconds after Koch has closed the door. Sitting directly behind the driver, Koch rolls down the rear window, calmly leans forward, and waves. "Bye-bye," he says. "Bye-bye."

"Enough!" Dan Wolf gasps, his head between his palms, as the car pulls away.

"You act as if you'd just been to a bar mitzvah," I say to Koch.

"No, saying 'Bye-bye' has a calming influence," the Mayor says, adding that "levity" defuses tense situations. Those packed in the car are uneasy, perhaps a little frightened. Not Koch. "What a great life," he chirps as the car speeds off to Maimonides Medical Center.

Koch wants to visit four Orthodox Jews who were reportedly hurt in the clash with police, including Rabbi Edgar Gluck, who is a member of the Mayor's Community Liaison unit, and Assemblyman Hirsch. On entering the hospital's emergency room, the Mayor is greeted by friends and family of the injured with the depressing news that one of the four injured men has died of cardiac arrest. Shaken, Koch goes to a tiny first-aid room to meet with Gluck, Hirsch, and an acquaintance of Hirsch's, who was also injured. Gluck was struck on the skull with a nightstick. Hirsch's injuries are obvious. Blood cakes his white shirt. A nasty gash crosses his forehead, his upper lip is swollen, and his face is scratched. The acquaintance required eight stitches to close a head wound.

Towering over Hirsch and Gluck—both diminutive men—as they stand to receive him, Koch asks Hirsch to describe what happened.

Citizens did enter the station house and behave in a disorderly manner, Hirsch admits. But they did not riot. Hirsch says he rushed into an adjoining room, where the police were milling, and pleaded with them not to retaliate by barging out of the room swinging clubs. He promised to get the citizens to leave peacefully. "The cops didn't pay any attention," he says in a calm voice. "They came out of the room. The cops, as soon as they were jostled, started clubbing people. One guy in particular did the clubbing."

"Got his name?" the Mayor asks.

Hirsch knows the face and the blond hair, that's all. "As I held his club, he punched me in the mouth," continues the Assemblyman. "Then he clubbed me." Hirsch collapsed and was carried outside by friends, and his head wound was bandaged by a paramedic. Hirsch says he regained his strength and returned to the station house and "the cops started jostling me—they were really nasty."

The Mayor beseeches Hirsch to sit down. Politely but firmly, he refuses. It is hard for anyone watching Hirsch not to be impressed. He does not raise his voice, does not moan or whine or adopt melodramatic poses or call attention to his injuries. There seems to be no bitterness. "Mr. Mayor, I've got a lot of faith in you," he says, looking up at Koch. "I'm a politician, like any other. But, believe me, the situation could have been defused. The problem is deep-rooted. Part of the problem is that the police are understaffed in that area. Friday night, there are no pri-

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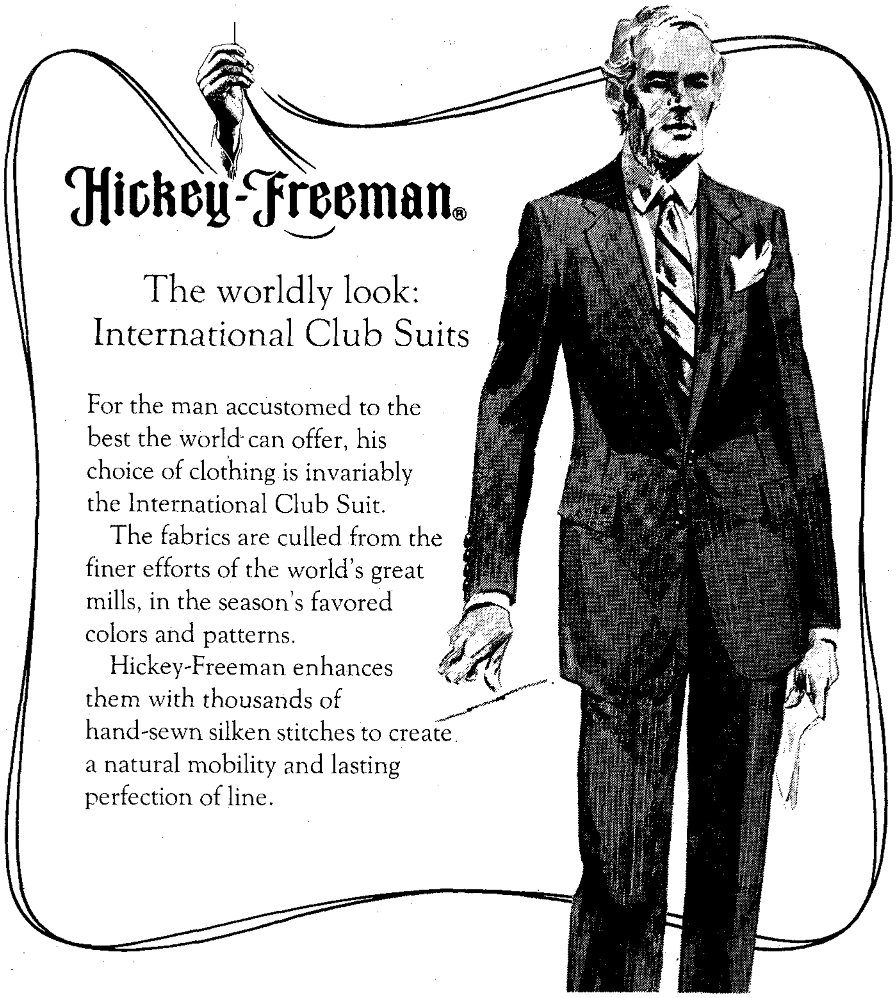
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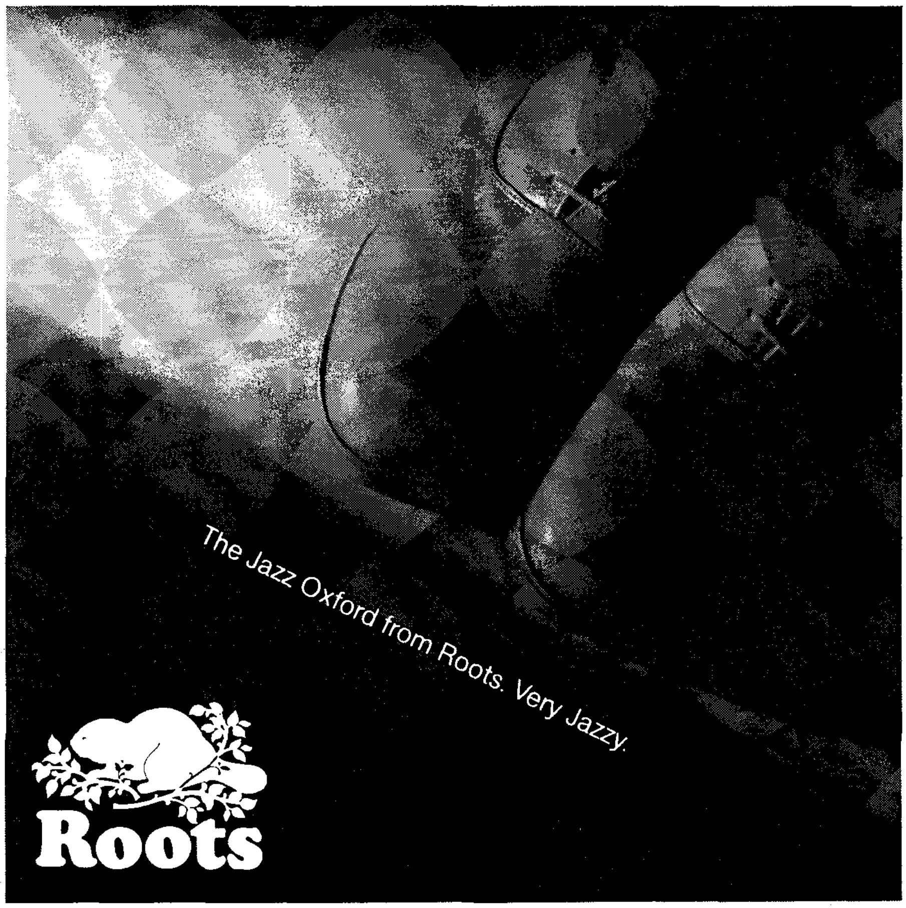

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vate cars in use, because of the Sabbath. We can't take a taxi. We can't take our own cars." He wants more cops shifted from day patrol to Friday-night patrol. He dismisses reports that thirty-eight policemen were injured in the melee. And he warns that if the Police Department is solely responsible for investigating what happened there may be a coverup.

"Will there be an investigation?" a *News* reporter asks.

"Without passing judgment on events, there is no question there has to be an intensive investigation," says Koch. "Did the police take sufficient measures to deal with the situation in a non-violent way? Both Assemblyman Hirsch and Rabbi Gluck say the police used excessive force." On the other hand, Koch adds, the city must look into the allegations made by policemen on the scene.

The Mayor's response is evenhanded, but he has clearly been moved by the Assemblyman's tranquil posture and thoughtful words. "You are a good man," he says, touching Hirsch's shoulder as he leaves.

"I can return the compliment five times," says Hirsch.

As the Mayor is walking to his car, a woman on the street yells, "I sent you a letter!" The letter, she tells Koch, urged him to prevent paroled prisoners from returning to stable neighborhoods.

"You want a Devil's Island?" Koch demands, as he is surrounded by friends and relatives of the injured. All talking at once, they begin to tell him about the rocks and insults thrown by the police, but mostly about their fear of criminals.

"One at a time—I can't hear," Koch says. "There are only six thousand police on patrol throughout the city on any given day. They can't all be in Borough Park." He does not wait for them to respond but takes advantage of the momentary silence to ask, "Anyway, aside from this, am I doing all right?"

The question is as jarring and out of sync here as it was outside the station house. It seems less a deliberate effort to humor or calm the crowd than a reflexive self-indulgence, and his audience does not immediately respond.

The car heads for Manhattan, and the Mayor reaches for the phone to talk to First Deputy Police Commissioner Hoffman. Koch is worried that pentup police emotions might explode. "You are not going to move them off the street if they demonstrate peacefully?" he asks Hoffman. Reassured,

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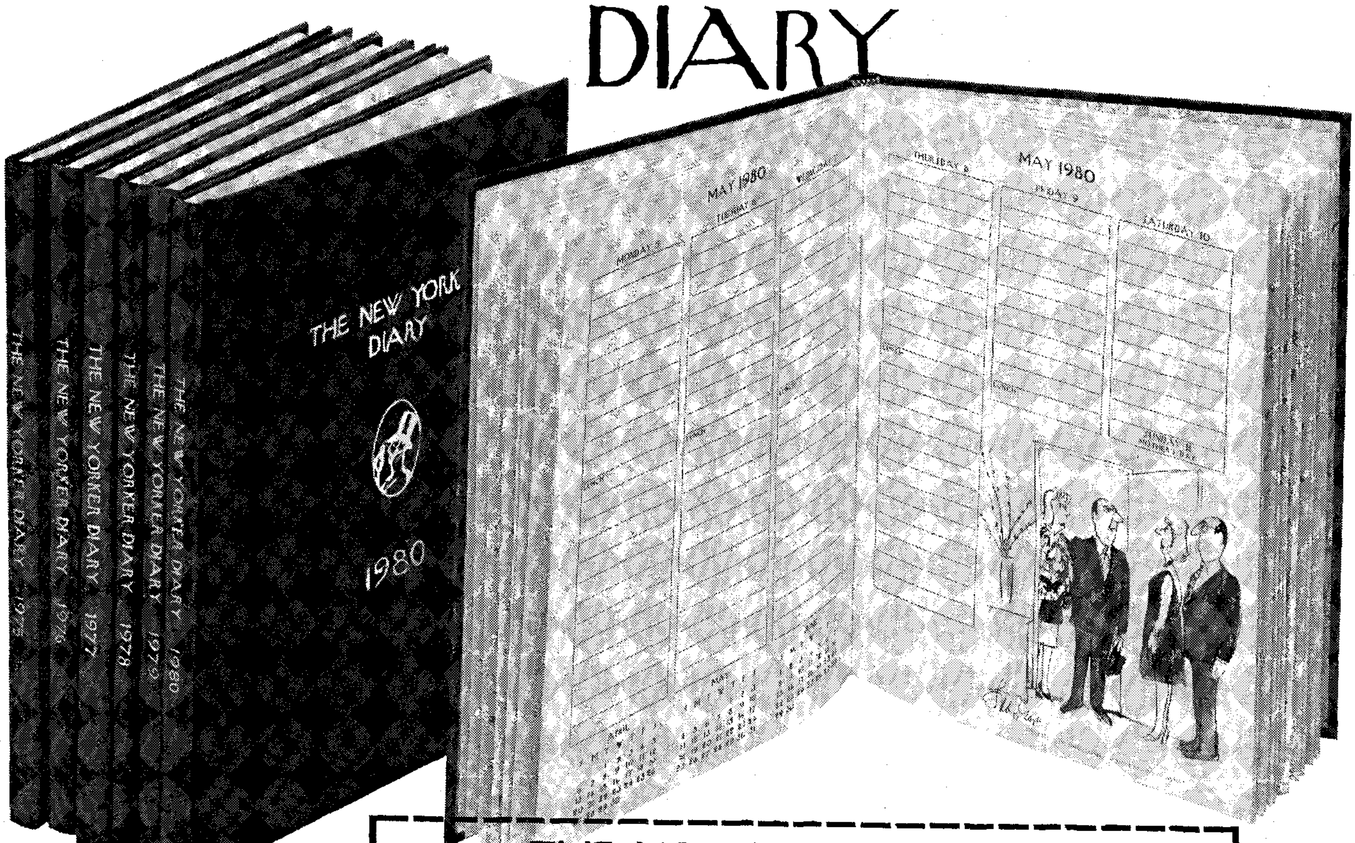
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he urges Hoffman to visit the hospital. "Get a statement from the three of them. . . . Hirsch was an extremely persuasive witness, and he says he can identify the cop. . . . No, I'm not prejudging. But why don't you go over there yourself." With only four civilians injured, he goes on, "there can't be thirty-eight injured cops."

"Sixty-two is the latest number," says Hoffman.

"Sixty-two cops! Do you believe it?"

"No," says Hoffman.

"Neither do I."

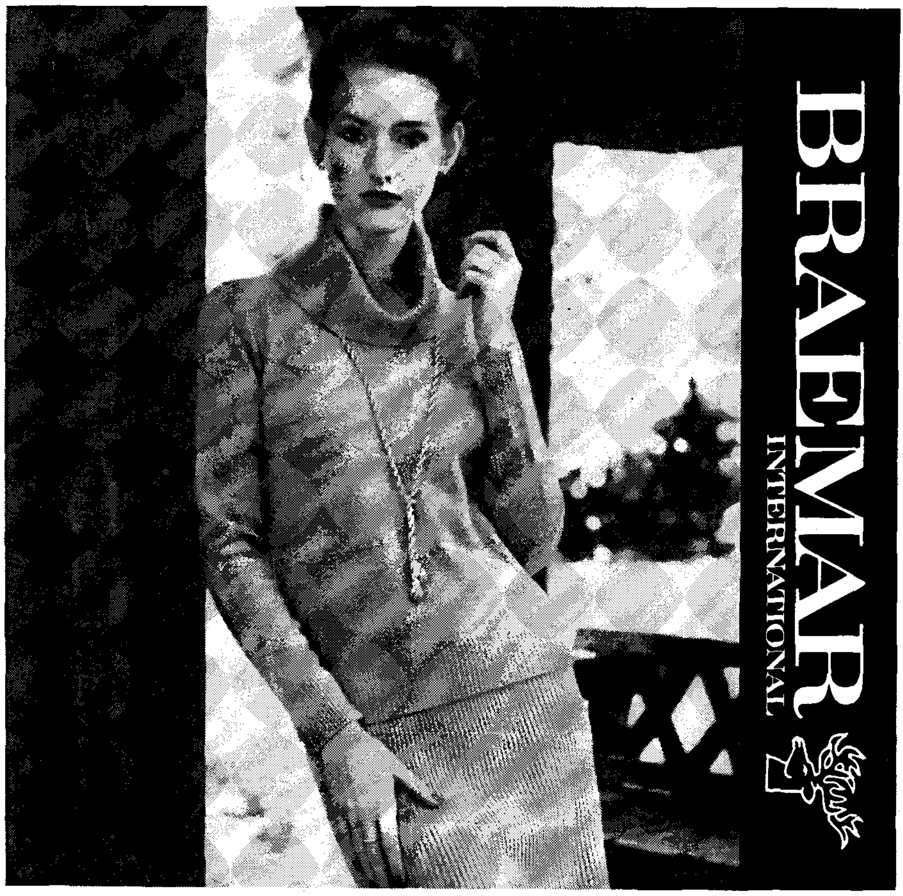
How can the police be responsible for investigating themselves? Koch rejected this notion when—in 1966, during his campaign for a seat on the City Council—he supported the unsuccessful effort to create a Civilian Review Board to investigate charges of police brutality. "I have to depend on McGuire," he says now, referring to Police Commissioner Robert McGuire. The car pulls up in front of his Village apartment building at 4:25 P.M., and the Mayor announces that he plans to spend his free Saturday evening doing nothing but sleeping.

But his phone does not let him rest. Among the many callers tonight is Ronald Gault. All day long, Gault says, black leaders have been calling him to ask why no Jewish leaders were arrested for taking over a police station house, while black Councilwoman Mary Pinkett was arrested for staging a firehouse sit-in. Why was the Mayor "apologetic" to a mob that had damaged a police station? Would Koch have been as "conciliatory" if the faces had been black rather than white? And Gault tells the Mayor, "The street question is about how the police reacted. There would have been fifty civilians dead if the same thing happened in the black community." This was not Gault's view, but it was the view of his callers. They worried about a double standard for blacks and whites, a worry that Gault shared before calling Koch.

Koch tells Gault that "the police are going to investigate and if they can identify people we're going to prosecute."

Gault says he is satisfied. Others are not. They remain troubled about an apparent double standard; troubled that Koch pacified a mob with a misleading promise of more police protection; troubled by Koch's curious reverie in the face of adversity.

THE following Monday, the Borough Park station house looks very different from the way it did Sat-



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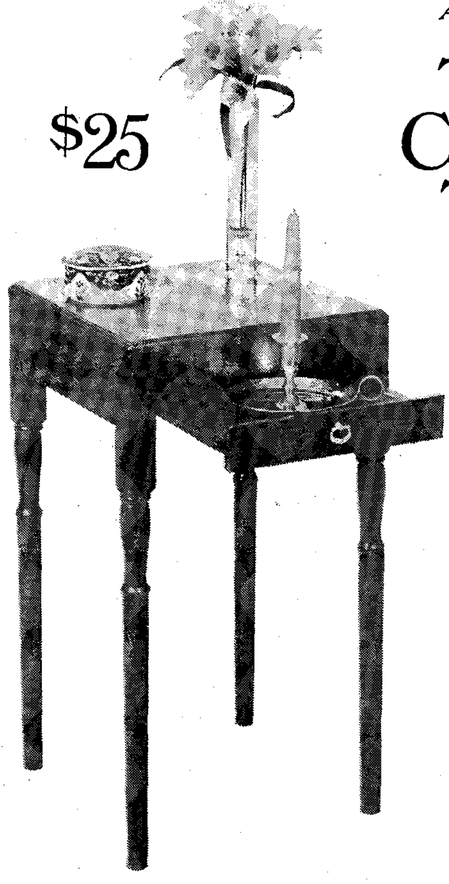
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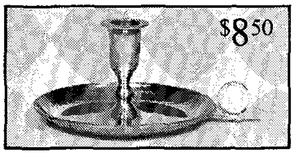


urday. The floor has been swept clean, notices have been reposted on the bulletin board, and precinct cops are nonchalantly joking. Milton Schwartz, assistant chief of police and commanding officer of the Brooklyn South Area, informs a handful of reporters that sixty-two police officers were injured on Saturday. Eyebrows jump, and Chief Schwartz explains that the number is high because cops are required to report any injury, even a bruise. If the injury recurs and there has been no earlier report, he says, they may not be eligible for disability benefits.

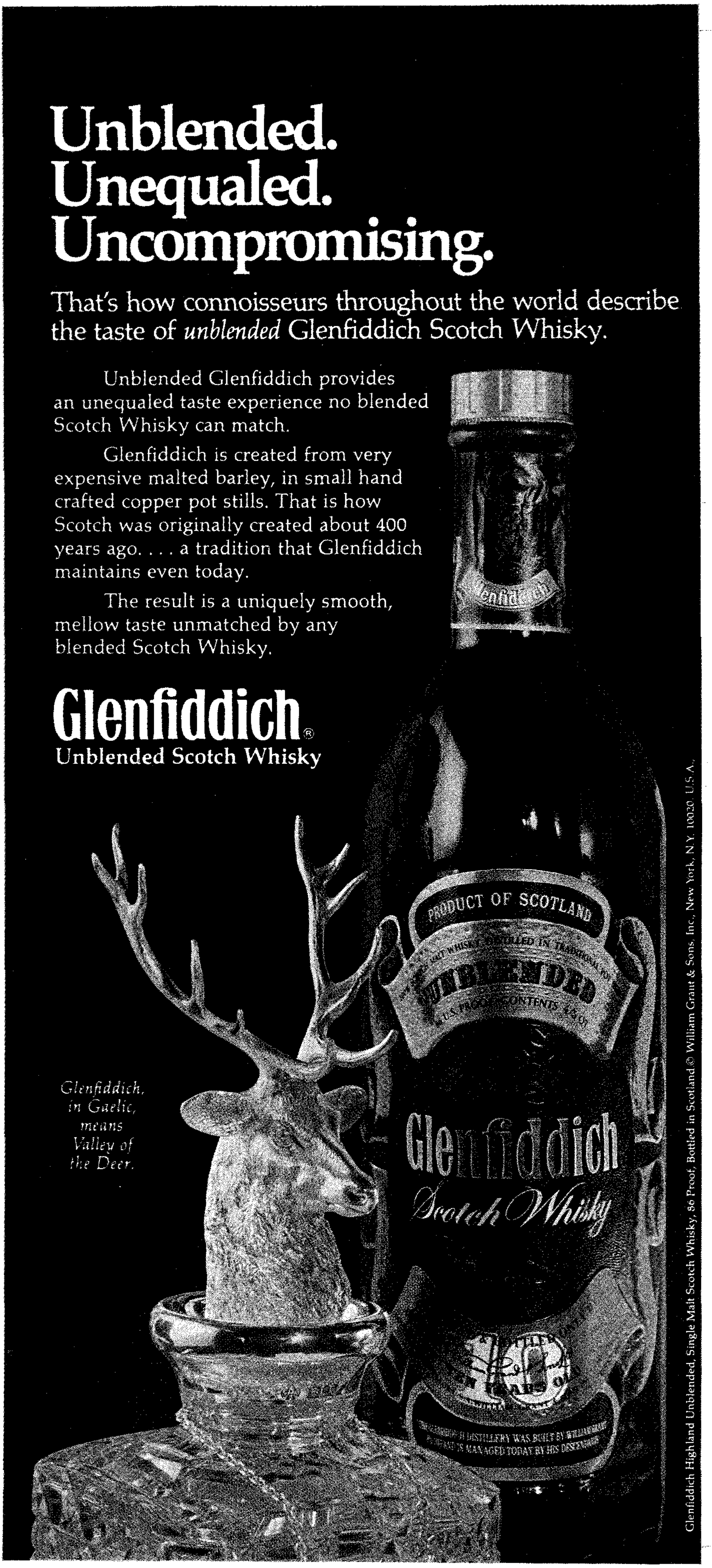
Saturday's anger seems spent. "I have no complaints against the Mayor or the Police Commissioner," says George Summerhill, an eleven-year veteran of the force who lives in Staten Island and serves as one of three Patrolmen's Benevolent Association delegates from the Borough Park precinct. "They backed us all the way." But the basic problem remains: "We need more cops. We used to go a whole week with one or two radio runs. Now we get fifteen to eighteen in one night." Summerhill can understand the frustrations of citizens who stormed the station house: "They want more police on the street. They're entitled to have them."

Among these men, as among the sanitation workers I have talked to, Mayor Koch seems popular. They are willing to overlook his campaign promises to get them to work harder and sacrifice lucrative fringe benefits. "My personal opinion is that Mayor Koch is doing a good job," says Alfred Dahl, a fifteen-year veteran and also a P.B.A. delegate. "I don't agree with everything. I don't appreciate his gay-rights position. But he's got guts. Got to give him credit for it. I think it takes quite a lot of guts to come to the station house in front of people of his own faith. Other Mayors would show up two days later, or be interviewed at home."

Summerhill is pleased that "Koch won't bend to certain political groups." He particularly appreciated what he saw as Koch's refusal to be pushed around by militant black leaders, and he approved of Koch's refusal to pick more Jewish cops to placate Borough Park.

True, cops got bigger raises under Mayor Lindsay, but, says Dahl, Lindsay didn't communicate support and sympathy for cops, and Koch does.

"The Mayor has shown sensitivity for working police officers," says George Douris, director of public relations for the P.B.A. Among policemen, as among sanitation workers, the feel-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ing that their bosses respect and support them is crucial.

Leaning on the front desk, Summerhill explains that layoffs have sapped morale. A job that he and others sought for security is no longer secure. The men worry about more layoffs, about Koch's commitment to shrink the force through continued attrition. They don't like that. But at least they like the vibes coming from police brass. "The Police Commissioner seems to be backing the men," says Summerhill. Chief Schwartz "is a good man, because he backs his men," he continues. "He's fair. He's tough. He cares about the men. That's the big thing."

Police Commissioner Robert McGuire thinks that the Mayor deserves credit for improved morale. "You can't kid cops. Cops know he's straight. Know he's a tough guy. He's gone to the funerals. He's cried. That's not lost on the cops. They know he's not a phony."

The Police Department was a special target of Koch when he was running for Mayor. He complained about the small number of cops on patrol, about lavish contract benefits, about work rules that prevented the efficient deployment of the police. Koch claimed that the city didn't have to hire more cops to increase the number on patrol. He promised greater civilianization, improved management, crackdowns on abusers of sick leave, and more one-man patrol cars in low-crime districts. Koch and Commissioner McGuire have made efforts to fulfill these promises. Koch has been less successful in fulfilling a promise to improve the productivity of each cop. Like all uniformed employees, a cop receives twenty-seven working days' vacation after three years; and, in return for a few extra minutes a day of paperwork and "briefing time," he also receives what are called chart days—extra days off. In the 1978 labor negotiations, Koch agreed to increase the number of chart days. Patrolmen were awarded six additional chart days, bringing their total to eighteen. Typical figures for the department's twenty-three hundred sergeants range from four to ten additional chart days, bringing their total to between twelve and twenty-eight. The eight hundred and six lieutenants won from four to six additional chart days, bringing their total to between eight and fourteen. Like all uniformed employees, cops also receive one day of personal leave for "whatever reason," and unlimited sick leave (averaging about thirteen days annually). Thus,

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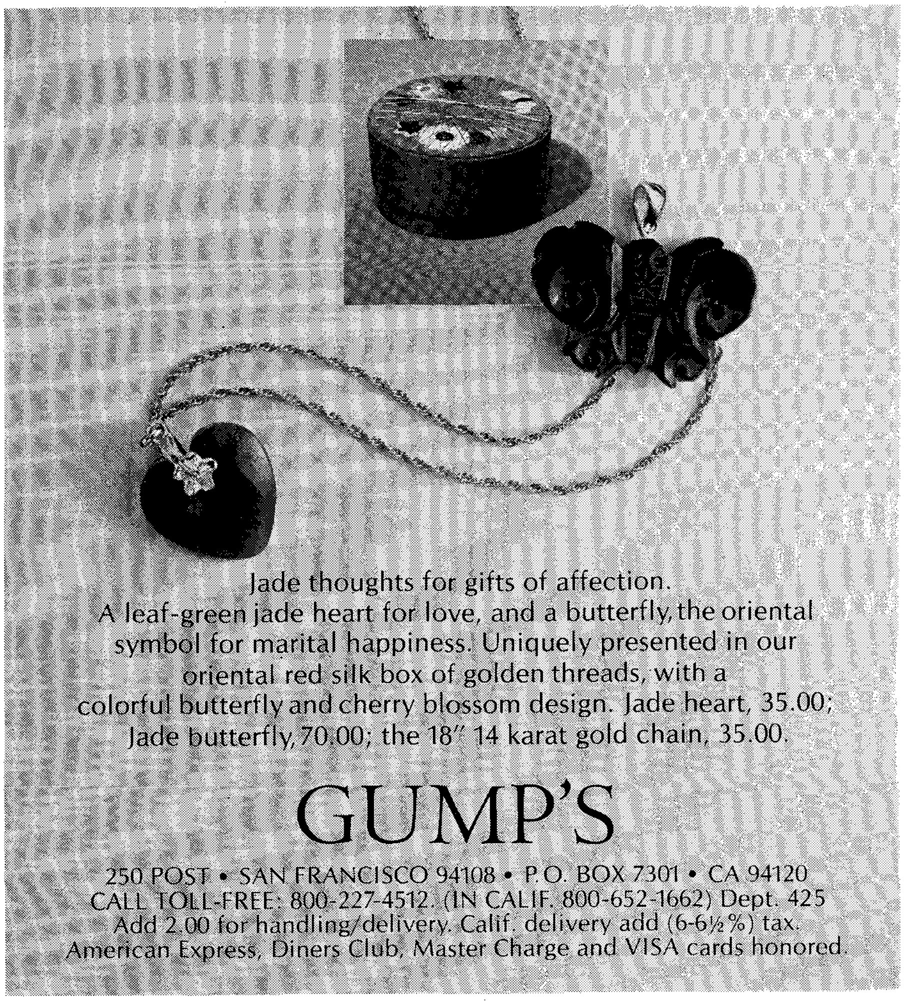

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the average police officer is off about sixty days a year in addition to the standard two days off each week. In effect, most police officers work a four-day week. The Financial Control Board reported that as a result of the 1978 negotiations policemen would work fewer "productive hours." If, for instance, all police sergeants were reduced to eight chart days off, Special Deputy Comptroller Sidney Schwartz once calculated, this single action would be the equivalent of adding two hundred and fifty-six sergeants to the force. Improving police coverage does not necessarily require spending more money.

From the taxpayers' point of view, reducing the number of days off makes sense. From the cops' point of view, it does not. "They keep wanting to cut us, but they don't give us compensation," complains Summerhill. "I deal with psychos, men with guns and knives. We handle many jobs. There's lots of stress on this job. Guys have heart attacks. The average age of cops is thirty-eight. Running up on roofs after burglars is tough for a thirty-eight-year-old cop. Studies show the men need time off from their jobs. You work holidays. Last year and the year before, I worked Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day. I couldn't get a day off, because of the lack of manpower. Everybody else was out enjoying the holidays. O.K., it's my job."

Still, it is not surprising that citizens tend to feel cheated. They are paying more and receiving less. The Mayor's budget message of last April said, "We acknowledge that there may be a reduction in patrol services during the year." And though Candidate Koch promised a dramatic improvement in the number of cops on street patrol each day, his own Management Report of August, 1978, acknowledged that there were a hundred and fifty-one fewer cops on patrol on an average day in fiscal 1978 (including the first six months of the Koch administration) than there were the year before; the figures were 6,636 and 6,787, respectively. In July of this year, the average daily patrol force was 6,091, or five hundred and forty-five fewer cops than were deployed in the last month of the Beame administration. Further manpower losses are projected for next year.

The loss is mirrored in Borough Park, a low-crime precinct. Although the Police Department will not, for security reasons, disclose the number of cops patrolling streets on any one shift,

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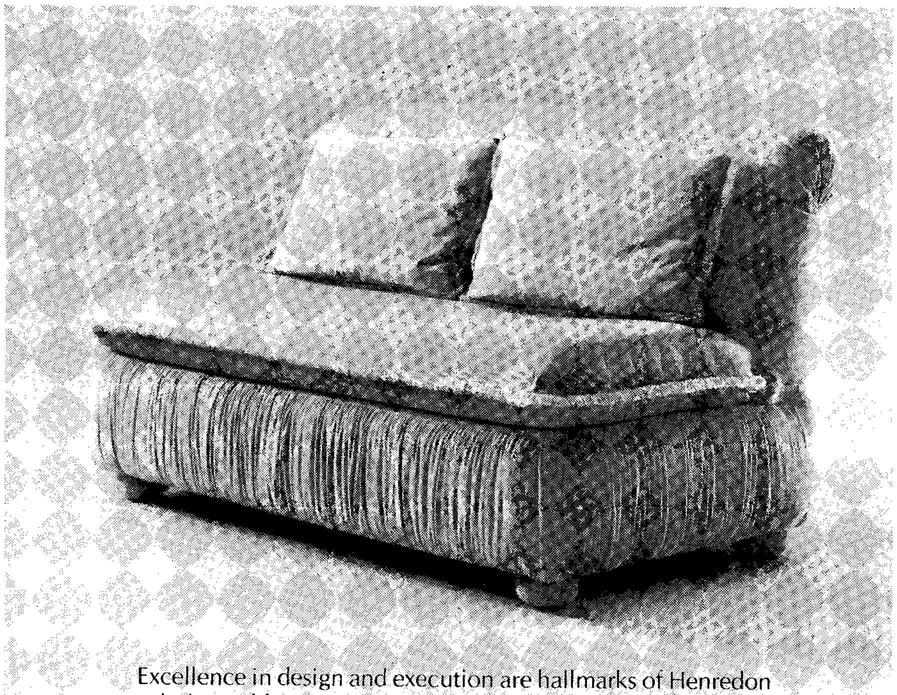

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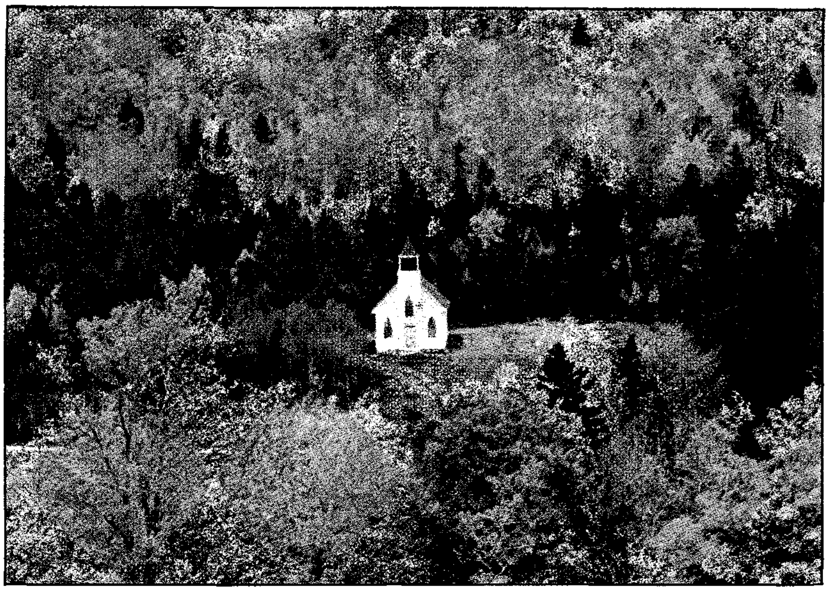

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it is known that last winter a hundred and thirty-five cops and two civilians were assigned to the Sixty-sixth Precinct. At one time, the precinct had two hundred and ten cops. Divide a hundred and thirty-five cops into three daily shifts, take into account days off, vacations, sick days, court appearances, and clerical work, and between fifteen and twenty officers are left patrolling Borough Park's streets during each shift. Privately, police officials agree that this arithmetic is correct. It is not surprising that residents sense little police presence. On this point, Borough Park citizens and cops agree.

They differ over what happened that Saturday in Borough Park. The citizens complain that they were the victims of a police riot; the police counter that they were the victims of lawlessness incited by a few troublemakers. The chief culprit, the precinct cops maintain, was Assemblyman Hirsch. They charge that he resisted their entreaties, sneered at them, gave the order to storm the station house. Some weeks after the incident, Hirsch and two others were arrested for assault. The Mayor was stunned, as I was. It was hard to believe that any case could be made against the man we saw, caked with blood, speaking so thoughtfully, in the hospital. But Koch said he reserved judgment and would let the courts determine Hirsch's guilt or innocence. And Hirsch, who had called the Mayor a good man "five times," was now furious at his former ally, and was debating with himself whether to sign a petition—being circulated by State Senator Vander Beatty—urging the right of the public to recall a Mayor. Koch often says that in politics it is inevitable that "the wheel turns." It had turned once again.

NOTES from a Cabinet meeting last fall: The meeting begins at eight o'clock, in the Blue Room of City Hall. Nineteen members of the administration—fourteen white men, two black men, two white women, one Puerto Rican man—gather around an oblong conference table, sipping coffee or tea and nibbling Danish. Most Cabinet meetings are free-form. They are attended by the Deputy Mayors, various commissioners and department heads, and some members of the Mayor's staff. There is rarely a prepared agenda, and participants say what's on their minds. This Cabinet meeting has more of an agenda than most. After a brief status report from the Mayor on the week's developments, Deputy Mayor Brown distributes copies of a memo listing Koch's 1977 campaign and 1978 governmental promises for new initiatives. It was only natural, Brown says, that the focus of the administration's first year was on cutting the budget. What he hopes to do today, however, is to shift the focus of its attention to "positive programs." What new initiatives could City Hall encourage that would not drain limited resources? Briefly, Brown outlines the memo and then gives the others a few moments to read it.

John Lo Cicero, the Mayor's political adviser, is the first to speak. The administration promised to improve services, to make an economic-development effort, to stabilize middle-income neighborhoods, he says, and "we've done all that."

"Even God couldn't do that!" snaps Koch. The question, Koch says, is how, given meagre resources, New York is to embark on new programs. "How do we stabilize the middle class? That's the first thing, maybe, we could talk about."

"How do we define the middle class?" asks Dan Wolf.

Retaining whites in the city, says Deputy Mayor Philip Toia, who lives in a turn-of-the-century Victorian house in a racially integrated Flatbush neighborhood.

"By the way," says special assistant to the Mayor Herbert Rickman, whose responsibilities include liaison work with organized Jewish groups, "the middle class does not yet feel this administration has fully addressed it."

Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo suggests that they should focus on working to maintain one- and two-family homes in middle-class areas. He says that a mortgage-insurance program would help shore up these homes. Badillo is not the most popular figure in this room. He addresses his remarks directly to the Mayor, and rarely looks around the room when he speaks. Sixteen men in the room have their suit jackets draped over their chairs or at least unbuttoned. Badillo's sharply tailored charcoal-gray pin-striped suit jacket remains buttoned, and he sits erect in his chair as he says, "As you know, I'm a C.P.A. What I'm suggesting is that there be greater mayoral involvement. If the Mayor doesn't claim credit, you can be sure the Borough Presidents will."

"If the perception of your administration is that it is focussed solely on the middle class, it will be to your detriment," Corporation Counsel Allen Schwartz says to Koch. The Mayor must also focus on the problems of the poor and "convey to people that there is a renaissance."

An issue that cuts across income and racial lines, suggests Deputy Mayor Basil Paterson, is poor sanitation service. "No matter what else we do, that is a service that affects everyone." Therefore, the Mayor should target sanitation and strive to improve it dramatically. That would be visible proof that government works for rich and poor, black and white.

Planning Commission Chairman Wagner suggests that no matter how they slice the city budget pie or what services they concentrate on, the overriding reality is that the pie is smaller. The city has only two billion three hundred million dollars in capital funds to spend over the next three fiscal years. "That's not very much money," he says. "Take Staten Island alone. They want sewers. That's two billion dollars right there." In the short run, he agrees with Paterson. Having cleaner streets is *do-able*. But *desirable* goals may no longer be *do-able*. The reality of budget scarcity haunts city policymakers no matter which way they turn—as does their inability to always spend money effectively. The decline of the South Bronx is but one example. Potholes in streets are another.

(Similar dilemmas face city policymakers in housing. Last April, Wagner's Planning Commission issued a twenty-five page report that dealt, in part, with housing abandoned by landlords. City Hall, the commission noted, had involuntarily become the landlord of more than ten thousand multiple dwellings—eight per cent of all such buildings in the city. By September of 1980, City Hall will own more than sixteen thousand—thirteen per cent. Unless drastic policy decisions are made, city officials estimate, by 1981 City Hall will have become the landlord for a population—four hundred thousand—exceeding that of all but about thirty cities. The city collects no property taxes from most of these buildings and, according to the Housing Department, collects less than forty per cent of the rent. In addition, the current city budget allotted thirty-five million dollars to provide fuel and utilities for these properties. And thirty-four per cent—eighty-two million dollars—of the city's federal Community Development funds, a large part of which is supposed to be earmarked for rehabilitation, is being diverted to this maintenance effort. The city, Koch and Wagner complained, could no longer afford to be "the landlord of last resort." One solution, said Wag-

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ner, would be to ease rent control and other regulations that prevent private landlords from making a profit. Coupled with anti-redlining strictures, such a policy change might address the causes of housing abandonment. But, Wagner conceded, it would not address the problem of poor tenants who cannot afford to pay higher rent. A housing subsidy to bridge the gap between what the landlord needs in order to maintain the building and earn a profit and what the tenant can afford to pay would be one solution. But the city can't afford a subsidy, and the federal government says it can't, either. Koch described another "solution" to me in April: "If we cannot restructure the whole thing and get out of the rent business, and we're still left next year with these large numbers of properties, we're going to vastly reduce our commitment to providing services to these buildings. No other city does. What they do is simply tell tenants, 'You don't like it, get another apartment.' " Here the problem is not fiscal but political. Could the Mayor turn his back on such large numbers of citizens, many of them poor? Would other elected officials, whose concurrence would be required, go along?)

The Mayor believes that city voters are realistic. He recaps for the Cabinet an incident that occurred over the weekend, when he was touring Corona, Queens. "Anybody want to pay more taxes?" he asked the knot of people gathering about him. "Then I went into my little tirade: 'You want a library? You have to cut something else.' People accept that."

Budget Director James Brigham chimes in to offer another perspective on reality. Seventy per cent of the city's personnel costs (excluding pensions) paid for out of locally raised funds are concentrated in four agencies—police, fire, sanitation, and education—"so we have to get smaller in those agencies," he says. The rub is that those are the services most crucial to middle-income residents. Cut them and you risk encouraging the flight of more middle-income residents. Don't cut them and you risk bankruptcy.

"The optimum strategy would be to target communities that are fringe communities, those about to tip," says adviser Ronald Gault.

Unavoidably, the city must pick and choose those things it can do, says Deputy Mayor Herbert Sturz. What it chooses should be highly visible—like cleaning up Times Square or providing

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more wire-mesh trash baskets. "I don't want to call them gimmicks," he says, "but we need producible stuff."

Badillo cautions that a citywide policy may not work, because each neighborhood has different priorities and concerns. A "targeted" approach is called for. He says that in the one-family area where he lives—Riverdale—sanitation is not the primary concern.

The conversation meanders for an hour. The Cabinet members have not yet grappled with David Brown's memo. Nor have they defined what they mean by the middle class. They have seesawed between improved services for the middle class and improved services for everyone, between the need to raise the expectations of the middle class and the fear of raising them too much, between hopes for new programs and fears that these cannot be afforded.

At ten minutes after nine, the Mayor announces, "I have to go to the bathroom." The Cabinet takes a five-minute break.

Dan Wolf whispers to me, "What I find interesting is the emphasis on the middle class here. A few years ago, people would have jumped on you for even using the term." It was thought by many to be a code word for "racism."

"I think this meeting is very helpful," Koch remarks when the session resumes. The Mayor is pleased when people—members of his team—feel involved.

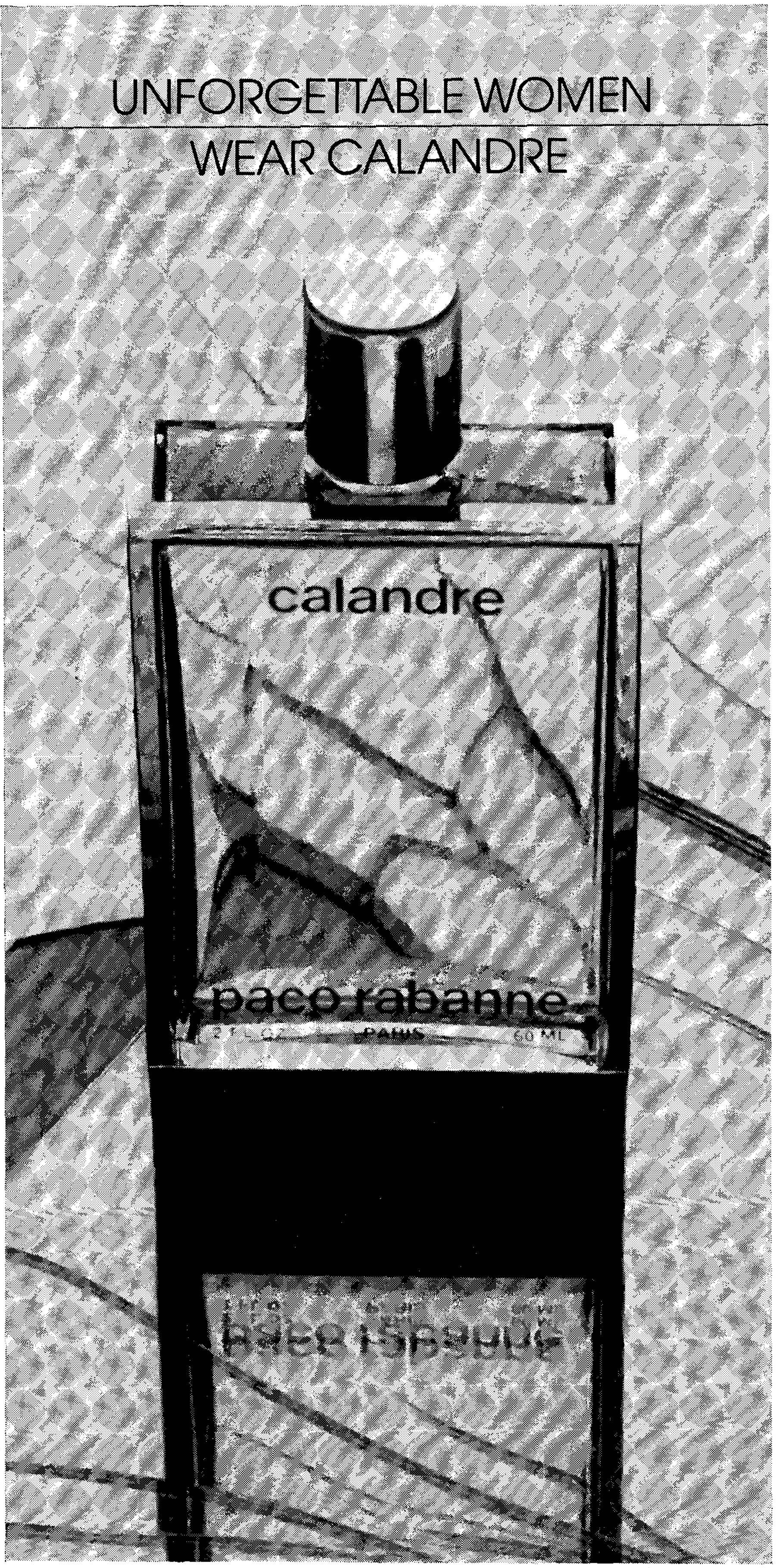
David Brown, who has said nothing since opening the meeting, is clearly exasperated. "One point of this exercise was to show the things the Mayor was already committed to," he remarks. "What are we doing on the positive side? I don't think we should forget that. Maybe it means picking a few things people want and doing them."

As the meeting draws to a close, one member of the Cabinet asks if there isn't a danger that in touting new programs City Hall will undermine public belief in the fiscal crisis.

Yes, Brown says. But the Mayor should at least identify several new program initiatives. We cannot afford to fail to inspire hope, Brown says. We cannot allow the impression that "New York is a sinking ship."

Koch smiles and says, "I think of it as a light canoe making its way down-river." —Ken Auletta

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



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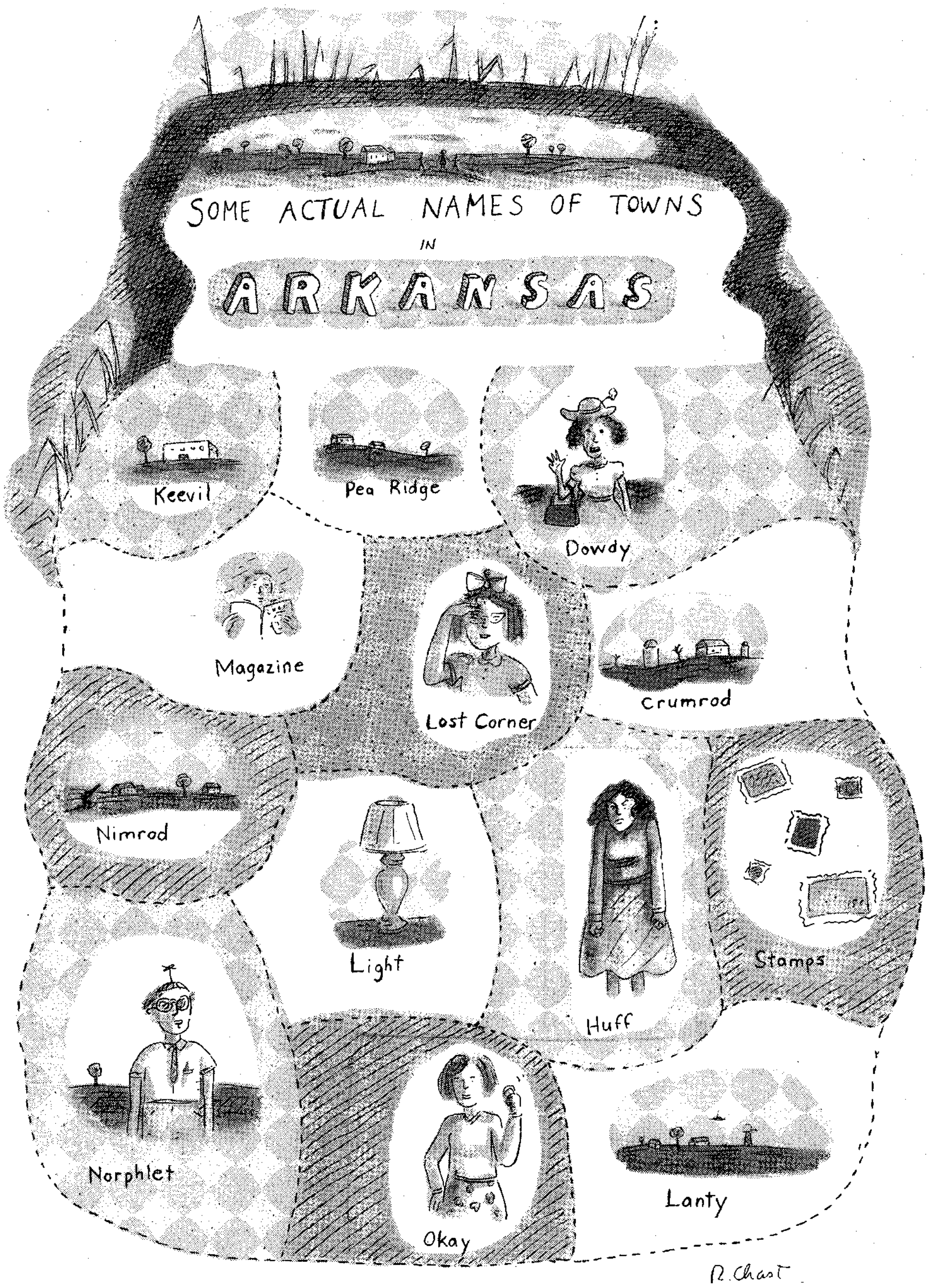
THE THEATRE

Tiny-Tot Time

IT'S characteristic of the current backing-and-filling state of affairs on Broadway that the fall season should get under way not with some impressive new play but with the revival of a musical version of "Peter Pan" that first saw the light of day a quarter of a century ago. I've been attending productions of the Barrie comedy ever since I was Peter's age, or younger, and in principle I've had enough of them, and him, to last me the rest of my life, but I'm bound to admit that the show at the Lunt-Fontanne is a very agreeable one indeed. Having neglected to invite as my theatre companion a child of suitable age, who would have insisted on my paying strict attention to every word and gesture from first to last, I grew somewhat restless as the evening proceeded—the play is in three acts, with two formidable, orangeade-drenched intermissions—and I ended by stealing away before the final curtain, thus losing the opportunity to see Sandy Duncan, as Peter, sail out over the audience on her second curtain call. This aerial benediction, the press agent for the show assured me as I entered the theatre, is an aesthetic treat right up there with the Sistine Chapel. Perhaps I'll be tempted to catch it during still another revival, if Miss Duncan continues to enjoy practicing her special form of hang-gliding.



The fact of the matter is that "Peter Pan" is indestructible in any form and will be with us always. It is the "Hamlet" of whimsy, and its damnable effectiveness is no more to be struggled against than was the Johnstown flood. By all accounts, its author was as odd as Dick's hatband; he really *did* want never to grow up, and it's instructive to note how nearly everything that made him a failure as a man made him a success as an artist. So much in the opening scene of "Peter Pan" ought to turn our stomachs—To call the family the Darlings! To cast a sheepdog as the family nurse! To keep a child's shadow rolled up in a bureau drawer!—but such is Barrie's assurance as a playwright that we find ourselves lulled into a state of pleasurable consentingness. We cannot help observing that Peter's defiance of gravity depends upon a stout wire, but no matter, for the trick is meant to be seen through, as is the ferocity of Captain Hook: in Barrie's child world, the truest make-believe is the falsest.

Miss Duncan is an admirable Peter, and if George Rose as Captain Hook threatens to tear not only a passion but his costume to tatters, it's hard to know how else he could confront the role; one can no more underplay Captain Hook than one can underplay the Crocodile. The exemplary Darling children are represented by Marsha Kramer, Jonathan Ward, and Alexander Winter, and their affectionate nurse-sheepdog is played by James Cook. Most of the music is by Mark Charlap, and most of the lyrics are by Carolyn Leigh; additional music is by Jule Styne, and additional lyrics are by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The marvellous settings are by Peter Wolf, the no less marvellous costumes are by Bill Hargate, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton. Tinker Bell appears to be a product of the ingenuities of Laser Media, Inc. The director and choreographer of the production is Rob Iscove. —BRENDAN GILL

•

PARIS (AP)—"Watch this," said the cab driver. She gave a low whistle, and from the floor beside her a Doberman pinscher uncurled, leaped on the seat and terrified her passenger with a steady, menacing glare.

"With Dingo, I have nothing to fear," she said. "Don't take it personally, but if I said 'Sha!' he would tear you to pieces."—*Worcester (Mass.) Sunday Telegram.*

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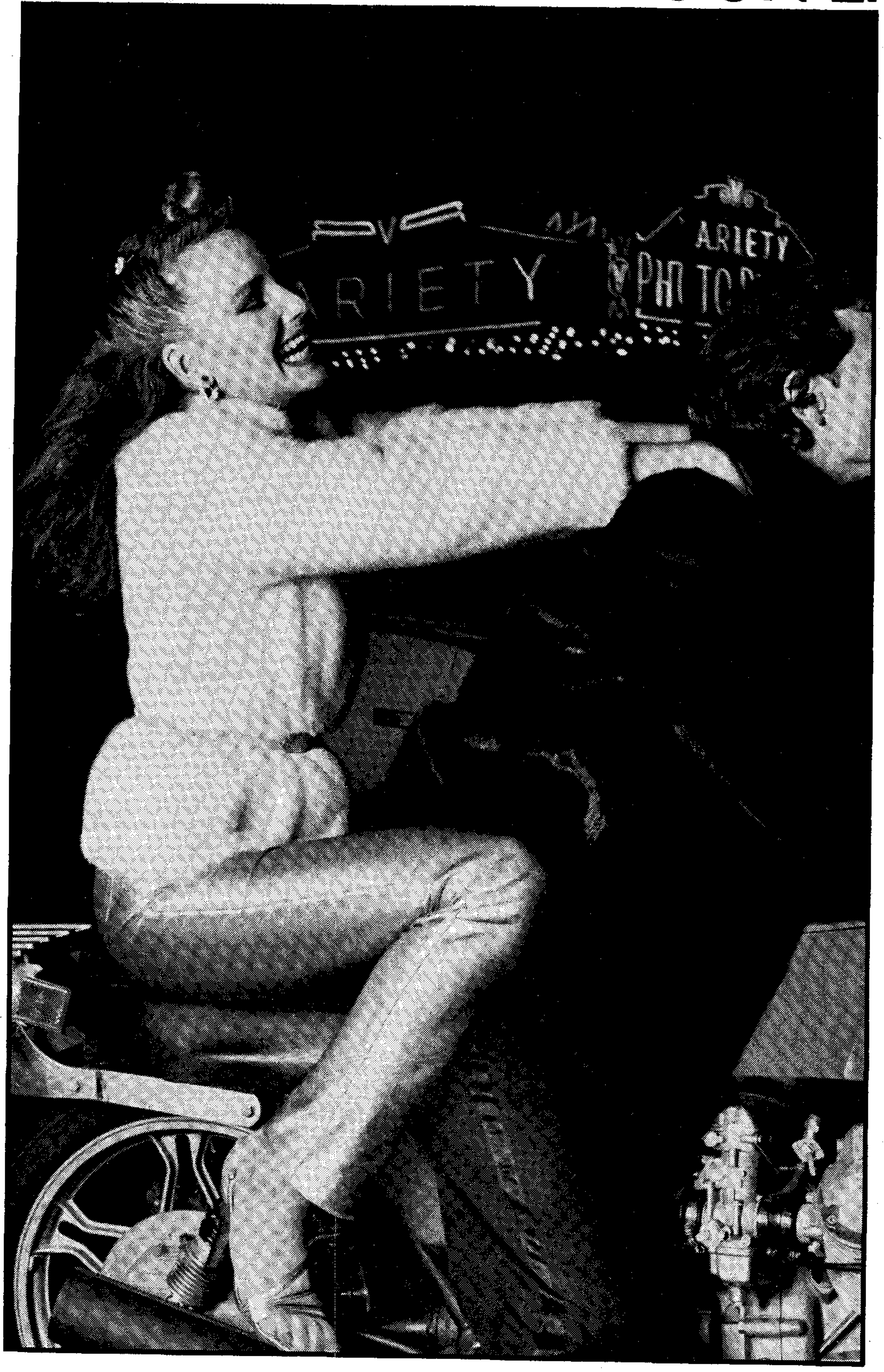
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MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS

SHE is tall and slender, perhaps seventy, silver-haired, soignée, neither black nor white, a pale-golden rum color. She is a Martinique aristocrat who lives in Fort-de-France but also has an apartment in Paris. We are sitting on the terrace of her house, an airy, elegant house that is like a house made of wooden lace; it reminds me of certain old New Orleans houses. We are drinking iced mint tea slightly flavored with absinthe. Three green chameleons race one another across the terrace; one pauses at Madame's feet, flicking its forked tongue, and she comments, "Chameleons. Such exceptional creatures. The way they change color. Red. Yellow. Lime. Pink. Lavender. And did you know they are very fond of music?" She regards me with her fine black eyes. "You don't believe me?"

In the course of the afternoon, she had told me many curious things. She had told me that at night her garden was filled with gigantic moths, as big as bats. She had told me that some years ago she had a chauffeur who was a wife-poisoner and had escaped from Devil's Island. And she had described a village high in the northern mountains which was entirely inhabited by albinos: "Little pink-eyed people white as plaster. Occasionally, one sees a few on the streets of Fort-de-France."

"Yes, of course I believe you."

She tilts her silver head. "No. No, you don't. But I shall prove it."

So saying, she drifts into her cool Caribbean salon, a shadowy room with slowly turning ceiling fans, and poses herself at a well-tuned piano. I am still sitting on the terrace, but I can observe her, this chic elderly woman, the product of varied bloods. She begins to perform (in a not excellent but respectable style) a Mozart sonata.

Eventually, the chameleons accumulate: a dozen, a dozen more, most of them green, some scarlet, lavender. They skitter across the terrace, scamper into the salon, a sensitive, absorbed audience for the music played. And then not played. For suddenly my hostess stands and stamps her foot, and the chameleons scatter like sparks from an exploding star.

Now she regards me. "*Et maintenant? C'est vrai?*"

"Indeed. But it seems so strange."

She smiles. "*Alors*. The whole island floats in strangeness. This very house is haunted. Many ghosts dwell here. And not in darkness. Some appear in the bright light of noon, as saucy as you please. Impertinent."

"That's common in Haiti, too. The ghosts there often stroll about in daylight. I once saw a horde of ghosts working in a field near Pétionville. They were picking bugs off coffee trees."

Very simply she accepts this as fact, and continues, "*Oui. Oui*. The Haitians work their dead. They are well known for that. Ours we leave to their sorrows. And their frolics. So coarse, the Haitians. So Creole. And one can't bathe there, the sharks are so intimidating. And the mosquitoes—the size, the audacity! Here in Martinique, we have no mosquitoes. None."

"I've noticed that. I wondered about it."

"So do we. Martinique is the only island in the Caribbean not cursed with mosquitoes. And no one can explain it."

"Perhaps the gigantic moths devour them all."

She laughs. "Or the ghosts."

"No. I think ghosts would prefer moths."

"Yes, moths are perhaps more ghostly fodder. If I were a hungry ghost, I'd rather eat anything than mosquitoes. Will you have more ice in your glass? Absinthe?"

"Absinthe. That's something we can't get at home—not even in New Orleans."

"My paternal grandmother was from New Orleans."

"Mine, too."

As she pours absinthe from a dazzling emerald decanter: "Then perhaps we are related. Her maiden name was Dufont. Alouette Dufont."

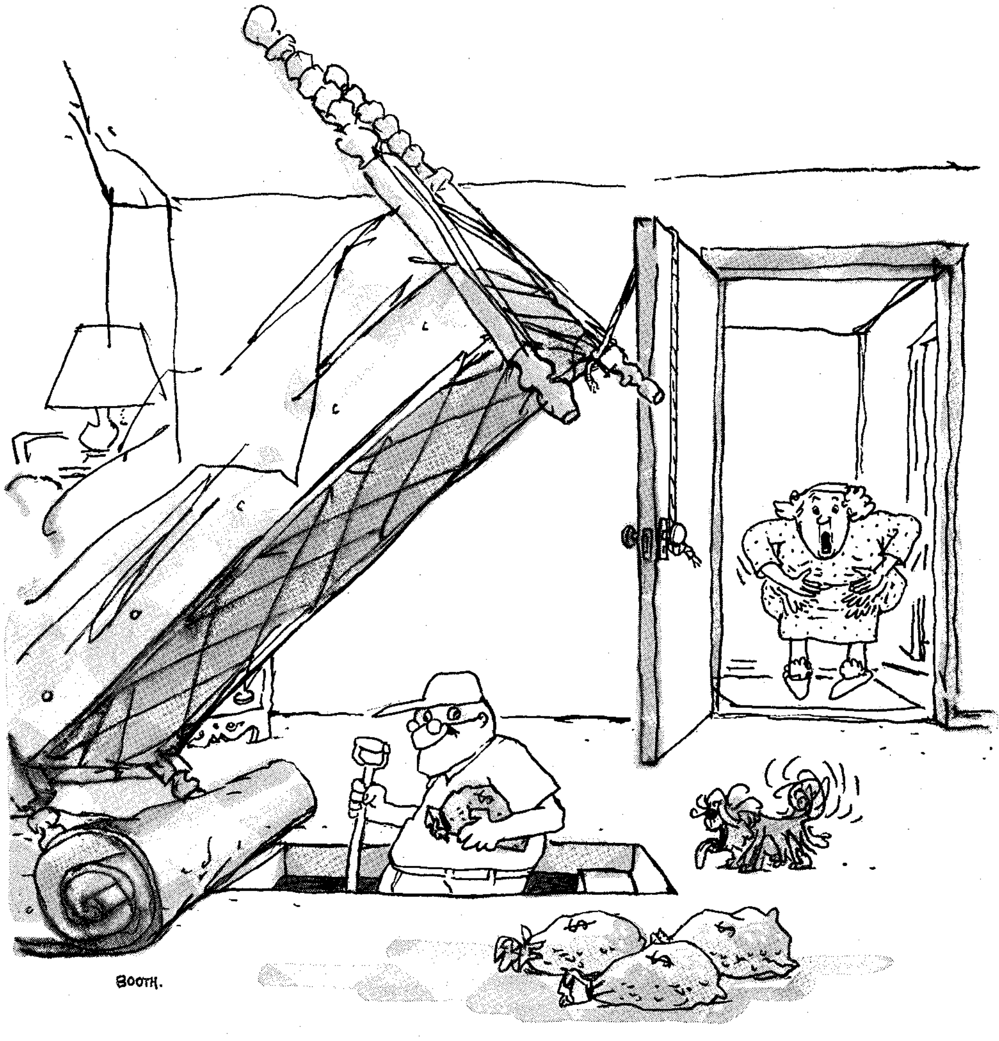
"Alouette? Really? Very pretty. I'm aware of two Dufont families in New Orleans, but I'm not related to either of them."

"Pity. It would have been amusing to call you cousin. *Alors*. Claudine Paulot tells me this is your first visit to Martinique."

"Claudine Paulot?"

"Claudine and Jacques Paulot. You met them at the Prefect's dinner the other night."

I remember: he was a tall, hand-



"Papa doesn't want Tsi Tsu in the bedroom while he's hiding his little nest egg."

some man, the First President of the Court of Appeals for Martinique and French Guiana, which includes Devil's Island. "The Paulots. Yes. They have eight children. He very much favors capital punishment."

"Since you seem to be a traveller, why have you not visited here sooner?"

"Martinique? Well, I felt a certain reluctance. A good friend was murdered here."

Madame's lovely eyes are a fraction less friendly than before. She makes a slow pronouncement: "Murder is a rare occurrence here. We are not a violent people. Serious but not violent."

"Serious. Yes. The people in restaurants, on the streets, even on the beaches, have such severe expressions. They seem so preoccupied. Like Russians."

"One must keep in mind that slavery did not end here until 1848."

I fail to make the connection, but do not inquire, for now she is saying, "Moreover, Martinique is *très cher*. A bar of soap bought in Paris for five francs costs twice that here. The price of everything is double what it should be, because everything has to be imported. If the troublemakers here got their way, and Martinique became independent of France, then that would be the close of it. Martinique could not exist without subsidy from France. We would simply perish. *Alors*—some of us have serious expressions. Generally speaking, though, do you find the population attractive?"

"The women. I've seen some amazingly beautiful women. Supple, suave, such beautifully haughty postures. Bone structure as fine as cats'. And also they have a certain alluring aggressiveness."

"That's the Senegalese blood. We have much Senegalese here. But the men—you do not find them so appealing?"

"No."

"I agree. The men are not appealing. Compared with our women, they seem irrelevant, without character: *vin ordinaire*. Martinique, you understand, is a matriarchal society. When that is the case—as it is in parts of India, for example—then the men never amount to much. I see you are looking at my black mirror."

I am. My eyes distractedly consult it—are drawn to it, against my will, as they sometimes are to the senseless flickerings of an unregulated television set. It has that kind of frivolous power. Therefore I shall overprecisely describe it—in the manner of those "avant-garde" French novelists who,

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having chosen to discard narrative and character and structure, restrict themselves to page-length paragraphs detailing the contours of a single object, the mechanics of an isolated movement: a wall, a white wall with a fly meandering across it. So: In Madame's drawing room, there is a black mirror. It is seven inches tall and six inches wide. It is framed within a worn black leather case that is shaped like a book. Indeed, the case is lying open on a table, just as though it were a de-luxe edition meant to be picked up and browsed through. But there is nothing there to be read, or seen—except the mystery of one's own image appearing on the surface of the black mirror before everything recedes into its endless depths, its corridors of darkness.

"It belonged to Gauguin," she is explaining. "You know, of course, that he lived and painted here before he settled among the Polynesians. That was his black mirror. Such mirrors were quite a common artifact among artists of the last century. Van Gogh used one. As did Renoir."

"I don't quite understand. What did they use them for?"

"To refresh their vision. Renew their reaction to color, the tonal variations. After a spell of work, when their eyes were fatigued, perhaps stunned, they rested themselves by gazing into these dark mirrors. Just as those at a banquet, between elaborate courses, reawaken their palates with a *sorbet de citron.*" She lifts the mirror—the small volume containing it—off the table and passes it to me. "I often use it when my eyes have been stricken by too much sun. It's soothing."

Soothing; and disquieting. The blackness, when one has gazed into it for a time, ceases to be black and becomes a queer silver blue, the threshold of secret visions: like Alice, I feel on the edge of a voyage through a looking glass, and it is one I'm hesitant to take.

From a distance I hear Madame's voice, husky, serene, cultivated: "And so you had a friend who was murdered here?"

"Yes."

"An American?"

"Yes. He was a very gifted man. A musician. A composer."

"Oh, I remember! The man who wrote operas! Jewish; he had a mustache."

"His name was Marc Blitzstein."

"But that was long ago. At least fifteen years. Or more. I understand you are staying at the new hotel—La Batelière. How do you find it?"

"Very pleasant. In a bit of a turmoil, because they are in the process

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of opening a casino. The man in charge of the casino is called Shelley Keats. I thought it was a joke at first, but that really happens to be his name."

"Marcel Proust works at Le Foulard, that fine little seafood restaurant in Schoelcher, the fishing village. Marcel is a waiter. Have you been disappointed in our restaurants?"

"Yes and no. They're better than any others in the Caribbean. But too expensive."

"*Alors*. As I remarked, everything is imported. We don't even grow our own vegetables. The natives are too lackadaisical." A hummingbird penetrates the terrace, lackadaisically balances on the air. "But our seafare is exceptional."

"Yes and no. I've never seen such enormous lobsters. Absolute whales; prehistoric creatures. I ordered one, but it was as tasteless as chalk, and so tough to chew I lost a filling. Like California fruit: splendid to look at, but without flavor."

She smiles, not happily. "Well, I apologize."

And I regret my criticism, and realize I'm not being very gracious.

She continues, "I had lunch at your hotel last week. On the terrace overlooking the pool. I was shocked."

"How so?"

"By the bathers. The foreign ladies gathered around the pool wearing nothing above and very little below. Do they permit that in your country? Virtually naked women parading themselves?"

"Not in so public a place as a hotel pool."

"Exactly. And I don't think it should be condoned here. But, of course, we can't afford to annoy the tourists. Have you bothered with any of our tourist attractions?"

"I went yesterday to see the remains of the house where the Empress Joséphine was born."

"I never advise anyone to visit there. That old man, the curator, what a chatterbox! He's such a bore. As though the journey getting there weren't tiring enough."

Our hummingbird departs. Far off, we hear steel-drum bands, tambourines, drunken choirs ("*Ce soir, ce soir, nous danserons sans chemise, sans pantalon*"—"Tonight, tonight we dance without shirts, without pants"): sounds reminding us that it is Carnaval week in Martinique.

"Usually, I leave the island during Carnaval," she announces. "It's impossible. The racket. The stench."

When I was planning this visit to Martinique, which included travelling

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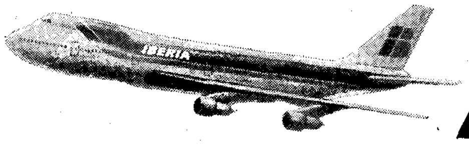

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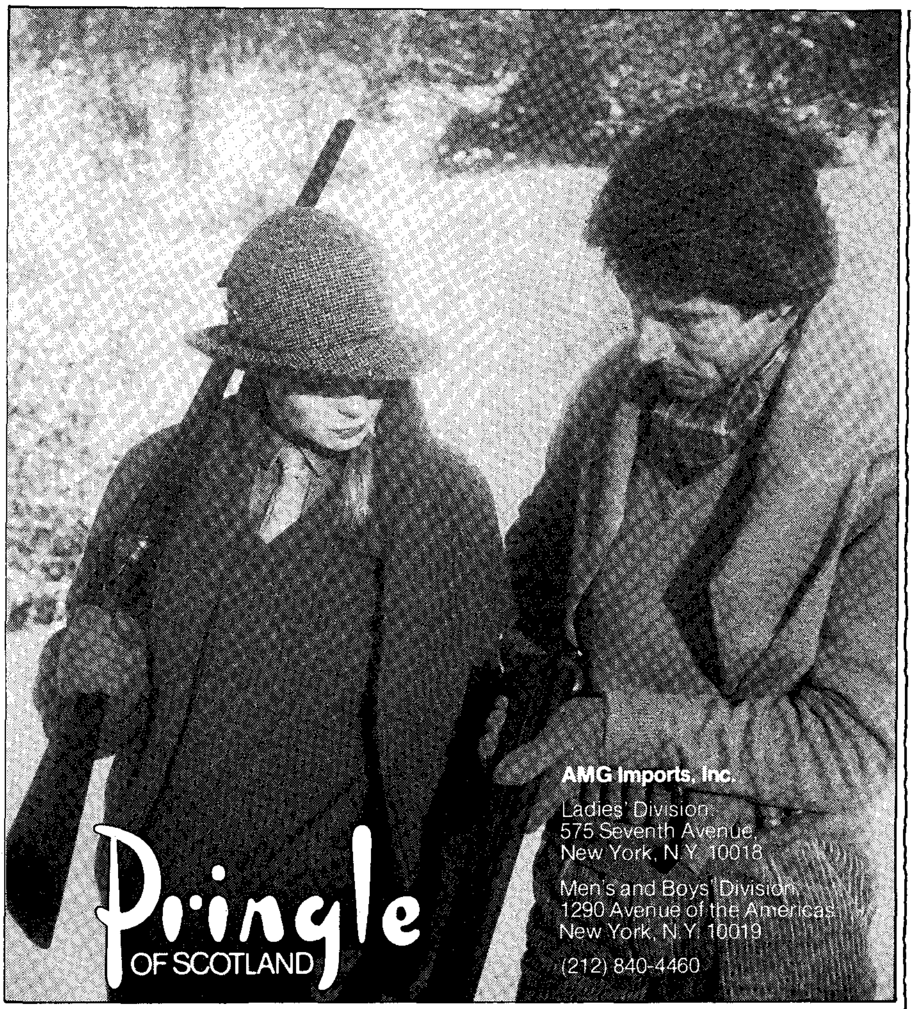
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with three companions, I had not realized that it would coincide with Carnaval; as a New Orleans native, I've had my fill of such affairs. However, the Martinique variation proved surprisingly vital, as spontaneous and vivid as an explosion in a fireworks factory. "We're enjoying it, my friends and I. Last night, there was one marvellous marching group: fifty men carrying black umbrellas and wearing silk top hats and with their torsos painted with phosphorescent skeleton bones. I love the old ladies with gold-tinsel wigs, and sequins pasted all over their faces. And all those men wearing their wives' white wedding gowns! And the hundreds of children holding candles, glowing like fireflies. Actually, we did have one near-disaster. We borrowed a car from the hotel, and just as we arrived in Fort-de-France, and were creeping through the midst of the crowds, one of our tires blew out. And immediately we were surrounded by red devils with pitchforks—"

Madame is amused: "*Oui. Oui.* The little boys who dress as red devils. That goes back centuries."

"Yes, but they were dancing all over the car. Doing terrific damage. The roof was a positive samba floor. But we couldn't abandon the car, for fear they'd wreck it altogether. So the calmest of my friends, Bob MacBride, volunteered to change the tire then and there. The problem was, he had on a new white linen suit and he didn't want to ruin it."

"Therefore, he disrobed. Very sensible."

"At least, it was funny. To watch MacBride, who's quite a solemn sort of fellow, stripped to his briefs and trying to change a tire with Mardi Gras madness swirling around him and red devils jabbing at him with pitchforks. Paper pitchforks, luckily."

"But Mr. MacBride succeeded."

"If he hadn't, I doubt whether I'd be here abusing your hospitality."

"Nothing would have happened. We are not a violent people."

"Please. I'm not suggesting we were in any danger. It was just—well, part of the fun."

"Absinthe? *Un peu?*"

"A mite. Thank you."

The hummingbird returns.

"Your friend the composer?"

"Marc Blitzstein."

"I've been thinking. He came here once to dinner. Mme. Derain brought him. And Lord Snowdon was here that evening. With his uncle—the Englishman who designed all those houses down on Mustique."

"Oliver Messel."

"*Oui. Oui.* It was while my husband was still alive. My husband had a fine ear for music. He asked your friend to play the piano. He played some German songs." She is standing now, moving to and fro, and I am aware of how exquisite her figure is—how ethereal it seems, silhouetted inside a frail green lace Parisian dress. "I remember that. Yet I can't recall: How did he die? Who killed him?"

All the while, the black mirror has been lying in my lap, and once more my eyes seek its depths. Strange where our passions carry us, floggingly pursue us, forcing upon us unwanted dreams, unwelcome destinies.

"Two sailors."

"From here? Martinique?"

"No. Two Portuguese sailors off a ship that was in the harbor. He met them in a bar. He was here working on an opera, and he had rented a house."

"I *do* remember. They robbed him and beat him to death. It was dreadful. An appalling tragedy."

"A tragic accident." The black mirror mocks me, asks: Why did you say that? It wasn't an accident.

"But our police caught those sailors. They were tried and sentenced, and sent to prison in Guiana. I wonder if they are still there. I might ask Paulot. He would know. After all, he is the First President of the Court of Appeals."

"It really doesn't matter."

"Not matter! Those wretches ought to have been guillotined."

"No. But I wouldn't mind seeing them at work in the fields of Haiti. Picking bugs off coffee trees."

Raising my eyes from the mirror's demonic shine, I notice that my hostess has left me, momentarily retreated from the terrace into her shadowy salon. A piano chord echoes; and another. Madame is toying with the same tune. Soon the music lovers assemble, chameleons scarlet, green, lavender—an audience that, lined up on the floor of the terra-cotta terrace, resembles a written arrangement of musical notes. A Mozartian mosaic.

—TRUMAN CAPOTE

•

Always on the lookout for good restaurants in the area, we learned of Bob White's Princeton Lounge in North Chelmsford from a friend who enjoys eating out several nights a week. Though unassuming in appearance, we could not help but notice the large number of cars parked outside.—*Carlisle* (*Mass.*) *Gazette*.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

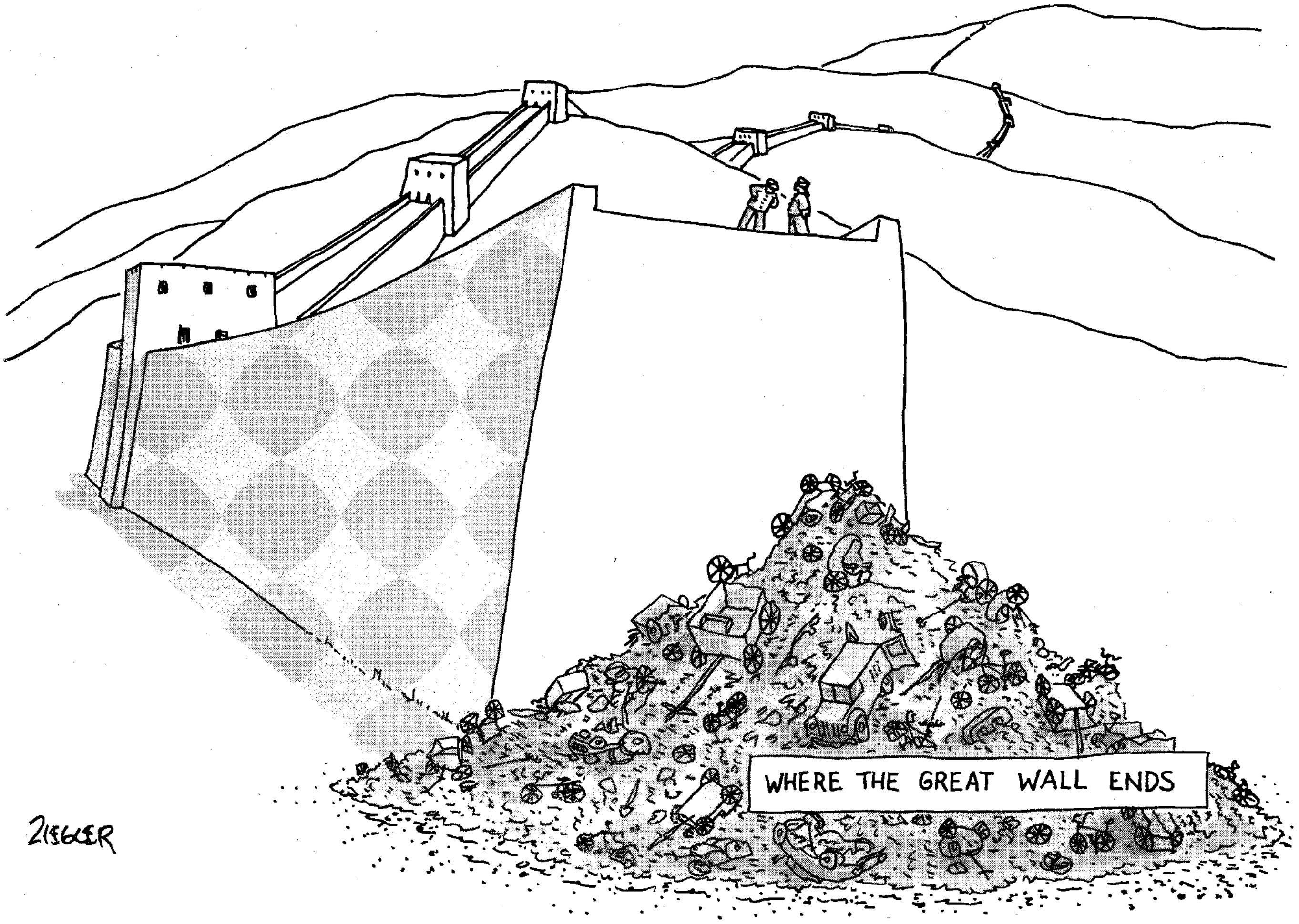
Parachutes in the Trees

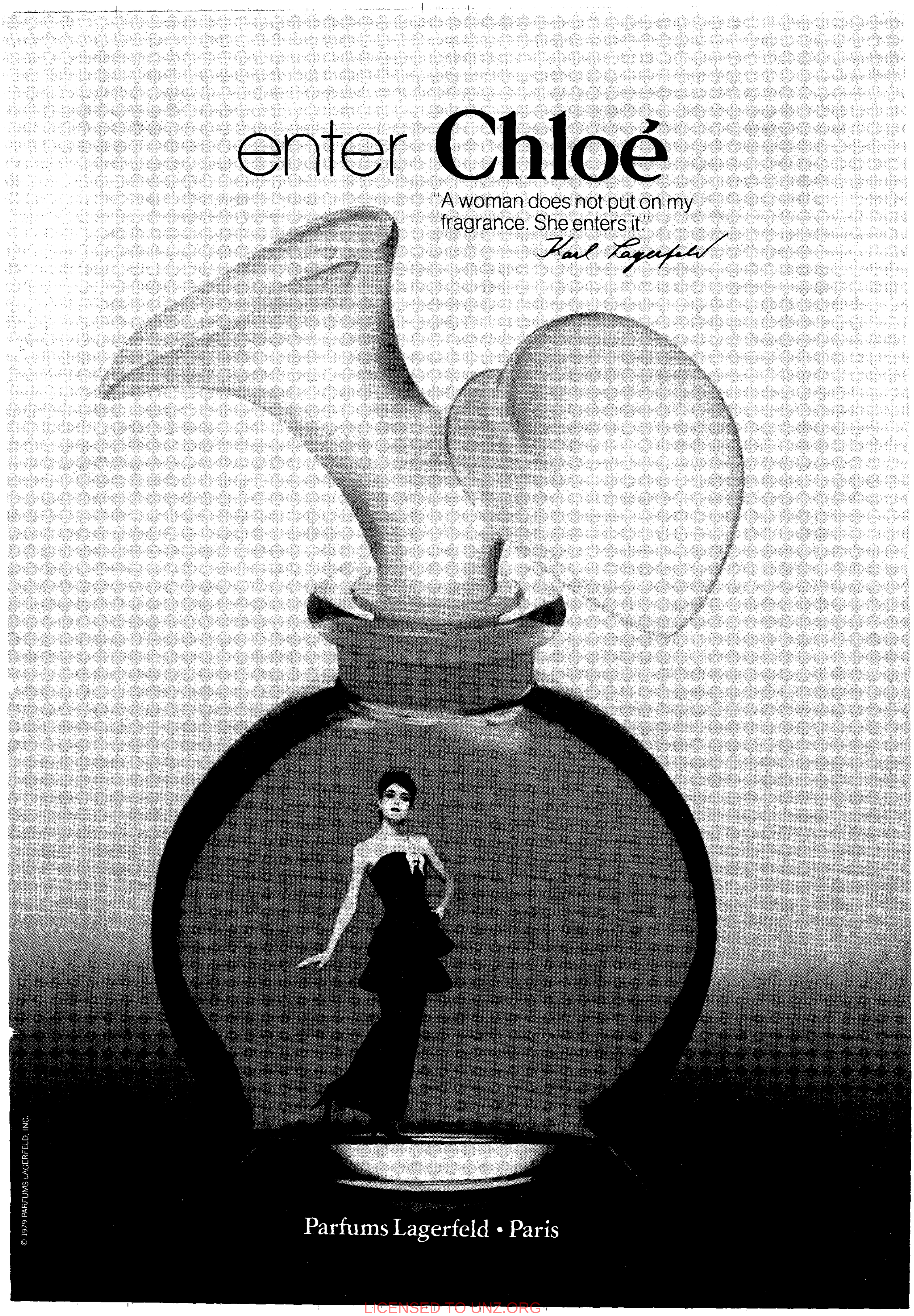
THERE'S been a clear shift of emphasis in war movies in recent years, from faith to doubt. Where our own military is not seen as potential enemy, as in "Seven Days in May" or "Fail Safe" or "Dr. Strangelove," it's presented as a locus of megalomania, as in "Apocalypse Now" and, to some degree, "Patton." Even a rather straightforward epic like "A Bridge Too Far" finds its subject in a military disaster, Operation Market Garden, in contrast to "The Longest Day" (the Normandy landings), also made from a Cornelius Ryan book, fifteen years earlier. Some of the pleasures of simplicity are forfeit. One remembers Bogart, for instance, in "Sahara" (1943), wandering the desert in his tank, Lulubelle, forever banging on it, tinkering with it, whispering to it, picking up stragglers, a South African, a Frenchman, a Sudanese, a German—watch out for that German, *he understands English. . . .*

"Soldier of Orange," a new Dutch film, is reliable terrain; there's no confusion as to which side we're on. Based on a true story, the memoirs of Erik Hazelhoff Roelfzema, it deals with the occupation of Holland at the beginning of the Second World War and has a fine central actor in Rutger Hauer, who plays Erik. The film opens with a small group of young men in Leiden in 1938, some of them going through a university hazing; under the impact of the war, the group splinters in various ways, physical and moral; at the end only two are alive.

Hauer, who is tall and bespectacled, looks a bit like a younger Prince Philip with perhaps the faintest hint of Harold Lloyd. His Erik is slightly bemused, slightly off to one side—Fascism seems not an issue for him, anti-Semitism still less so, merely a tic of boors. The news of war between Germany and England interrupts a garden party, but only for a moment: "A spot of war would be quite exciting," someone says, and then it's back to tennis. Erik becomes an authentic hero but he's initially fastidious, choosing his occasions. All those white parachutes hanging from the good Dutch trees come as a shock, the first in a brutal series. When the paratroopers arrive, he's motorcycling home from another party, in white tie. The Dutch capitulation is so swift (four days after May 10, 1940) that no one has a clear idea of what action is appropriate—how to be "occupied." Erik's friend John (Huib Rooymans), a Jew, is captured by the Gestapo in a botched attempt to escape to England. He's tortured, then shot. Impossible things are now possible, quickly routine. The transformation of everyday reality into unprecedented ghastliness is like being in bed in an earthquake, the bed falling beneath you.

Erik gets away to England, through the good offices of a Swiss freighter captain, and is enlisted in underground schemes aimed at bringing Resistance leaders out of Holland to shore up Queen Wilhelmina's government-in-exile. These are guided by a British colonel (Edward Fox, quite as knowing-fatuous as he was as General Horrocks in "A Bridge Too Far") and mostly fail—Erik's friend Nico is killed on the beach in one mission, and his friend Guus cut off from hope of rescue. Another of the group, Robby, is caught operating a clandestine radio and becomes a double agent; another, Alex, joins a unit fighting for the


WHERE THE GREAT WALL ENDS
ZIEGLER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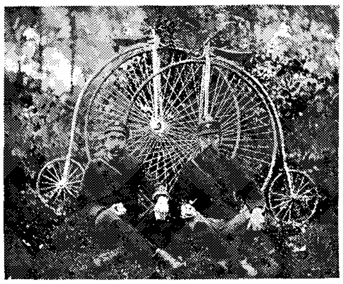

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Germans on the Russian front and is blown up in a latrine by a small Russian boy with a potato-masher grenade. Robby, the traitor, is shot by Guus, who attempts a getaway on his bicycle but is caught, tortured, and guillotined.

Torture and the possibility of torture, in fact, provide the film's emotional tension—unthinkable behavior repeated and repeated, foreshadowing the extermination camps. To be killed in the course of ordinary military operations is almost to be privileged. The sense of ordinary life as fragile, subject to irruptions of the most monstrous kind, is very strong. There are some good quick glimpses of Hollanders who have made accommodations: a farmer who tips the Gestapo to Guus's photographing of coastal installations and then complains about his payoff ("It's the tariff," he's told, and looking at the money in his hand he says doubtfully, "Well if it's the tariff . . ."), Mercedes full of drunken Dutch girls on their way to Nazi revels, an Iron Cross (Alex's) thrown from hand to hand to hand at a dance.

Jeroen Krabbé, as Guus, is especially fine; his mustache and jaunty hat and funny in-on-the-joke smile play nicely against the slightly prim and straight-arrow Hauer. There's a casual wartime bawdiness coloring the film, and that's convincing, too. Susan Penhaligon, as a British military aide, is, like Fox, working a little too hard, but Andrea Domburg's Wilhelmina is first-rate (and said to be especially meaningful for the Dutch for the way she has reproduced the late Queen's mannerisms). Paul Verhoeven's direction and Jost Vacano's photography are both calm, unfancy. There are intimations of historical dimensions that are scanted—one of the Resistance chiefs refuses to be brought out because he feels that Wilhelmina has just discovered democracy and he doesn't want to be part of her conversion, for example—but in general the film covers an immense amount of material with admirable economy.

Erik eventually enlists in the R.A.F. as a pilot flying bombing missions over Germany, then becomes an aide to the Queen. There's a short scene at the end when he's back in Holland for the liberation, celebrations raging everywhere, and looks up Jacques, who has more or less sat out the war and is the only other survivor of the original group. Jacques tells him how hard a time he's had completing his degree, how he's had to take his prelims secretly and so on, and Erik, for a mo-

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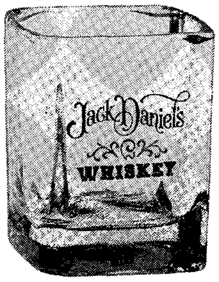

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ment, can't believe just how much there is that Jacques doesn't know—his slight hesitation about whether to have a drink with Jacques or not is sadly telling.

THE unfortunately titled "Run After Me Until I Catch You," a new French offering, is an elaboration of the truism that nobody loves a tax man. The revenue agent in question is Jean-Pierre Marielle, as Paul, and the woman who does not love him, at least at first, is the beautiful Annie Girardot, as Jacqueline, here an employee of a pet-grooming establishment. The jokes are on the order of large-dogs-in-bed and are sometimes marginally funny. The principal dog is named Gaston. Paul has a loutish layabout son (Sylvain Rougerie) who has a super-vacant girlfriend (Christine Laurent); the young folk manage to be present whenever the not-so-young folk want to be alone, etc. The picture is a rush of misunderstandings. Paul takes Jacqueline to a film on their first date and it turns out to be X-rated; Simone, a female colleague, locks him in her office and he can't pick Jacqueline up for a scheduled weekend. Conceptually, it's the Theatre of Pique. Send it a retrofit package containing a few litres of *grand mal*. There's a bit about the supposed viciousness of tax people which has some zest ("I'm going to cut them to shreds," says Simone of a part of her clientele), but fundamentally it's large-dogs-in-the-dahlias, large-dogs-in-the-pistou. The director was Robert Pouret, from a screenplay by Nicole de Buron. Charm, as Goethe said, is the dead green bug on the golden leaf of occasion.

—DONALD BARTHELME

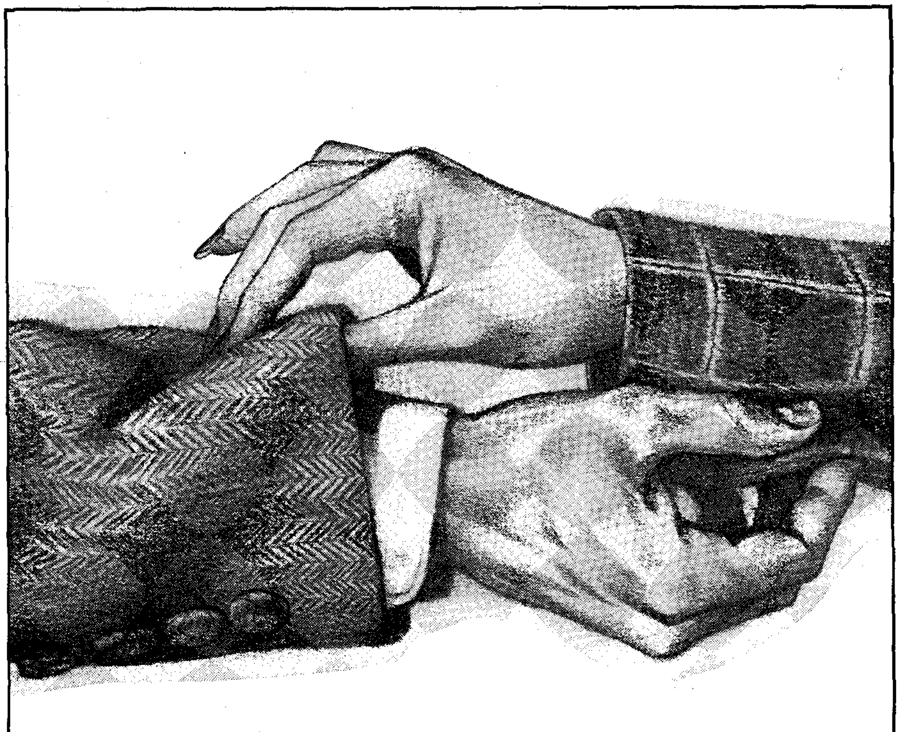
•

BUSY DAYS ON THE EDUCATIONAL SCENE

[*From Higher Education & National Affairs, published by the American Council on Education*]

The associations also proposed raising the administrative allowance for campus-based student-aid programs from four to six percent, and making the $10-per-student GSL allowance a regular entitlement. They recommended revising priorities for support of graduate education to emphasize maintenance of existing strengths, fostering excellence, preserving threatened disciplines, developing young investigators, and achieving faculty diversification.

In addition to ACE, the panel spoke in behalf of AAHE, AACTE, AACJC, AASCU, AAC, AAU, ACCU, AJCU, NAEOHE, NACUBO, NAICU, NASCUMC, NASULOC, and NASFAA.



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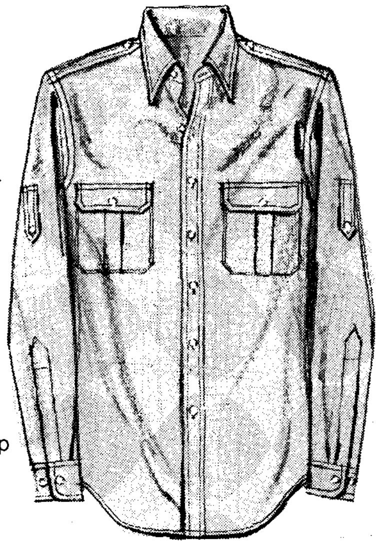

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REFLECTIONS

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

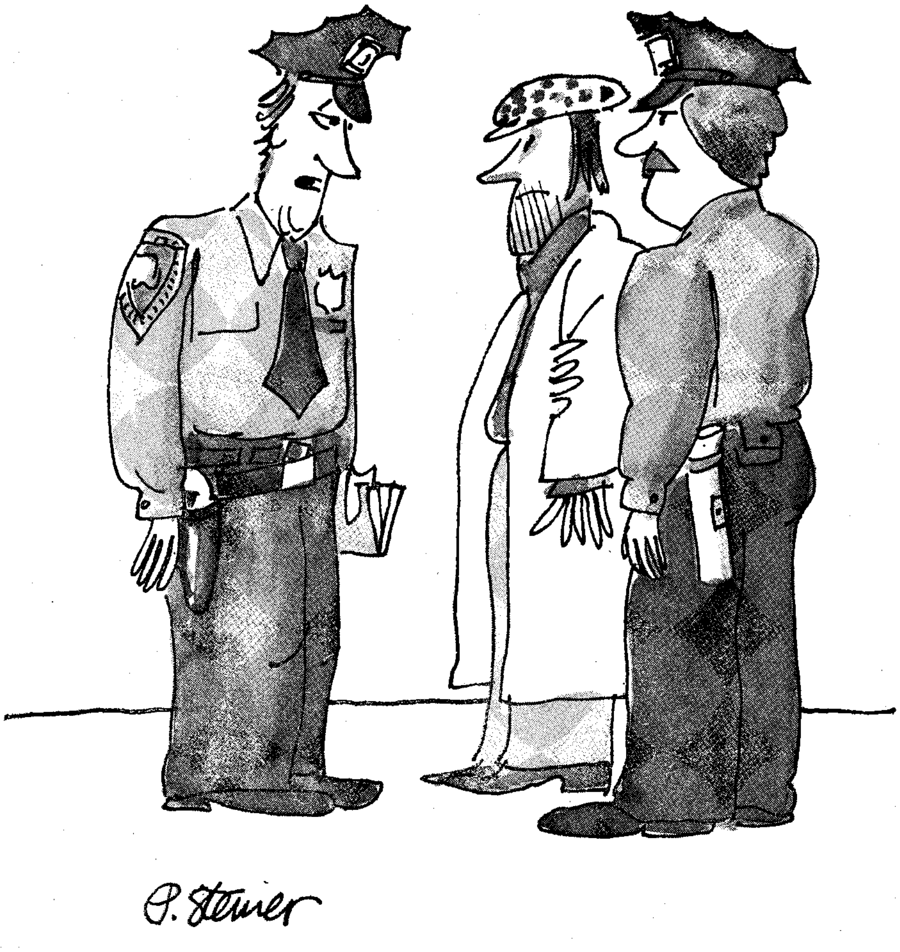
When I was in India, witnessing the never-ending quarrels between Hindus and Muslims, I asked myself more than once this question: What accident or misfortune of history caused two religions so obviously irreconcilable as Hinduism and Muhammadanism to coexist in the same society? The presence of the purest and most intransigent form of monotheism in the bosom of a civilization that has elaborated the most complex polytheism seemed to me a verification of the indifference with which history perpetrates its paradoxes. And yet I could hardly be surprised at the contradictory presence in India of Hinduism and Muhammadanism. How could I forget that I myself, as a Mexican, was (and am) part of a no less singular paradox—that of Mexico and the United States?

Our countries are neighbors, condemned to live alongside each other; they are separated, however, more by profound social, economic, and psychic differences than by physical and political frontiers. These differences are self-evident, and a superficial glance might reduce them to the well-known opposition between development and underdevelopment, wealth and poverty, power and weakness, domination and dependence. But the really fundamental difference is an invisible one, and in addition it is perhaps insuperable. To prove that it has nothing to do with economics or political power, we have only to imagine a Mexico suddenly turned into a prosperous, mighty country, a superpower like the United States. Far from disappearing, the difference would become more acute and more clear-cut. The reason is obvious: We are two distinct versions of Western civilization.

Ever since we Mexicans began to be aware of national identity—in about the middle of the eighteenth century—we have been interested in our northern neighbors. First with a mixture of curiosity and disdain; later on with an admiration and enthusiasm that were soon tinged with fear and envy. The idea the Mexican people have of the United States is contradictory, emotional, and impervious to criticism; it is a mythic image. The same can be said of the vision of our intellectuals and writers.

Something similar happens with Americans, be they writers or politicians, businessmen or only travellers. I am not forgetting the existence of a small number of remarkable studies by various American specialists, especially in the fields of archeology and ancient and modern Mexican history. The perceptions of the American novelists and poets who have written on Mexican themes have often been brilliant, but they have also been fragmentary. Moreover, as a critic who has devoted a book to this theme (Drewey Wayne Gunn: "American and British Writers in Mexico") has said, they reveal less of the Mexican reality than of the authors' personalities. In general, Americans have not looked for Mexico in Mexico; they have looked for their obsessions, enthusiasms, phobias, hopes, interests—and these are what they have found. In short, the history of our relationship is the history of a mutual and stubborn deceit, usually involuntary though not always so.

Of course, the differences between Mexico and the United States are not imaginary projections but objective realities. Some are quantitative, and can be explained by the social, economic, and historical development of the two countries. The more permanent ones, though also the result of history, are not easily definable or measurable. I have pointed out that they belong to the realm of civilization, that *fluid zone of imprecise contours* in which are fused and confused ideas and beliefs, institutions and technologies, styles and morals, fashions and churches, the material culture and that evasive reality which we rather inaccurately call *le génie des peuples*. The reality to which we give the name of civilization does not allow of easy definition. It is each society's vision of the world and also its feeling about time; there are nations that are hurrying toward the future, and others whose eyes are fixed on the past. Civilization is a society's style, its way of living and dying. It embraces the erotic and the culinary arts; dancing and burial; courtesy and curses; work and leisure; rituals and festivals; punishments and rewards; dealings with the dead and with the ghosts who people our dreams; attitudes toward women and children, old people and strangers, en-



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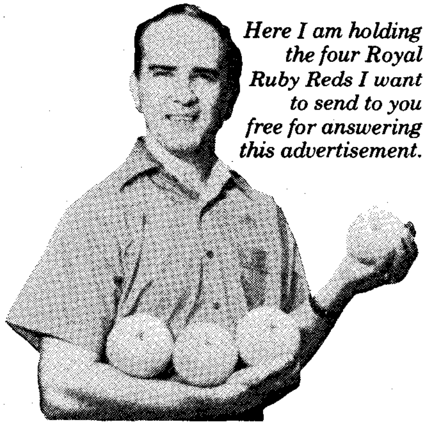

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emies and allies; eternity and the present; the here and now and the beyond. A civilization is not only a system of values but a world of forms and codes of behavior, rules and exceptions. It is society's visible side—institutions, monuments, works, things—but it is especially its submerged, invisible side: beliefs, desires, fears, repressions, dreams.

THE points of the compass have served to locate us in history as well as in space. The East-West duality soon acquired a more symbolic than geographical significance, and became an emblem of the opposition between civilizations. The East-West opposition has always been considered basic and primordial; it alludes to the movement of the sun, and is therefore an image of the direction and meaning of our living and dying. The East-West relationship symbolizes two directions, two attitudes, two civilizations. The North-South duality refers more to the opposition between different ways of life and different sensibilities. The contrasts between North and South can be oppositions within the same civilization.

Clearly, the opposition between Mexico and the United States belongs to the North-South duality as much from the geographical as the symbolic point of view. It is an ancient opposition which was already unfolding in pre-Columbian America, so that it antedates the very existence of the United States and Mexico. The northern part of the continent was settled by nomadic, warrior nations; Mesoamerica, on the other hand, was the home of an agricultural civilization, with complex social and political institutions, dominated by warlike theocracies that invented refined and cruel rituals, great art, and vast cosmogonies inspired by a very original vision of time. The great opposition of pre-Columbian America—all that now includes the United States and Mexico—was between different ways of life: nomads and settled peoples, hunters and farmers. This division greatly influenced the later development of the United States and Mexico. The policies of the English and the Spanish toward the Indians were in large part determined by this division; it was not insignificant that the former established themselves in the territory of the nomads and the latter in that of the settled peoples.

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Again, it was an opposition within the same civilization. Just as the American Indians' world view and beliefs sprang from a common source, irrespective of their ways of life, so Spanish and English shared the same intellectual and technical culture. And the opposition between them, though of a different sort, was as deep as that dividing an Aztec from an Iroquois. And so the new opposition between English and Spaniards was grafted onto the old opposition between nomadic and settled peoples. The distinct and divergent attitudes of Spaniards and English have often been described before. All of them can be summed up in one fundamental difference, in which perhaps the dissimilar evolution of Mexico and the United States originated: in England the Reformation triumphed, whereas Spain was the champion of the Counter-Reformation.

As we all know, the reformist movement in England had political consequences that were decisive in the development of Anglo-Saxon democracy. In Spain, evolution went in the opposite direction. Once the resistance of the last Muslim was crushed, Spain achieved a precarious political—but not national—unity by means of dynastic alliances. At the same time, the monarchy suppressed regional autonomies and municipal freedoms, closing off the possibility of eventual evolution into a modern democracy. Lastly, Spain was deeply marked by Arab domination, and kept alive the notion of crusade and holy war, which it had inherited from Christian and Muslim alike. In Spain, the traits of the modern era, which was just beginning, and of the old society coexisted but never blended completely. The contrast with England could not be sharper. The history of Spain and of her former colonies, from the sixteenth century onward, is the history of an ambiguous approach—attraction and repulsion—to the modern era.

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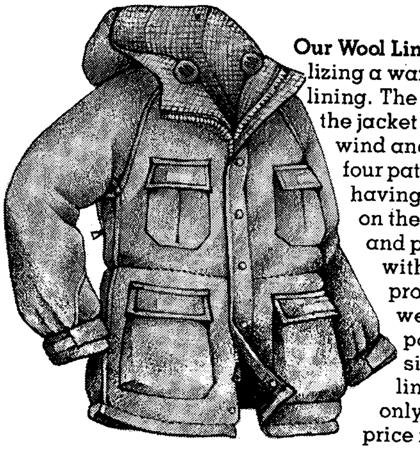

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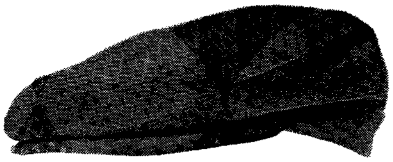

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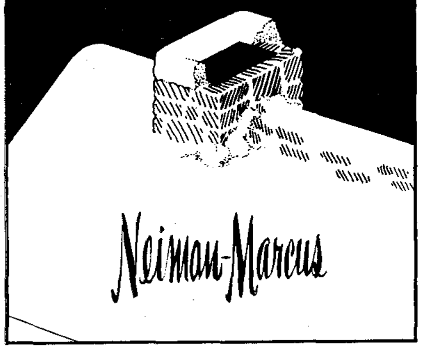

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conversion legitimized the conquest. This politico-religious philosophy was diametrically opposed to that of English colonizing; the idea of evangelization occupied a secondary place in England's colonial expansion.

The Christianity brought to Mexico by the Spaniards was the syncretic Catholicism of Rome, which had assimilated the pagan gods, turning them into saints and devils. The phenomenon was repeated in Mexico: the idols were baptized, and in popular Mexican Catholicism the old beliefs and divinities are still present, barely hidden under a veneer of Christianity. Not only the popular religion of Mexico but the Mexicans' entire life is steeped in Indian culture—the family, love, friendship, attitudes toward one's father and mother, popular legends, the forms of civility and life in common, the image of authority and political power, the vision of death and sex, work and festivity. Mexico is the most Spanish country in Latin America; at the same time it is the most Indian. Mesoamerican civilization died a violent death, but Mexico is Mexico thanks to the Indian presence. Though the language and the religion, the political institutions and the culture of the country are Western, there is one aspect of Mexico that faces in another direction—the Indian direction. Mexico is a nation between two civilizations and two pasts.

In the United States, the Indian element does not appear. This, in my opinion, is the major difference between our two countries. The Indians who were not exterminated were corralled in "reservations." The Christian horror of "fallen nature" extended to the natives of America: the United States was founded on a land without a past. The historical memory of Americans is European, not American. For this reason, one of the most powerful and persistent themes in American literature, from Whitman to William Carlos Williams and from Melville to Faulkner, has been the search for (or invention of) American roots. We owe some of the major works of the modern era to this desire for incarnation, this obsessive need to be rooted in American soil.

Exactly the opposite is true of Mexico, land of superimposed pasts. Mexico City was built on the ruins of Tenochtitlán, the Aztec city that was built in the likeness of Tula, the Toltec city that was built in the likeness of Teotihuacán, the first great city on the American continent. Every Mexican bears within him this continuity, which goes back two thousand years. It

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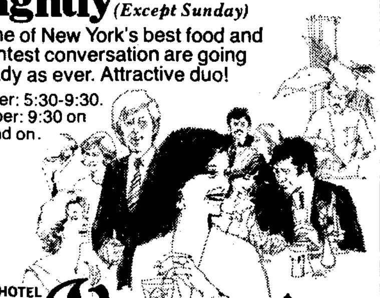

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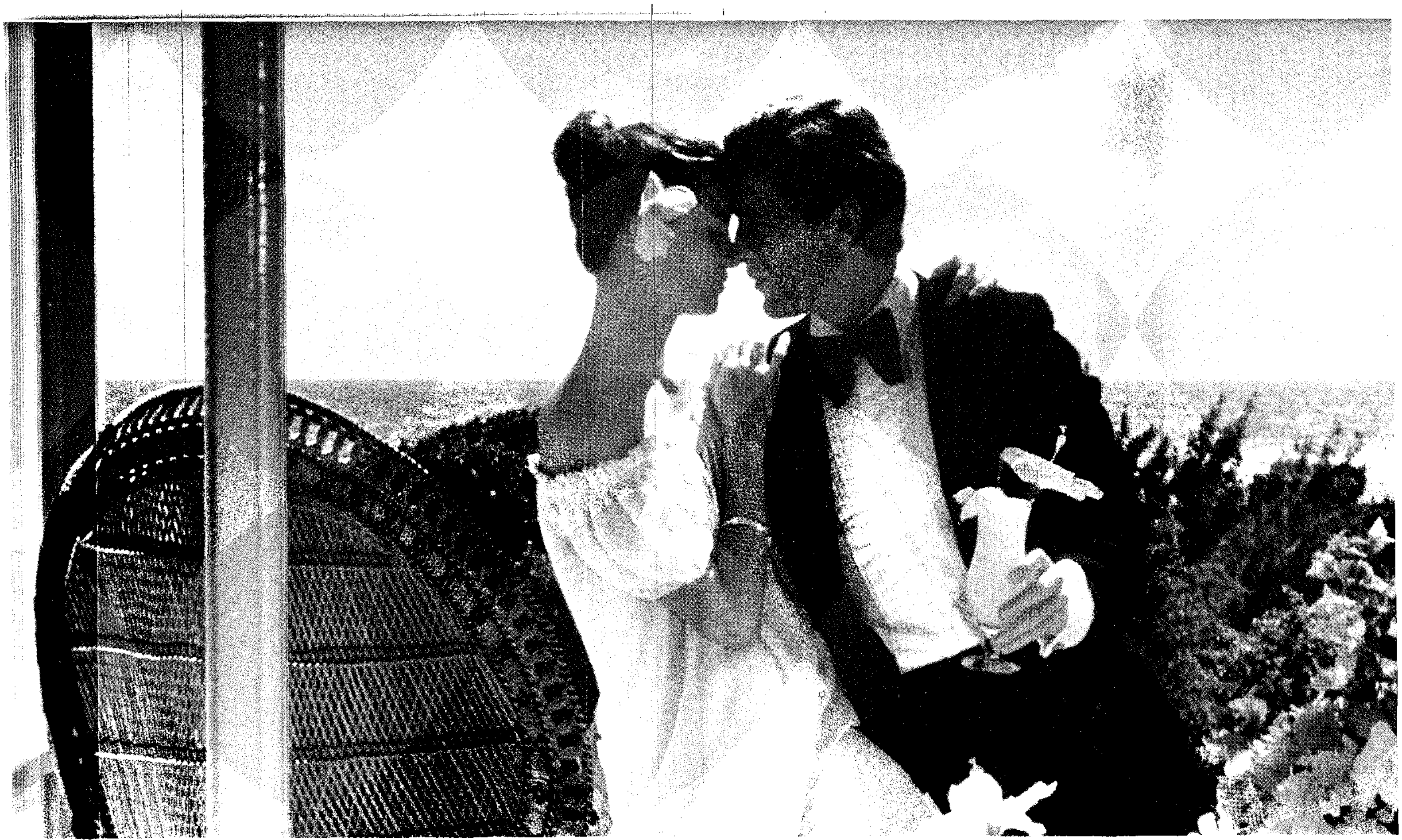

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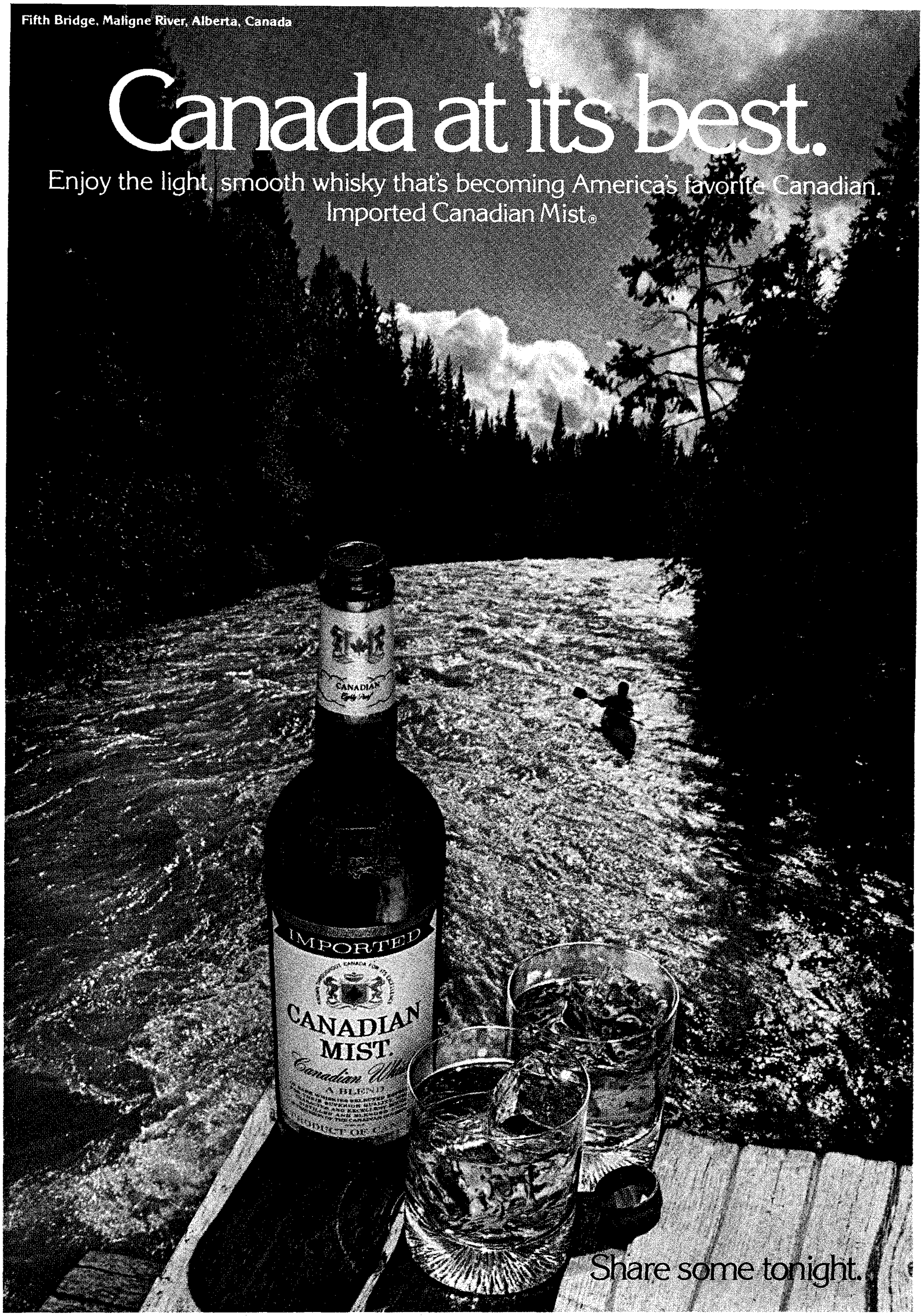
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doesn't matter that this presence is almost always unconscious and assumes the naïve forms of legend and even superstition. It is not something known but something lived. The Indian presence means that one of the facets of Mexican culture is not Western. Is there anything like this in the United States? Each of the ethnic groups making up the multiracial democracy that is the United States has its own culture and tradition, and some of them—the Chinese and the Japanese, for example—are not Western. These traditions exist alongside the dominant American tradition without becoming one with it. They are foreign bodies within American culture. In some cases, the most notable being that of the Chicanos, the minorities defend their traditions against or in the face of the American tradition. The Chicanos' resistance is cultural as well as political and social.

If the different attitudes of Hispanic Catholicism and English Protestantism could be summed up in two words, I would say that the Spanish attitude is inclusive and the English exclusive. In the former, the notions of conquest and domination are bound up with ideas of conversion and assimilation; in the latter, conquest and domination imply not the conversion of the conquered but their segregation. An inclusive society, founded on the double principle of domination and conversion, is bound to be hierarchical, centralist, and respectful of the individual characteristics of each group. It believes in the strict division of classes and groups, each one governed by special laws and statutes, but all embracing the same faith and obeying the same lord. An exclusive society is bound to cut itself off from the natives, either by physical exclusion or by extermination; at the same time, since each community of pure-minded men is isolated from other communities, it tends to treat its members as equals and to assure the autonomy and freedom of each group of believers. The origins of American democracy are religious, and in the early communities of New England that dual, contradictory tension between freedom and equality which has been the leitmotiv of the history of the United States was already present.

The opposition that I have just outlined is expressed with great clarity in two religious terms: "communion" and "purity." This opposition profoundly affects attitudes toward work, festivity, the body, and death. For the society of New Spain, work did not redeem, and had no value in itself. Manual work

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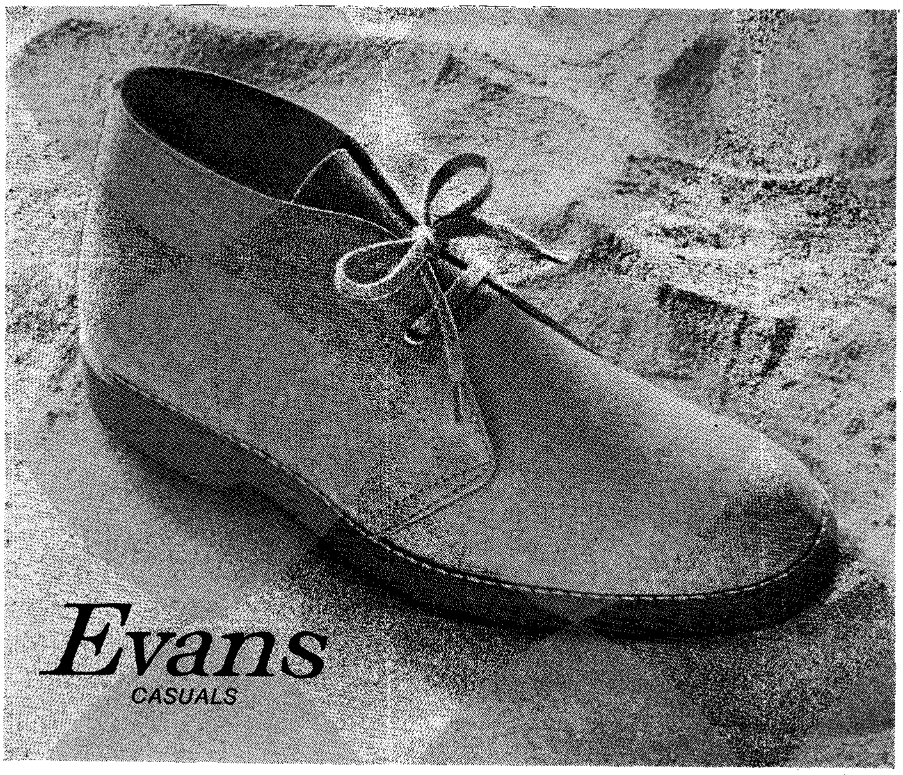

was servile. The superior man neither worked nor traded. He made war, he commanded, he legislated. He also *thought, contemplated, wooed, loved,* and enjoyed himself. Leisure was noble. Work was good because it produced wealth, but wealth was good because it was intended to be spent—to be consumed in those holocausts called war, in the construction of temples and palaces, in pomp and festivity. The dissipation of wealth took different forms: gold shone on the altars or was poured out in celebrations. Even today in Mexico, at least in the small cities and towns, work is the precursor of the fiesta. The year revolves on the double axis of work and festival, saving and spending. The fiesta is sumptuous and intense, lively and funereal; it is a vital, multicolored frenzy that evaporates in smoke, ashes, nothingness. In the aesthetics of perdition, the fiesta is the lodging place of death.

The United States has not really known the art of the festival, except in the last few years, with the triumph of hedonism over the old Protestant ethic. This is natural. A society that so energetically affirmed the redemptive value of work could not help chastising as depraved the cult of the festival and the passion for spending. The Protestant rejection was inspired by religion rather than economics. The Puritan conscience could not see that the value of the festival was actually a religious value: communion. In the festival, the orgiastic element is central; it marks a return to the beginning, to the primordial state in which each one is united with the great all. Every true festival is religious because every true festival is communion. Here the opposition between communion and purity is clear. For the Puritans and their heirs, work is redemptive because it frees man, and this liberation is a sign of God's choice. Work is purification, which is also a separation: the chosen one ascends, breaks the bonds binding him to earth, which are the laws of his fallen nature. For the Mexicans, communion represents exactly the opposite: not separation but participation, not breaking away but joining together; the great universal commixture, the great bathing in the waters of the beginning, a state beyond purity and impurity.

In Christianity, the body's status is inferior. But the body is an always active force, and its explosions can destroy a civilization. Doubtless for this reason, the Church from the start made a pact with the body. If the Church did not restore the body to the place it oc-

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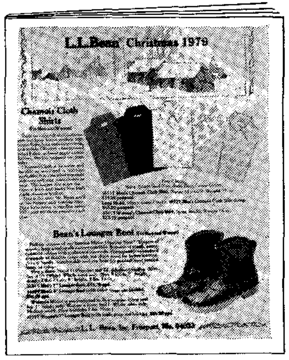

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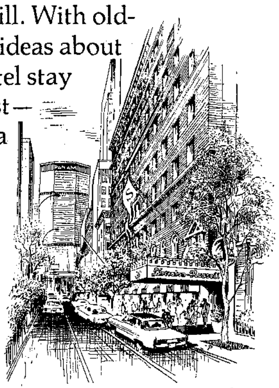

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cupied in Greco-Roman society, it did try to give the body back its dignity: the body is fallen nature, but in itself it is innocent. After all, Christianity, unlike Buddhism, say, is the worship of an incarnate god. The dogma of the resurrection of the dead dates from the time of primitive Christianity; the cult of the Virgin appeared later, in the Middle Ages. Both beliefs are the highest expressions of this urge for incarnation, which typifies Christian spirituality. Both came to Mesoamerica with Spanish culture, and were immediately fused, the former with the funeral worship of the Indians, the latter with the worship of the goddesses of fertility and war.

The Mexicans' vision of death, which is also the hope of resurrection, is as profoundly steeped in Catholic eschatology as in Indian naturalism. The Mexican death is of the body, exactly the opposite of the American death, which is abstract and disembodied. For Mexicans, death sees and touches itself: it is the body emptied of the soul, the pile of bones that somehow, as in the Aztec poem, must bloom again. For Americans, death is what is not seen: absence, the disappearance of the person. In the Puritan consciousness, death was always present, but as a moral entity, an idea. Later on, scientism pushed death out of the American consciousness. Death melted away and became unmentionable. Finally, in vast segments of the American population of today, progressive rationalism and idealism have been replaced by neo-hedonism. But the cult of the body and of pleasure implies the recognition and acceptance of death. The body is mortal, and the kingdom of pleasure is that of the moment, as Epicurus saw better than anyone else. American hedonism closes its eyes to death, and has been incapable of exorcising the destructive power of the moment with a wisdom like that of the Epicureans of antiquity. Present-day hedonism is the last recourse of the anguished and the desperate, an expression of the nihilism that is eroding the West.

Capitalism exalts the activities and behavior patterns traditionally called virile: aggressiveness, the spirit of competition and emulation, combativeness. American society made these values its own. This perhaps explains why nothing like the Mexicans' devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe appears in the different versions of Christianity professed by Americans, including the Catholic minority. The Virgin unites the religious sensibilities of the Mediterranean

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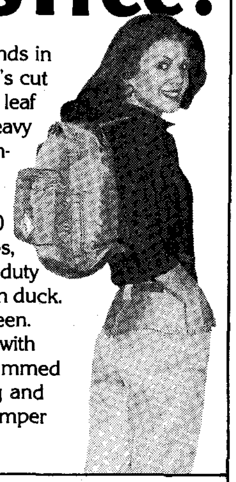

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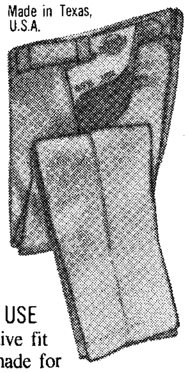

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and Mesoamerica, both of them regions that fostered ancient cults of feminine divinities. Guadalupe-Tonantzin is the mother of all Mexicans—Indians, mestizos, whites—but she is also a warrior virgin whose image has often appeared on the banners of peasant uprisings. In the Virgin of Guadalupe we encounter a very ancient vision of femininity which, as was true of the pagan goddesses, is not without a heroic tint.

When I talk about the masculinity of the American capitalist society, I am not unaware that American women have gained rights and posts still denied elsewhere. But they have obtained them as "subjects under the law;" that is to say, as neuter or abstract entities, as citizens, not as women. Now, I believe that, much as our civilization needs equal rights for men and women, it also needs a feminization, like the one that courtly love brought about in the outlook of medieval Europe. Or like the feminine irradiation that the Virgin of Guadalupe casts on the imagination and sensibility of us Mexicans. Because of the Mexican woman's Hispano-Arabic and Indian heritage, her social situation is deplorable, but what I want to emphasize here is not so much the nature of the relation between men and women as the intimate relationship of woman with those elusive symbols which we call femininity and masculinity. For the reasons I noted earlier, Mexican women have a very lively awareness of the body. For them, the body, woman's and man's, is a concrete, palpable reality. Not an abstraction or a function but an ambiguous magnetic force, in which pleasure and pain, fertility and death are inextricably intertwined.

PRE-COLUMBIAN Mexico was a mosaic of nations, tribes, and languages. For its part, Spain was also a conglomeration of nations and races, even though it had realized political unity. The heterogeneity of Mexican society was the other face of Spanish centralism. The political centralism of the Spanish monarchy had religious orthodoxy as its complement, and even as its foundation. The true, effective unity of Mexican society has been brought about slowly over several centuries, but its political and religious unity was decreed from above as the joint expression of the Spanish monarchy and the Catholic Church. Mexico had a state and a church before it was a nation. In this respect also, Mexico's evolution has been very different from that of the United States, where the small colonial communities

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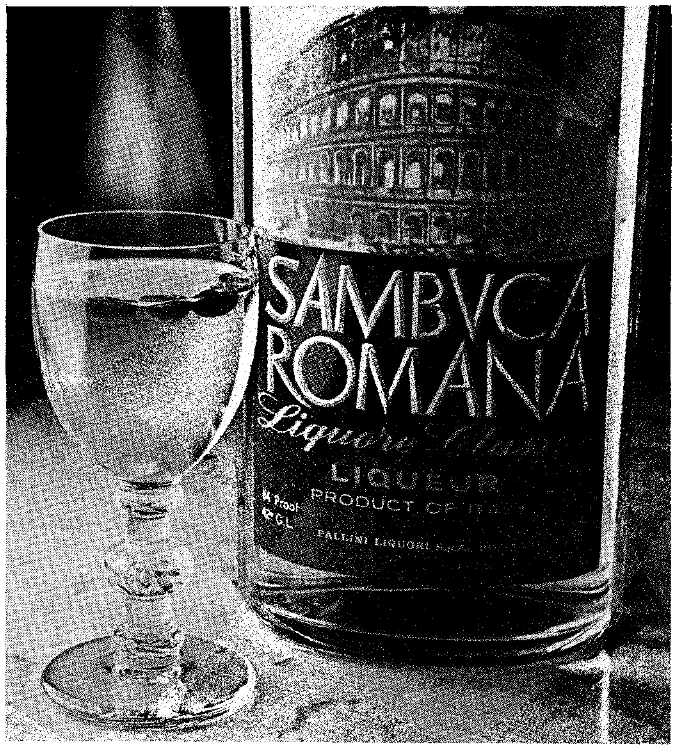
had from their inception a clear-cut and belligerent concept of their identity as regards the state. For North Americans, the nation antedated the state.

Another difference: In those small colonial communities, a fusion had taken place among religious convictions, the embryonic national consciousness, and political institutions. So harmony, not contradiction, existed between the North Americans' religious convictions and their democratic institutions; whereas in Mexico Catholicism was identified with the viceregal regime, and was its orthodoxy. Therefore, when, after independence, the Mexican liberals tried to implant democratic institutions, they had to confront the Catholic Church. The establishment of a republican democracy in Mexico meant a radical break with the past, and led to the civil wars of the nineteenth century. These wars produced the militarism that, in turn, produced the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz. The liberals defeated the Church, but they could not implant true democracy—only an authoritarian regime wearing democracy's mask.

A no less profound difference was the opposition between Catholic orthodoxy and Protestant reformism. In Mexico, Catholic orthodoxy had the philosophical form of Neo-Thomism, a mode of thought more apologetic than critical, and defensive in the face of the emerging modernity. Orthodoxy prevented examination and criticism. In New England, the communities were often made up of religious dissidents or, at least, of people who believed that the Scriptures should be read freely. On one side, orthodoxy, dogmatic philosophy, and the cult of authority. On the other, reading and free interpretation of the doctrine. Both societies were religious, but their religious attitudes were irreconcilable. I am not thinking only of dogmas and principles but of the very ways in which the two societies practiced and understood religion. One society fostered the complex and majestic conceptual structure of orthodoxy, an equally complex ecclesiastical hierarchy, wealthy and militant religious orders, and a ritualistic view of religion, in which the sacraments occupied a central place. The other fostered free discussion of the Scriptures, a small and often poor clergy, a tendency to eliminate the hierarchical boundaries between the simple believer and the priest, and a religious practice based not on ritual but on ethics, and not on the sacrament but on the internalizing of faith.

If one considers the historical evolu-



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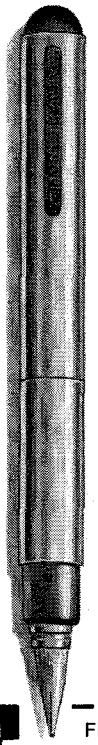

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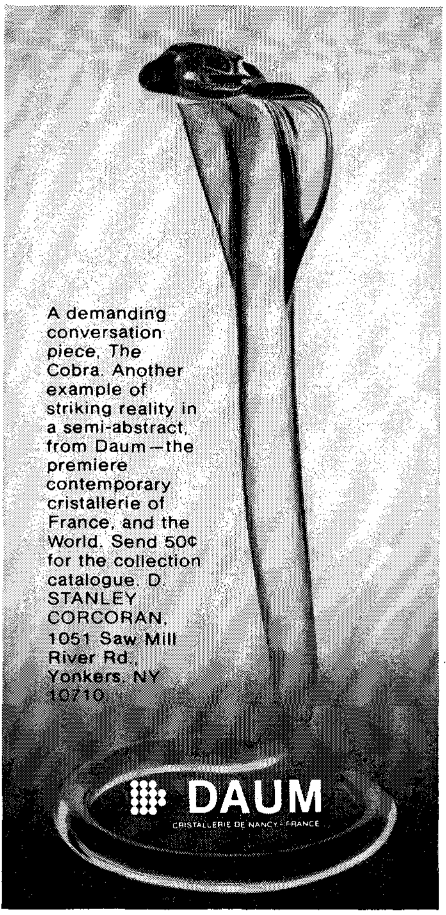
tion of the two societies, the main difference seems to be the following: the modern world began with the Reformation, which was the religious criticism of religion and the necessary antecedent of the Enlightenment; with the Counter-Reformation and Neo-Thomism, Spain and her possessions closed themselves to the modern world. They had no Enlightenment, because they had neither a Reformation nor an intellectual religious movement like Jansenism. And so, though Spanish-American civilization is to be admired on many counts, it reminds one of a structure of great solidity—at once convent, fortress, and palace—built to last, not to change. In the long run, that construction became a confine, a prison. The United States was born of the *Reformation* and the *Enlightenment*. It came into being under the sign of criticism and self-criticism. Now, when one talks of criticism one is *talking* of change. The transformation of critical philosophy into progressive ideology came about and reached its peak in the nineteenth century. The broom of rationalist criticism swept the ideological sky clean of myths and beliefs; the ideology of progress, in its turn, displaced the timeless values of Christianity and transplanted them to the earthly and linear time of history. Christian eternity became the future of liberal evolutionism.

Here is the final contradiction, and all the divergencies and differences I have mentioned culminate in it. A society is essentially defined by its position as regards time. The United States, because of its origin and its intellectual and political history, is a society oriented toward the future. The extraordinary spatial mobility of America, a nation constantly on the move, has often been pointed out. In the realm of beliefs and mental attitudes, mobility in time corresponds to physical and geographical displacement. The American lives on the very edge of the now, always ready to leap toward the future. The country's foundations are in the future, not in the past. Or, rather, its past, the act of its founding, was a promise of the future, and each time the United States returns to its source, to its past, it rediscovers the future.

Mexico's orientation, as has been seen, was just the opposite. First came the rejection of criticism, and with it rejection of the notion of change: its ideal is to conserve the image of divine immutability. Second, it has a plurality of pasts, all present and at war within every Mexican's soul. Cortes and Montezuma are still alive in Mexico.



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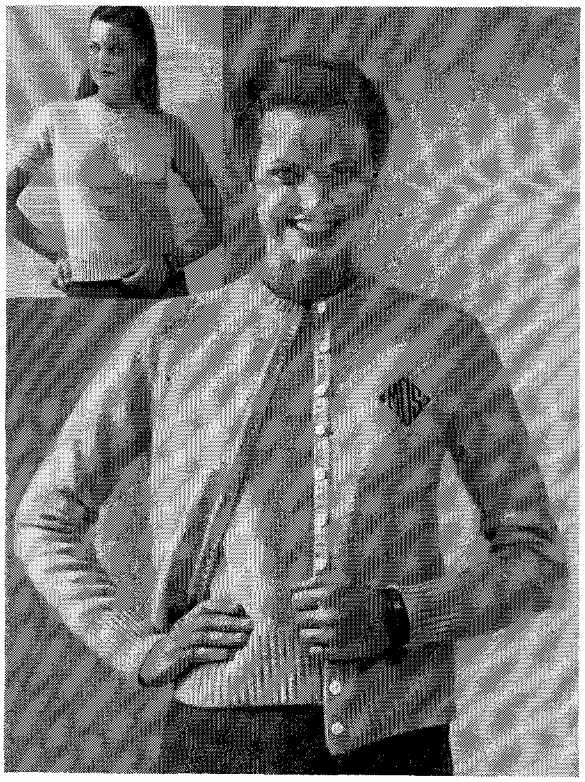
At the time of that great crisis the Mexican Revolution, the most radical faction, that of Zapata and his peasants, proposed not new forms of social organization but a return to communal ownership of land. The rebelling peasants were asking for the devolution of the land; that is, they wanted to go back to a pre-Columbian form of ownership which had been respected by the Spaniards. The image the revolutionaries instinctively made for themselves of a Golden Age lay in the remotest past. Utopia for them was not the construction of a future but a return to the source, to the beginning. The traditional Mexican attitude toward time has been expressed in this way by a Mexican poet, Ramón López Velarde: "Motherland, be still the same, faithful to each day's mirror."

In the seventeenth century, Mexican society was richer and more prosperous than American society. This situation lasted until the first half of the eighteenth century. To prove that it was so, one need only glance at the cities of those days, with their monuments and buildings—Mexico City and Boston, Puebla and Philadelphia. Then everything changed. In 1847, the United States invaded Mexico, occupied it, and imposed on it terrible and heavy conditions of peace. A century later, the United States became the dominant world power. An unusual conjunction of circumstances of a material, technological, political, ideological, and human order explains the prodigious development of the United States. But in the small religious communities of seventeenth-century New England, the future was already in bud: political democracy, capitalism, and social and economic development. In Mexico, something very different has occurred. At the end of the eighteenth century, the Mexican ruling classes—especially the intellectuals—discovered that the principles that had founded their society condemned it to immobility and backwardness. They undertook a twofold revolution: separation from Spain and modernization of the country through the adoption of new republican and democratic principles. Their examples were the American Revolution and the French Revolution. They gained independence from Spain, but the adoption of new principles was not enough: Mexico changed its laws, not its social, economic, and cultural realities.

During much of the nineteenth century, Mexico suffered an endemic civil war and three invasions by for-



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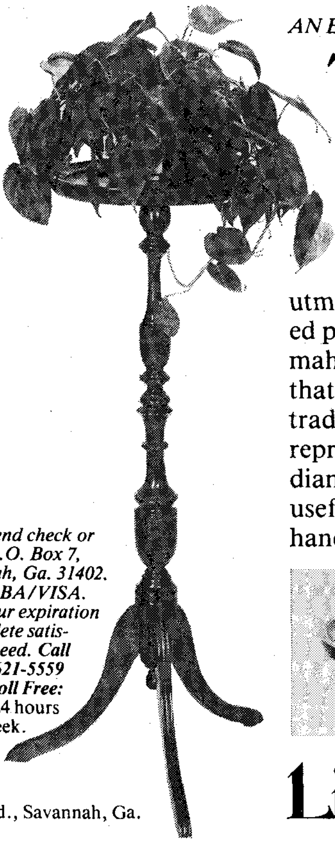

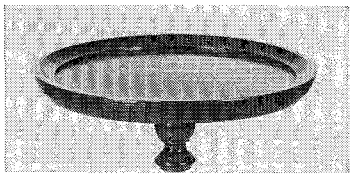

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eign powers—the United States, Spain, and France. In the latter part of the century, order was reëstablished, but at the expense of democracy. In the name of liberal ideology and the positivism of Comte and Spencer, a military dictatorship was imposed which lasted more than thirty years. It was a period of peace and appreciable material development—also of increasing penetration by foreign capital, especially from England and the United States. The Mexican Revolution of 1910 set itself to change direction. It succeeded only in part: Mexican democracy is not yet a reality, and the great advances achieved in certain quarters have been nullified or are in danger because of excessive political centralization, excessive population growth, social inequality, the collapse of higher education, and the actions of the economic monopolies, among them those from the United States. Like all the other states of this century, the Mexican state has had an enormous, monstrous development. A curious contradiction: The state has been the agent of modernization, but it has been unable to modernize itself entirely. It is a hybrid of the Spanish patrimonialist state of the seventeenth century and the modern bureaucracies of the West. As for its relationship with the United States, that is still the old relationship of strong and weak, oscillating between indifference and abuse, deceit and cynicism. Most Mexicans hold the justifiable conviction that the treatment received by their country is unfair.

ABOVE and beyond success and failure, Mexico is still asking itself the question that has occurred to most clear-thinking Mexicans since the end of the eighteenth century: the question about modernization. In the nineteenth century, it was believed that to adopt the new democratic and liberal principles was enough. Today, after almost two centuries of setbacks, we have realized that countries change very slowly, and that if such changes are to be fruitful they must be in harmony with the past and the traditions of each nation. And so Mexico has to find its own road to modernity. Our past must not be an obstacle but a starting point. This is extremely difficult, given the nature of our traditions—difficult but not impossible. To avoid new disasters, we Mexicans must reconcile ourselves with our past: only in this way shall we succeed in finding a route to modernity. The search for our own model of modernization is a theme directly linked with another: today we know that moder-

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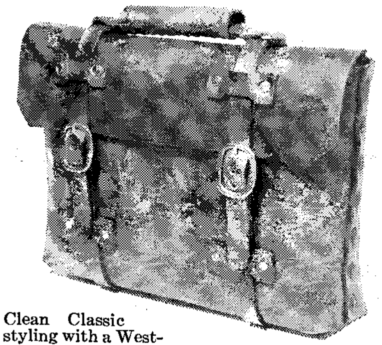

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nity, both the capitalist and the pseudo-socialist versions of the totalitarian bureaucracies, is mortally wounded in its very core—the idea of continuous, unlimited progress. The nations that inspired our nineteenth-century liberals—England, France, and especially the United States—are doubting, vacillating, and cannot find their way. They have ceased to be universal examples. The Mexicans of the nineteenth century turned their eyes toward the great Western democracies; we have nowhere to turn ours.

Between 1930 and 1960, most Mexicans were sure of the path they had chosen. This certainty has vanished, and some people ask themselves if it is not necessary to begin all over again. But the question is not relevant only for Mexico; it is universal. However unsatisfactory our country's situation may seem to us, it is not desperate—especially compared with what prevails elsewhere. Latin America, with only a few exceptions, lives under military dictatorships that are pampered and often supported by the United States. Cuba escaped American domination only to become a pawn of the Soviet Union's policy in Africa. A large number of the Asian and African nations that gained their independence after the Second World War are victims of native tyrannies often more cruel and despotic than those of the old colonial powers. In the so-called Third World, with different names and attributes, a ubiquitous Caligula reigns.

In 1917, the October Revolution in Russia kindled the hopes of millions; in 1979, the word "Gulag" has become synonymous with Soviet socialism. The founders of the socialist movement firmly believed that socialism would put an end not only to the exploitation of men but to war; in the second half of the twentieth century, totalitarian "socialisms" have enslaved the working class by stripping it of its basic rights and have also covered the whole planet with the threatening uproar of their disputes and quarrels. In the name of different versions of "socialism," Vietnamese and Cambodians butcher each other. The ideological wars of the twentieth century are no less ferocious than the wars of religion of the seventeenth century. When I was young, the idea that we were witnessing the final crisis of capitalism was fashionable among intellectuals. Now we understand that the crisis is not of a socioeconomic system but of our whole civilization. It is a general, worldwide crisis, and its most extreme,

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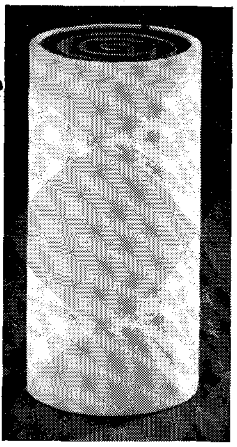
acute, and dangerous expression is found in the situation of the Soviet Union and its satellites. The contradictions of totalitarian "socialism" are more profound and irreconcilable than those of the capitalist democracies.

The sickness of the West is moral rather than social and economic. It is true that the economic problems are serious and that they have not been solved. Inflation and unemployment are on the rise. Poverty has not disappeared, despite affluence. Several groups—women and racial, religious, and linguistic minorities—still are or feel excluded. But the real, most profound discord lies in the soul. The future has become the realm of horror, and the present has turned into a desert. The liberal societies spin tirelessly, not forward but round and round. If they change, they are not *transfigured*. The *hedonism* of the West is the other face of desperation; its skepticism is not wisdom but renunciation; its nihilism ends in suicide and in inferior forms of credulity, such as *political fanaticisms and magical chimeras*. The empty place left by Christianity in the modern soul is filled not by philosophy but by the crudest superstitions. Our eroticism is a *technique*, not an art or a passion.

I will not continue. The evils of the West have been described often enough, most recently by Solzhenitsyn, a man of admirable character. However, although his description seems to me accurate his judgment of the causes of the sickness does not, nor does the remedy he proposes. We cannot renounce the critical tradition of the West; nor can we return to the medieval theocratic state. Dungeons of the Inquisition are not an answer to the Gulag camps. It is not worthwhile substituting the church-state for the party-state, one orthodoxy for another. The only effective arm against orthodoxies is criticism, and in order to defend ourselves against the vices of intolerance and fanaticism our only recourse is the exercise of the opposing virtues: tolerance and freedom of spirit. I do not disown Montesquieu, Hume, Kant.

The crisis of the United States affects the very foundation of the nation, by which I mean the principles that founded it. I have already said that there is a leitmotiv running throughout American history, from the Puritan colonies of New England to the present day; namely, the tension between freedom and equality. The struggles of the blacks, the Chicanos, and other minorities are an expression of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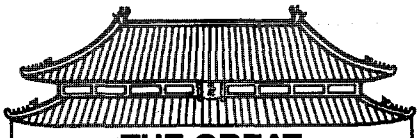
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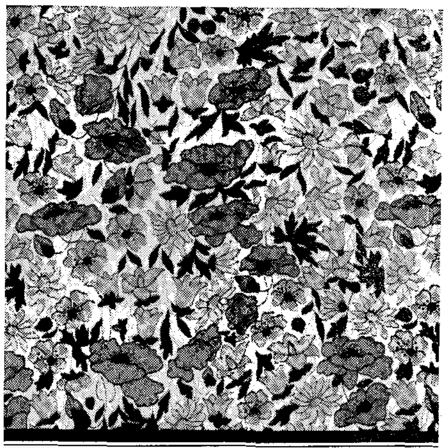
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this dualism. An external contradiction corresponds to this internal contradiction: the United States is a republic and an empire. In Rome, the first of these contradictions (the internal one between freedom and equality) was resolved by the suppression of freedom; Caesar's regime began as an egalitarian solution, but, like all solutions by force, it ended in the suppression of equality also. The second, external contradiction brought about the ruin of Athens, the first imperial republic in history.

It would be presumptuous of me to propose solutions to this double contradiction. I think that every time a society finds itself in crisis it instinctively turns its eyes toward its origins and looks there for a sign. Colonial American society was a free, egalitarian, but exclusive society. Faithful to its origins, in its domestic and foreign policies alike the United States has always ignored the "others." Today, the United States faces very powerful enemies, but the mortal danger comes from within: not from Moscow but from that mixture of arrogance and opportunism, blindness and short-term Machiavellianism, volubility and stubbornness which has characterized its foreign policies during recent years and which reminds us in an odd way of the Athenian state in its quarrel with Sparta. To conquer its enemies, the United States must first conquer itself—return to its origins. Not to repeat them but to rectify them: the "others"—the minorities inside as well as the marginal countries and nations outside—do exist. Not only do we "others" make up the majority of the human race but also each marginal society, poor though it may be, represents a unique and precious version of mankind. If the United States is to recover fortitude and lucidity, it must recover itself, and to recover itself it must recover the "others"—the outcasts of the Western world.

—OCTAVIO PAZ

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Rachel Phillips.*)

• •

THE WHITE DRESS

I want you to see me in it.

The mirror witches an image
that invents every movement. When I spin
I enter the seven precious stages of flight;
the room is as lively as a dovecote.
Again I turn and stop,
looking into your eyes,
where the feathers are drifting down
over my thighs and knees.
The cloth obeys the curves of my body.
It is as simple as this,
a white dress.

Later we will leave the party and walk
the cool sidewalks toward the highway
where junipers nod in the wind.
When my skirt ripples out into darkness,
you will move me, like a sail
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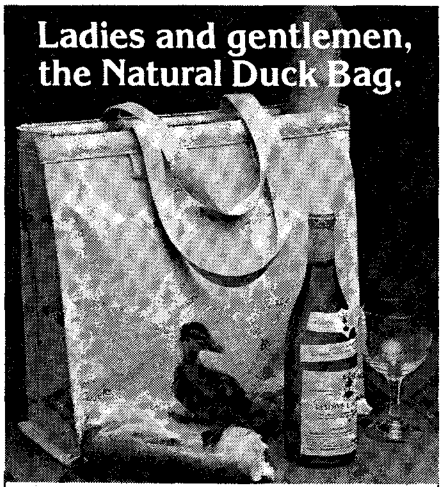

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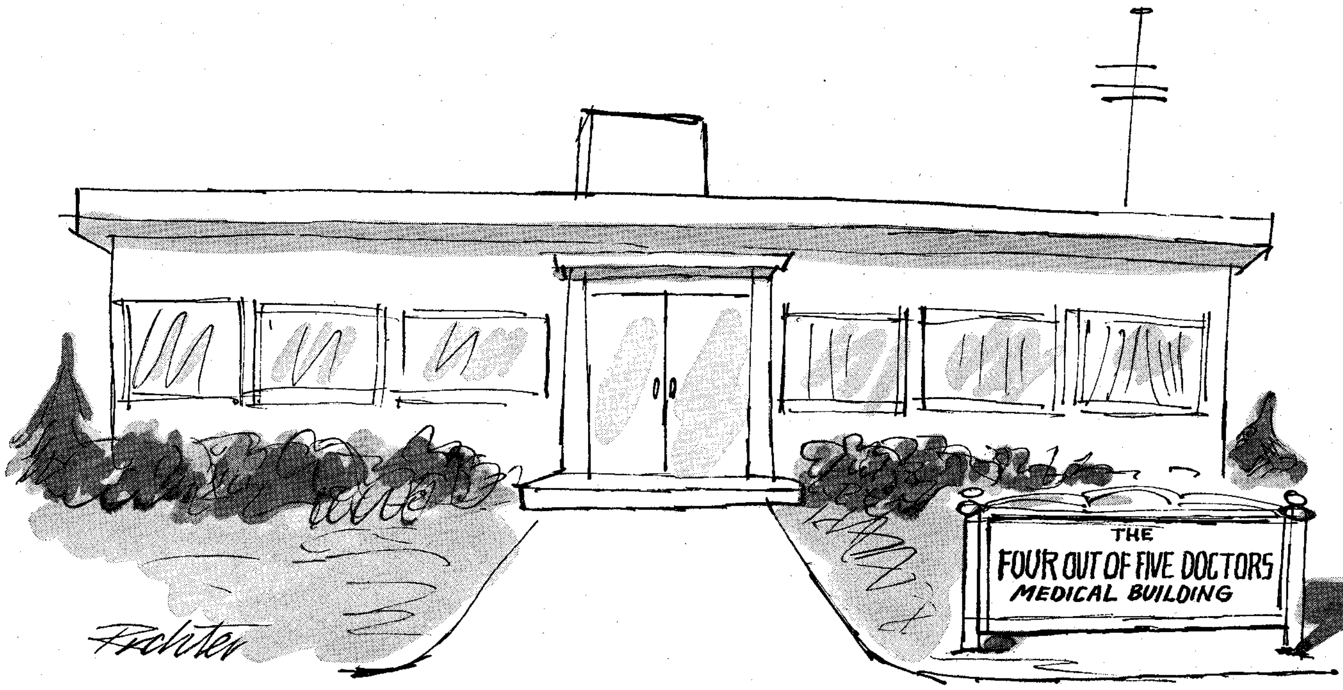
RENTS being what they are, about a hundred and fifty of New York's most promising underemployed actors have ended up living together in a shed on Stillwell Avenue, in Coney Island. In fairness to all the flesh-and-blood, Equity-dues-paying underemployed actors around town, it should be pointed out that the members of the Coney Island clique are, technically speaking, marionettes. In fairness to these particular marionettes, however, it should be pointed out that they are rare ones. Onstage, they orate in an Italian idiom that is virtually extinct; they dress in silk and satin; they wear armor made from discarded hubcaps and electric toasters; and each of them can, if called upon, incarnate twenty or thirty different personalities. The room that these puppets inhabit—the work premises of a seventy-year-old electrician named Miguel (Mike) Manteo—brims with dramatic possibilities. When spurred on by Manteo and their other handlers, the puppets tend to fight among themselves until mechanical failure intrudes. At rest, they are regal.

Three generations of Manteos have owned the puppet troupe, which is called Papa Manteo's Life-Sized Marionettes. Before Mike Manteo inherited the brood, they belonged to his father, Agrippino, the eponymous Papa. Before that, many were the property of Papa's papa, also named Agrippino. That the marionettes have been built to only three-quarters human scale does not make the Manteos guilty of false advertising. In performance—when they enjoy the benefits of voices, gestures, and a gifted audience—they expand beyond life-sized dimensions. Around 1900, after both of Papa's parents had died, he moved from Catania, Sicily, to Mendoza, Argentina, taking with him a few puppets that he had salvaged from his father's collection. During the next few years, he added creations of his own, improving the breed considerably in the process. Papa went back to Sicily to fight in the First World War, and when he returned to Argentina he trundled along about fifty more marionettes, all of which he brought with him when he and his family immigrated to the United States, in 1919. This odyssey made the Manteo marionettes some of the best-travelled puppets in the New World, and their arrival in America made Papa Manteo one of this country's few practitioners of the Sicilian art of *opera dei pupi.*

For a prosperous stretch during the twenties and thirties, Papa Manteo and his wife, Caterina, their children—four sons and a daughter—and two hundred puppets occupied a series of small theatres in Little Italy, Brooklyn, and Newark. Each evening—every single evening—the Manteos staged episodes from "Orlando Furioso," the chivalric epic written by Lodovico Ariosto, the Italian poet, who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To sit through the entire "Orlando" cycle—a peripatetic series of royal encounters, battle scenes, incidents of sorcery, slayings of dragons, and winnings of the hands of beautiful maidens—a theatregoer had to attend the performances every night for thirteen months. To witness the entire Papa Manteo œuvre, which included adaptations of three more medieval epics, one had to attend every night for three years. It was mesmerizing stuff—the sort of theatre experience that on at least one occasion provoked a member of the audience to rise from his seat, deliver a Sicilian curse, draw his revolver, and give an evil-acting marionette what he had coming. The customer knew how to handle a gun and happened to have perfect aim, so none of the other patrons objected. This occurred, of course, during the pre-television era, when the Manteos were blessed with audiences who appreciated live-action drama. Papa Manteo faced competition from a few other *opera dei pupi* impresarios in New York, but he eventually outlasted them all, just as the charmed Count Orlando, the First Paladin of France (who *in* France has been known since at least the twelfth century as Roland), outlasts all the pagan knaves who are foolish enough to duel with him.

Not long after the Second World War, Papa Manteo died, and Mike, the eldest of his children, assumed the stewardship of the family puppets. By that time, a variety of circumstances had forced Papa Manteo's Life-Sized Marionettes (and their handlers) into



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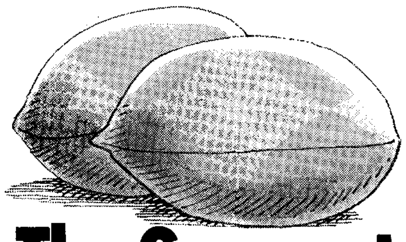
semiretirement, where they have remained. This means that today, unless the Manteos are hired to perform—a dispiritingly rare occurrence—the only way a New Yorker with a hunger for *opera dei pupi* can satisfy that appetite is to travel to Sicily. And even then, some of the Manteos' most ardent partisans insist, a true aficionado will be disappointed. The purists of this school argue that Papa Manteo imparted to his children a rare and subtle command of *il dolce idioma*, a style of theatrical Italian that is central to bona-fide *opera dei pupi*. Papa learned this language in the *opera dei pupi* theatres of Catania ninety years ago, and Mike Manteo subsequently learned it in Little Italy. Ironically, the argument goes, the *opera dei pupi* that is offered in Sicily today, mainly for the benefit of tourists, is a bastardization of the form that Manteo has preserved. Now, whenever Papa Manteo's Life-Sized Marionettes have a chance to strut their stuff, Mike Manteo stands in the wings and erupts with the dialogue of "Orlando," and as he does so he revives *il dolce idioma*. In this sense, a friend has explained to me, he is "a linguistic island." He has, by the way, never seen Sicily.

IT is no longer really accurate to refer collectively to the marionettes' handlers as "the Manteos," because Mike, his brother Dominick, and their sister, Ida, are the only original Manteos left in the business. Mike throws most of the male voices; Ida does the female voices and plays a plunkety background piano that is the musical expression of a walking puppet; Dominick works on the "bridge" above the stage's backdrop with several other marionette manipulators. Dominick's colleagues include Ida's husband, Angelo Grillo; the Grillo daughters, Joan Lauria and Susan Bruno, and their husbands, Vinnie Lauria and Joe Bruno; Mike Manteo's grandson Michael Housen; Sisto Comminotto, the sound man; and John De Mino, a Fordham student who has been learning the trade from Mike Manteo. To stage "Orlando," Manteo needs the assistance of at least four marionette manipulators on the bridge, all of whom must have strong shoulder and back muscles. The puppets, which are made of wood, various metals, and cloth, weigh from forty to a hundred and forty pounds each, and are controlled from above with two iron rods and a thick string. A heavy rod connected to the puppet's head makes it possible for him to walk, fight, nod, swivel when



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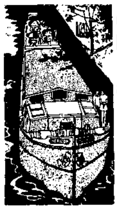

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he speaks, and suffer decapitation when a mortal sword blow arrives. In the Manteo scheme of things, a dying marionette almost always loses his head. A thinner rod attaches to the right hand—in the case of a knight or an enemy warrior, this is the sword-bearing hand—and the thick string manipulates the left, or shield-bearing, arm. Ariosto's women squabble often, but rarely with weapons. This leaves them free to talk with their hands, which, thanks to the crew on the bridge, they do fluently.

The first time that I saw Papa Manteo's Life-Sized Marionettes in action, they were appearing before an S.R.O. crowd in a building owned by New York University on Washington Square. The performance was supposed to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, but four months had elapsed since the Manteos' previous performance, and four months of accumulated rustiness, combined, perhaps, with a touch of nerves, held things up a bit. At eight-twenty-five, the crowd, which numbered about three hundred, began to clap impatiently. Soon Mike Manteo, wearing a white T-shirt, green pants, and a white butcher's apron that bore the words "The Chief," came from behind the curtain to read a synopsis of the plot for the evening. With a pair of thick, black-framed eyeglasses perched on his long, bony nose, he squinted at a sheet of paper. His years working on the bridge have left him with a powerful build—large shoulders and a barrel chest. Manteo has a broad, imposing face, set off by milky brown eyes, bushy gray sideburns, a receding hairline, and a heavy jaw. In animated moments during a performance, Mike's face becomes protean—capable of expressing the ferocity of a homicidal ogre or the pitiable sweetness of a princess in distress. Like his most experienced puppets, he wears a perpetual air of battle-weariness. As it is, this sideshow is hidden from the members of the audience—who have come, after all, to see the marionettes.

When Manteo was satisfied that he had the crowd's eager attention, he waved the sheet of paper in his hand and said, "My sister, Ida, gave me this manuscript to read. I don't know what's going on unless I listen to my sister." Because Manteo happens to be congenitally wedded to the ad lib as art form, he cannot repress the impulse to banter with an audience. Thus, the plot summary hardly seemed straightforward. For those of us who couldn't follow it, a printed program contained an unembellished account—scene by

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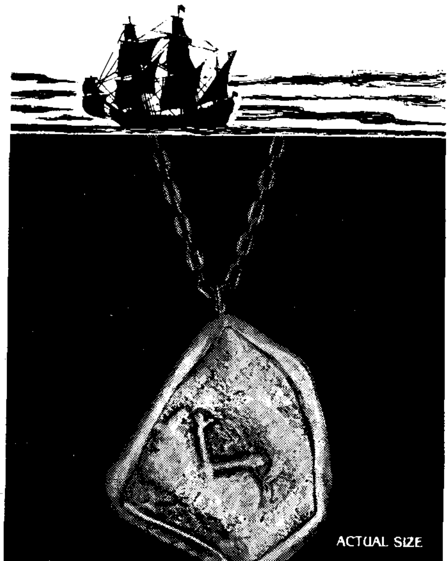

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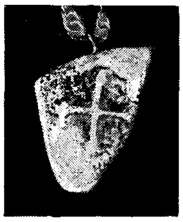
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scene, for seventeen scenes—of what subsequently took place on the marionette stage:

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Romance between Viviana and Prince Alessandro.
Jealousy of Melissa, Viviana's sister.
Discord between Alessandro and Melissa.
Melissa swears to avenge herself.
Flight of Alessandro and Viviana.
Fury of Balahim, who threatens King Druano, and goes in search of the fugitives.
Battle between Balahim and Alessandro.
Alessandro in peril.
Viviana rescues him.
Balahim abducts Viviana.
Orlando kills a terrible dragon.
Orlando and Alessandro go in search of Balahim and Viviana.
Encounter between Orlando and Balahim and their great duel.
Death of the giant and his followers.
Orlando restores Viviana to Alessandro and departs in search of Angelica.

As plot summaries go, this one is reasonably tidy, although the standard overtones of quest and romance slightly obscure the fact that "Orlando Furioso," as orchestrated and added to by the Manteos, is mainly an occasion for spectacular duelling sequences. Also, no recitation of plot can do justice to the spangled armor worn by the stiff-legged puppets or the stentorian strength of Manteo's voice when, say, Orlando meets Balahim for their climactic duel. In this particular performance, the puppeteers showed their best moves during the sixteenth scene, staging a frenzied battle that featured not merely the "death of the giant and his followers" but also a rousing succession of bloodless marionette decapitations. These were achieved by a mighty thrust of Orlando's sword and a timely flick of the manipulator's wrist from the bridge. Armored bodies noisily lost their heads, and the victorious Orlando stood astride a heap of defeated marionettes—seven in all. The final scene, a counterpoint to the deus ex machina of Orlando's sudden appearance in Scene 13, saw the hero now in pursuit of Angelica. It didn't matter a bit that Angelica—the daughter of Galafrone, the King of Cathay—had not been previously mentioned. What mattered was that she was, according to description, sublimely beautiful. Obviously, it was she—not the awful giant, not the hideous dragon—who made Orlando *furioso*, who humanized him. More than an afterthought, the last-minute invocation of the hero's beloved was designed

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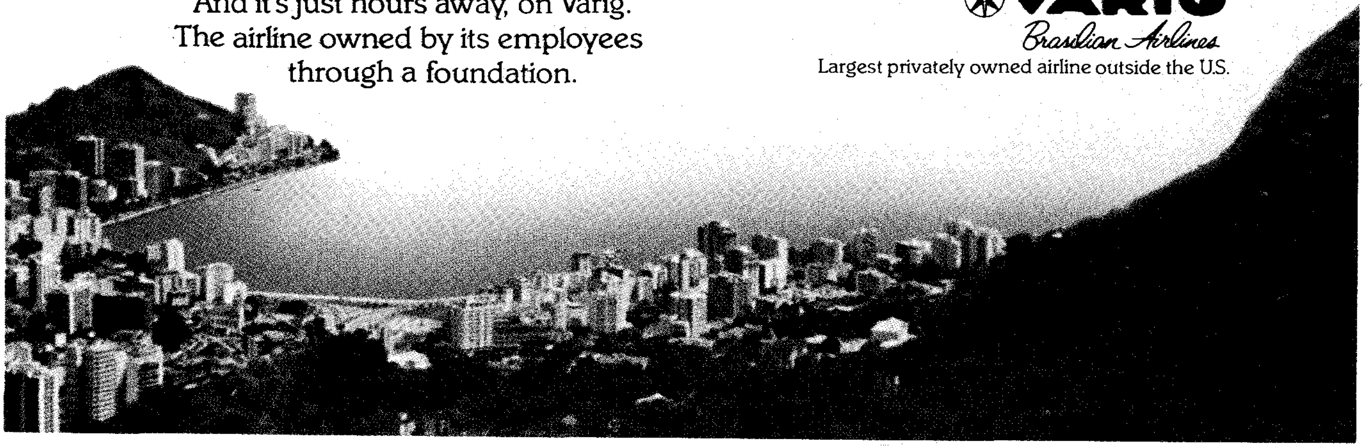

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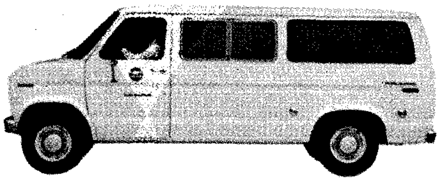

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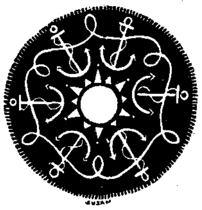
to bring the audience back to the theatre the next evening. In this instance, however, there was nothing scheduled for the next evening, so a few days later I rode the B train to Coney Island to see how Manteo and his leading players were getting along.

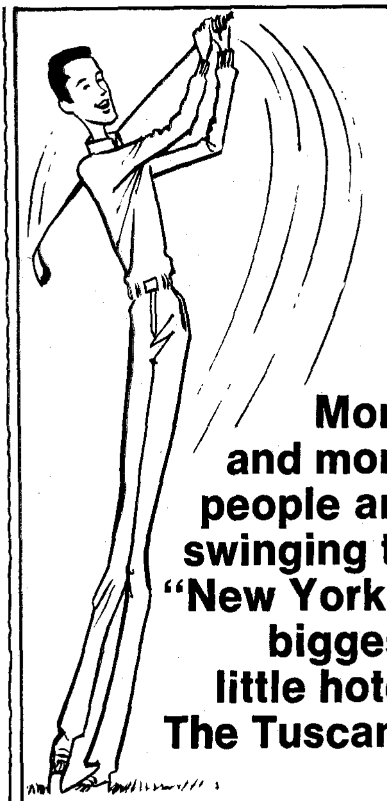
It turned out that, despite a few bumps and dents, they were getting along well. The same could not be said for Fanfilo and Califo, a couple of Balahim's pagan comrades, who had sustained breastplate-piercing sword blows. "It's no problem," Manteo said a few minutes after greeting me at the door of his studio and electrician's shop. He waved a small hammer in the air. "I just take off the armor and hammer it down and solder it. This was my father's hammer—over seventy years old. Every now and then, I change the handle." The worktable that Manteo uses in removing his marionettes from the disabled list held more hammers, several chisels, two vises, a polishing wheel, and a lead block for pounding metal into different shapes. There were puppet heads dangling from the ceiling, and along one side of the room hung rows of armored, off-duty marionettes—a silent audience. The room was littered with scraps of metal—sheets of tin that Manteo buys in bulk, and the stainless-steel carcasses of electric toasters that he finds on the street. He held up a hemispherical piece of silvery armor. "This is the knee protector for a puppet I'm repairing," he said. "It used to be part of somebody's rotisserie." At the worktable, Manteo paused to give advice to his grandson Michael, seventeen years old, who was busy building a small marionette, a scaled-down version of the almost life-sized stage marionettes. "When I was little, I used to come here to visit my grandfather, and I could wear this armor. I was just the right size," said Michael, who attends high school in Mahopac. "Now I'm learning how to make it."



"When I was Michael's age, we had one of our theatres on Mulberry Street," Manteo said. "There were two other marionette theatres in Little Italy then, plus one in the Bronx and one in Newark. The first thing I remember about going to those theatres is sitting backstage on top of the pail of sand we kept around for fires. We had fire-breathing dragons and things like that, so we needed it. I didn't know any Italian, but I looked and looked and looked and listened and listened, and eventually I gathered all this in. We moved around a lot in those years. We were like gypsies. And what we had to move! A horse and wagon—two trips. This here is nothing. At the time that my father decided to close down, we had fifty backdrops and five hundred puppets. In the final years, a lot of the other puppeteers wanted to retire, so they would come to my father and say, 'I want to sell.' My father said, 'Whatever you got, I buy.' Five hundred we had at one point. We had them stored everywhere. On a conventional stage, we would have two hundred puppets lined up on pipe racks in the wings or upstairs. My father might say, 'Where's the knight who has to go to Tunis?' or 'We need King Arthur's head. Go get King Arthur's head.' And then I went searching for them. My father was, you see, the boss. It's like Paul Whiteman or Xavier Cugat. All day long, the band warms up, but where's the leader of the band? No one sees him. Then comes the evening, and the time for the performance, and who walks in? *Xavier Cugat.* The boss. All my father had to do was stand in the wings and throw the voices. But if anything went wrong during a performance he was a wild man! Here, you can see how big he was."

Manteo led me into a small office adjacent to the workroom and motioned toward a photograph of a heavyset, dignified man in a white shirt, suspenders, and necktie, consulting with a young man who held a script. "That was my younger brother Johnny," he said. "When he was only seventeen, he was our director, the one who held us all together—along with my father. Then Johnny died. After a while, my father couldn't take it anymore, thinking about Johnny, so that's when he closed up the theatre. After that, we lost a lot of puppets because we stored them in a building opposite our theatre, in the cellar, but we didn't pay any rent. They were our stock, and we knew the owner of the building. My brother and I meant to take them out, but some Chinese people bought the building, and one day the puppets got thrown out. The Chinese didn't know what they were throwing out. But I didn't mind that so much, because we had already saved the best ones."

WITHOUT the "Orlando" saga, Papa Manteo's Life-Sized Marionettes wouldn't have much to say, but without Papa's interpolations of Ariosto they would merely be wooden poets. Both Papa and his father, Agrippino,



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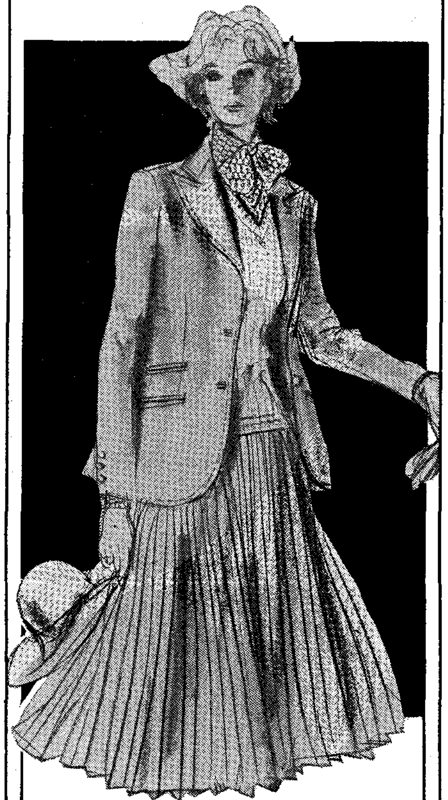

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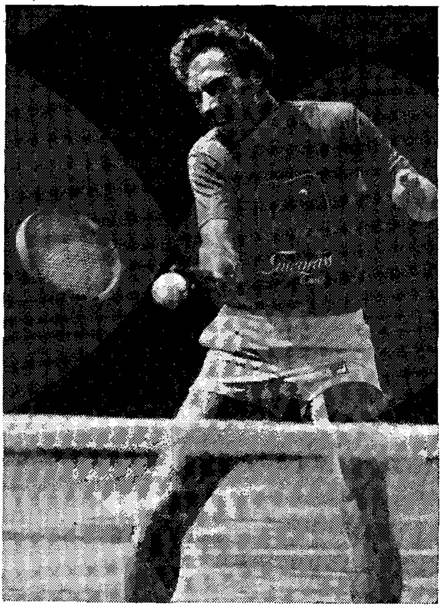
went to great trouble to rephrase Ariosto in the vernacular and to transcribe the results into notebooks. Papa Manteo's manuscripts, two hundred in all, rest on a shelf in the office, and they provide the source material for Mike's staging of "Orlando." Each day, in gratitude to Ariosto, Manteo reads a few pages of unadulterated "Orlando" in the *antico* Italian. "People think during the performances that I'm reading directly from a script," he said. "Actually, I only begin with a little speech from the manuscript, and then I—let's say I improvise. It's all in my head—somewhere. Backstage, though, I'm asking Ida, 'What's next, Ida? What happens next?' She says, 'So-and-so and so so so so,' and I keep going. It's ninety-nine per cent ad-lib, with some occasional passages of poetry. You know, every now and then you need some poetry."

When Manteo talks, he uses his hands a great deal, as if he were manipulating invisible marionettes. There is nothing linear about a conversation with him. Once he loses himself in a thread of plot from "Orlando," the only way to bring him back to reality is to interrupt. Interruption, however, means missing details of how Orlando, Oliviero, and Brandimarte engage Agramante di Bisserta, Subrino di Calvo, and Gradasso Della Ciricania in combat, or how Rizieri, the fabled Death of Rome, wins his four epic battles. There are instances, however, when Manteo interrupts himself, digressing into a long quotation from Ariosto, or pausing to light a cigar, or to tell his grandson that he is hammering a piece of armor incorrectly, or to muse on what it would be like to have a theatre where he could once more give his show the three-year run that it deserves.

In the midst of Manteo's explanation of how Pulicane, the half-dog, half-man, dies to save his master, Buovo di Antona, the telephone rang. It was his wife, calling from their home in Staten Island. For a few moments, he mugged and winced and held the receiver several inches from his ear. Something about the conversation must have reminded him of an epic battle scene, because when he hung up he said, "You know, there used to be arguments: Who were the best fighters in the marionette theatres? Some of the sons of the *marionettisti* who had sold out to my father used to come around—the Locascios, the Provenzanos, the Gannistraccis. They asked, 'Hey, Manteo, can I fight?' My father says, 'Why not, Provenzano? Less



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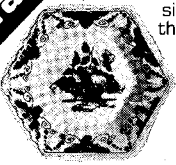

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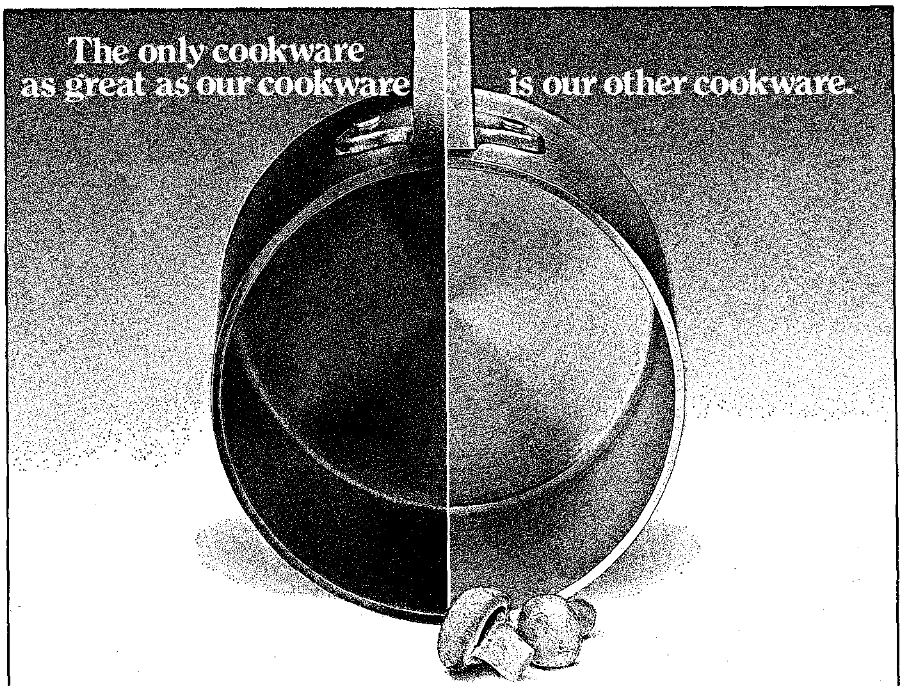
work for me to do.' Then come the Gannistraccis. They ask, 'Hey, Manteo, can I fight?' My father would say, 'Why not, Gannistracci? You take the weight off my mind.' I'll tell you the truth: my brother Pino and I were the best fighters. Pino was the best fighter on the right-hand side of the stage, and I was the best from the left. When we fought, my father said, 'Don't worry. The workshop is upstairs.' Fighting is very hard work. Now, though, when we perform, I don't fight. I just walk in the king or the lead puppet, and then I let one of the other handlers hold him. The handler has to look at me, and when I give him a signal to move—if the puppet is supposed to be talking—he moves. Now I notice that my voice gets tired. When we were young, we sweated like prizefighters. There were always heads being chopped off, and you had to look forward to the next fights, and then tomorrow and next week. Ida would say, 'Papa, you know next Wednesday who's coming out? There's supposed to be a whole new army invading.' And Papa would send us to the storage room, and we had to return with the invading army."

Manteo had moved to the center of the room, to a spot directly beneath an overhead light bulb. The string that descended from the bulb seemed to be attached to his head. When he saw me notice this, he looked up, smiled, stepped aside, and returned his thoughts to battle. "We had one fight sequence, from the second manuscript, that called for twenty soldiers against twenty, and then—would you believe?—*fifty* against *fifty*," he said. "It took several scenes to finish all those fights, and my father had to rig special cable lines with springs to hold all the puppets. But he knew so many ways to make a marionette die. He once built a big fat dwarf, an enchanted dwarf. First, one leg fell off, and became a snake. Then the other leg, and it became another snake. Then the arms—four snakes in all—and then the torso became an even bigger snake. It was really an *enchanted* dwarf. After he built it, my father didn't even go up on the bridge to pull the strings. He sat in the wings and threw the voices. He trusted my brothers and me with the strings."

Given the present acute shortage of enchanted dwarfs, Manteo dotes heavily on some of his oldest marionettes, a few of which have matured to the brink of magic. One of them, Organtino, is ninety-eight years old. Like most veteran fighters, Organtino has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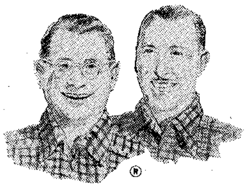

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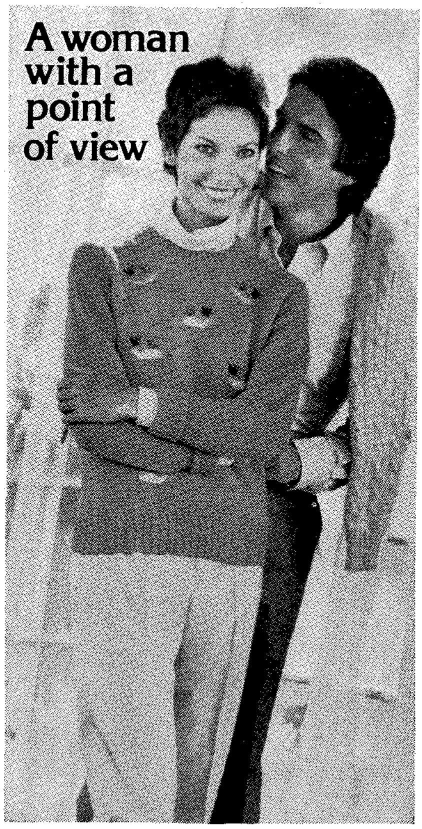
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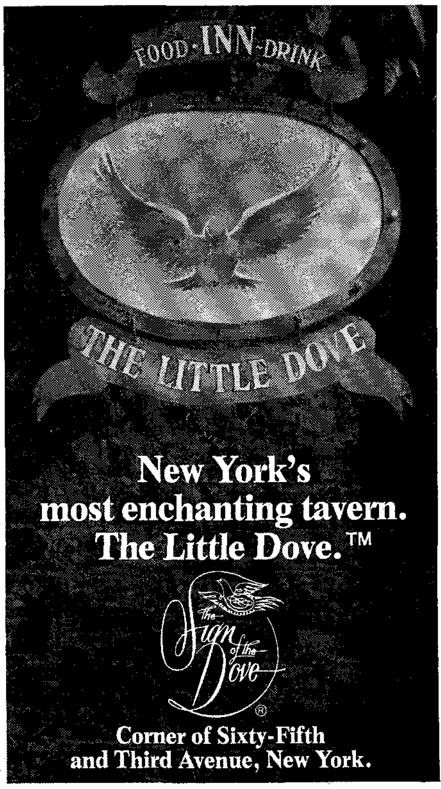

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grown heavier with age. A good deal of lead has been used to patch his brass breastplate and shield, and the shield has received a new stainless-steel rim. When Manteo contemplates Organtino and his comrades, he refers to them as "this tough guy" and "that old scrapper." The last Papa Manteo creation, Ruggiero of the White Eagle, bears a white-eagle emblem on his shield and another on his helmet. Papa Manteo built Ruggiero in 1937. Near the spot where Ruggiero hangs, there is an inscription in black ink on a door:

Che è L'avvenire di Questi
Marionetti?
Buono?
Beh!
Speriamo
nel futuro.

"I wrote that, and it translates to mean, 'What is the future of these marionettes? Good? Well! Let us hope for the future,'" Manteo said. "My future does not include making more puppets. I'll just keep these here ready, so they can go onstage when I'm ready for them to. That's enough work for me. My father built these to last. The heads were made from cherry or oak or mahogany. Mostly cherry. You know, cherry is a tough wood. I had one puppet the other day, it was so beat up I said, 'I'm gonna throw this puppet out,' but I looked at it for a while and I remembered that I always restore them. The head was O.K. I repadded the torso, fixed the armor, and suddenly it was ready to fight again. Now, if I use the puppet in a show I have to change him afterward. I give him a different breastplate, another shield, a new helmet, a different cape. It's the same body, but it's a different person from the one you saw onstage. To do the entire 'Orlando Furioso,' we might have had five hundred puppets to work with, but we had to make them into ten thousand different characters. You couldn't use a marionette and call him Bolindo and then send out the exact same puppet another time and call him Balante. You couldn't call a puppet a pagan and then two days later send him out and call him a Christian. Because the audience would look, and it could tell if we didn't change. The audience always knows." —MARK SINGER

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Pinget

IT is with some embarrassment that a reviewer recommends to readers a writer whom he scarcely understands, whose works are more than a little exasperating, and who furthermore writes with a high degree of colloquiality in a foreign language. Yet Robert Pinget, as glimpsed through translation and through the cloudy layers of his own obfuscations, does seem one of the more noble presences in world literature, a continuingly vital practitioner of what, a weary long quarter-century ago, was christened *le nouveau roman.* Pinget, unlike Alain Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute, is not a household name on this side of the Atlantic, and his jacket flaps restate the same few facts. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1920. He studied law and became a barrister. He went to Paris in 1946, to the École des Beaux-Arts, then intending to become a painter. He had an exhibition in Paris in 1950; the same year, he taught drawing and French in England. He is a friend of Samuel Beckett. We learn from Deirdre Bair's biography of Beckett that in 1957 Pinget published a translation of "All That Fall" and that Beckett has helped produce Pinget's Beckett-like play "The Hypothesis." Pinget's first book, "Between Fantoine and Agapa," was published in 1950, and ever since he has explored, surreally but doggedly, a fictional terrain of which the local city is Agapa and the rather interchangeable villages are Fantoine and Sirancy. One wonders where, on the road between Geneva and Paris, Pinget acquired such a rich and fond intimacy with French country life, and what holds so cosmopolitan and experimental a writer to a provincial landscape of such unvarying ingredients—a moldering château; a crowded, gossipy village; a sinister forest and quarry. One book jacket volunteers that "Monsieur Pinget divides his time between Paris and a country home in Touraine;" Touraine, then, "garden of France" and natal ground of Descartes, Rabelais, and Balzac, is indicated as the territory of Pinget's imagination. Though there is occasional mention of jeans and television, his world seems frozen between the two world wars, with a veritably medieval rumor of absolute evil arising from its darker places.

Unlike a number of his fellow-*nouveaux romanciers*, Pinget has been reticent about his formal aesthetic program. Professor Vivian Mercier, however, in compiling his survey "The New Novel from Queneau to Pinget" (1971), did elicit from him a third-person avowal concerning "the author's passion for fictional creation, his obsession with the destinies of individuals, his being haunted by imagination and by the efforts required to fathom the only reality there is, his soul, and finally his limitless love of the French language." This profession appears strikingly orthodox; realistic and indeed conservative impulses are at work in Pinget's art. On the other hand, he has advised a recent English translator, "Don't bother too much about logic: everything in [my novel] is directed against it." And a comment of several pages appended to another novel enunciates a principled surrealism inimical to logic and intelligible plot: "It is not what can be said or *meant* that interests me, but the *way in which it is said*. . . . There may well be a new point of view, a modern kind of sensitivity, an unusual sort of composition, in my books, but I can't help it. . . . One thing is certain, though, and this is that I never know at the outset what I am going to say. For a long time I thought this a weakness, but there is no way of avoiding it as it is my only strength, the strength that enables me to continue. . . . For my confidence in the mechanism of the subconscious remains essentially unshakeable."

This comment is appended to "The Libera Me Domine," which, simultaneously with "Passacaglia," has been published by a small firm with the itchy name of Red Dust. Both books are translated from the French by the British belle-lettrist Barbara Wright, and they cost $10.50 and $6.95, respectively. Their publication, small type tells us, "has been made possible in part by grants from the New York State Council on the Arts; and from the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D.C." Now that the government no longer has to prop up wheat prices, it has become the last great underwriter of the avant-garde. Pinget, with little fanfare and less profit, has had a total of eight books—six novels and a two-volume set of plays—rendered into English. Two novels have been previously published

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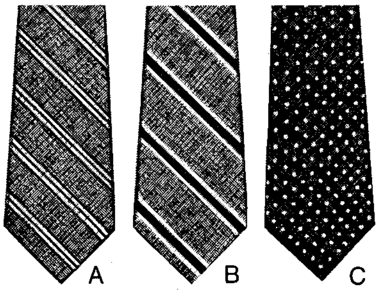

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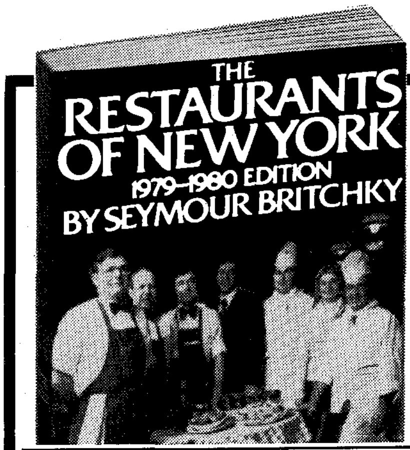

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in this country. His most successful and best-known work is "The Inquisitory" (1962); it won the Prix des Critiques, became a best-seller in France, and still seems his masterpiece. Its question-and-answer form, though extended beyond all plausibility, yet served to mold and control the contrary pulls toward anarchy in Pinget's work—one his utter trust in the vagaries of monologue, and the other his inexhaustible circumstantial interest in the doings, geography, and personalities of his fictional countryside. This second quality distinguishes him from Beckett and gives him a distant cousinage with Balzac and Faulkner. If we can imagine a Faulkner who began with the combative intellectual playfulness of Queneau or Jarry, or a "Sound and the Fury" that ends with everyone dissolved in Benjy's idiocy, we start to taste Pinget. The ultimate taste, surely, lies on the tongue, in his "limitless love of the French language," whose demotic banalities and querulous rhythms, as delicately translated by Miss Wright, even in translation sink into our hearts like a sad gray rain into already wet soil.

Pinget's plots deliberately defy summary. His novels are mystery novels that end with the mysteries compounded. "The Libera Me Domine" (an awkward collection of words based upon the French title, "Le Libera"—referring to the phrase in the Latin funeral Mass corresponding to the Biblical "Deliver me, O Lord") begins with talk, in an unspecified voice, about the violent death, ten years earlier, of four-year-old Louis Ducreux. "While little Louis went wandering off, the parents fast asleep, these country picnics they tire you out, both lying on the rug, she with her fat legs exposed, her skirt above her knees, he with his back to her curled up like a gun dog, a branch of a walnut or some other tree was tickling him and he brushed away this imaginary fly in his sleep, the child went wandering off, she had put him down to rest first, he hadn't gone to sleep, he'd got up, he went wandering off, the forest is dense once you get thirty yards in, they never saw him again." Now the retired schoolmistress, "old Lorpailleur," who may be mad, is stirring up this ancient scandal. But as the monologue winds on and on, even the simplest facts about the boy's death prove maddeningly slippery: he was strangled, no, his throat was cut, and, a few pages farther on, he was struck and killed by a passing truck. Or was it old Lorpailleur who was hit by the truck? Or did she just fall off in a fit?

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Countless incidents crowd where logically only one should go, and even the boy's name becomes distorted and lost. Events have a brief half-life in the atomic tumble of the monologue, whose speaker is undefined and drifts through the village like a gas. Certain central incidents, however, persist, burning through the clouds: there was a children's picnic in the forest, and a truck did pass through town, and the local aristocrat Mlle. Ariane entertained old Lorpailleur with some others at her manor house Bonne-Mesure, and a cat defecated in a flower bed, and there was a scandal about a priest and a choirboy, and the month is July, "a bad month in our parts, every sort of calamity happens to us in July." The philosophical moral of the narrative, arriving in a paragraph of sudden beauty, has to do with fine weather:

> When you think of how lovely the country is round our way, the shy sun when you open your window in the morning, the honeysuckle in the backyards, the glorious scents and birdsongs that carry us through from hour to hour until nightfall when the frogs croak themselves hoarse at the edge of the forest, so much loveliness, and of how we're always ready to do any little thing for each other, how we laugh together at the Swan café, how we all feel the same grief when someone is in mourning, how can anyone be so vulgar as to see nothing but filth in everything, I'm quite willing to admit that there may be some but all the same what a sin against Nature, as the doctor says everything you can ever think of saying about her is always true which means that everything you can possibly think of is to be found in her, you can quibble till you're blue in the face but that's the proof of her existence.

The aesthetic moral, the explanation of the book's poetics, comes a hundred pages later:

> ... this network of gossip and absurd remarks had conditioned our existence to such an extent that no stranger coming to live in our midst could have resisted it for long and that if he had come to follow the trade of let's say baker he would inevitably have branched off into that of child-killer for instance ... which would explain among other things why our hack writers who set out to be critics or novelists don't get any further than writing serial stories or meteorological reports ...

At the novel's end, we do not know who killed the Ducreux boy (he has become "little Frédéric who had been violated in the woods by a sex-maniac") or if old Lorpailleur is mad; but we do feel we have lived in a provincial French village and experienced its tedium and its entertainments (lunch at the manor house, a dance concert at a local *pension*) at a bone-deep level no logic-bound tale could

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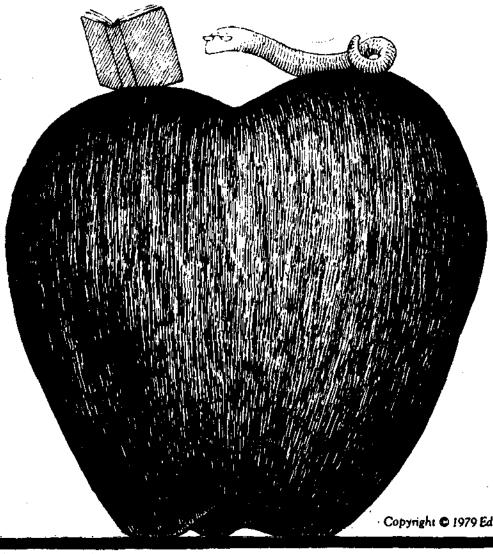

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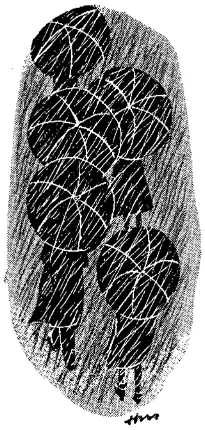
have reached. For in fact human events, whether they be Kennedy's assassination or Watergate or how we spent the day before yesterday, have a permanently unsettled shape once past the instant in which they occur, and Pinget's reverberations of hearsay are less antirealistic than they appear. He could not be so surreal were he not so inventive, and so genially at home in the popular mind. Fantoine is always there for him, as Frenchman's Bend was for Faulkner and Macondo is for Gabriel García Márquez. In this village where everything is dubious, we never doubt the existence of the village.

"PASSACAGLIA" (a type of Italian or Spanish tune, originally played on the guitar while passing through the streets, and employing a recurring harmonic pattern) is a much shorter work than "The Libera Me Domine," and its French publication came a year later, in 1969. Again, there has been a mysterious violent death—this time, a body found on a dunghill. Pinget's training as a barrister shows in his fondness for investigations and inquisitions, and his skepticism regarding their final results: "The story would seem to have begun a long time before this, but talk about prudence, talk about vigilance, it looks as if only two or three episodes have been revealed, and that with some difficulty, the source of information being permanently deficient. . . ." A man, called "the master," sits in a cold room of a shut-up country house ("the garden was dead, the courtyard grassy") looking at an old book, making notes in the margin; he has just torn the hands off the clock in the room. The body on the dunghill at first appears to be his ("the man sitting at this table a few hours earlier, found dead on the dunghill"), but then it becomes that of an idiot the master adopted in the past who has mutilated himself with a chain saw (or fallen off a ladder or swallowed a sponge). The flap copy has it that both are dead: "The 'Master' ruminates about the death of an idiot who lived with him for which he may or may not be responsible and about his own death. He rehashes events with his friend, the doctor, and in his notebooks. He is found dead over his notebooks." His jottings, indistinguishable from his thoughts, constitute the book's text, and give its ebbing hero a certain status of authorship, "like a street-corner musician, he had reconstituted a kind of passacaglia." Besides the doctor and the idiot, the master (who at one point is named "Monsieur Nanard") has or has had for company several servants and peasant neighbors and a few friends (Rodolphe, Alfred, Édouard, Raymond) who appear to drop in from the racy social circles of "The Inquisitory" or from the local Sagan novel. At one moment in the past, while bathing the cretin, the master began to seduce him ("the innocent began to stiffen"), but a page later he concludes, "Love, if that's what it was really I could have done without it." The master is alone, so alone the village is dim—though a village voice, complete with malapropisms ("christianery"), does intrude into his magisterial thanatopsis.



"So calm. So grey." "Profoundly integrated night." "Turn, return, revert." "In the margin beside an empty phrase." "His life having emigrated elsewhere." These are some of the phrases that recur, making the music of the passacaglia. Some program notes, by scholars of Pinget, are appended, and among them Dr. Stephen Bann links the phrases "Something broken in the mechanism" and "Death at the slightest deficiency in thought" with Descartes's "*Cogito, ergo sum*": the master is about to stop thinking, the universe is winding down, the hands are off the clock. Were it not so deeply embedded in the palpable atmosphere of an afflicted house and the surrounding damp, chill fields, such a significance would seem merely schematic and cerebral. But Pinget's work always outraces what might be said about it. His notion of haunting, of being haunted, for instance, is neither fashionable nor prescribed—Robbe-Grillet's manifestos called for universal demystification—yet it permeates Pinget's microcosm as strongly as the smell of earth. An end game of a refreshed sort is being played here; though modern art has exhausted art's possibilities, the world goes on, idiotically. Unable to write stories, Pinget can still write about the popular will to make a story: "This is where people's imaginations take over and make them start questioning everything again." A kind of cave art, like Dubuffet's rough-textured daubs, arises from the voices of hearsay and gossip amid the final dilapidation of the mansions of nineteenth-century narrative. One test of an artistic method is how much of the seemingly arbitrary it can absorb and re-present as intrinsic; on this score Pinget is infinitely absorptive but unevenly successful in creating an illusion of coherence. "Passacaglia," in part because it is shorter, is a more intense, sombre, and moving work than "The Libera Me Domine." "The Libera" ends with a funeral; "Passacaglia" weaves death itself into an arrested moment in a cold room of a shut-up house.

Such a description may not prepare a reader for all that is genuinely difficult and self-obstructive in Pinget's fiction. Even a short book of his feels long, and though he has outgrown the Beckettian vaudeville of early novels like "Baga," the willful confusions of his anti-plots, the repetitions of their circular unwinding, and the author's refusal to take a clarifying position above the voices he records all make for rocky reading. Yet a certain delight of self-forgetfulness lives in many a well-struck phrase, and a real psychology and topology and sociology press toward us through the words. Unlike Beckett, he has not turned his back on the seethe of circumstance or, like the mature Joyce, taken refuge in nostalgic reconstruction. For all his flouting of conventional expectations and all the sly comedy of his rambling village talebearers, Pinget strikes us as free of any basically distorting mannerism or aesthetic pose. His recourse remains to the real, without irony. In a France of smiling mandarins and chilly chic, he manifests the two essential passions of a maker: a love of his material and a belief in his method. —John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Living in the Maniototo, by Janet Frame (Braziller; $8.95). The narrator of this artful novel calls herself Mavis Furness Barwell Halleton, novelist; Violet Pansy Proudlock, ventriloquist; and Alice Thumb, gossip—interlocking aliases that keep her reader happily alert to the crosscurrents of her intellect, her imagination, and her memory. Her story moves, not always straightforwardly, from two New Zealand towns (Blenheim, where she was married and widowed twice—"a place of defeat and unhappiness," where "cardboard home units with their aluminum joinery . . . take shape in the streets of unimaginable death"—and Stratford, "a town full of sky, English flowers, bloody his-

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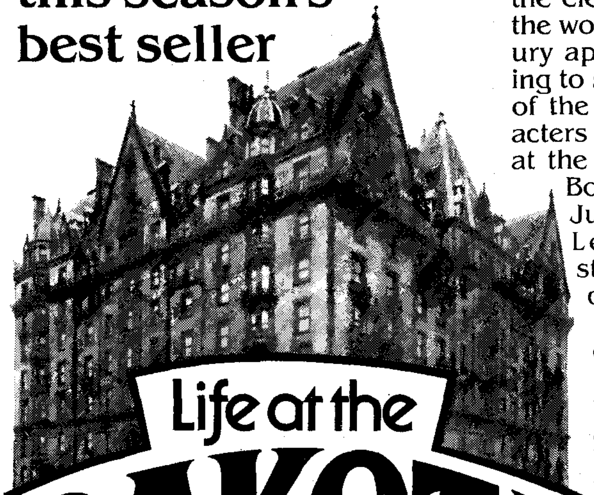

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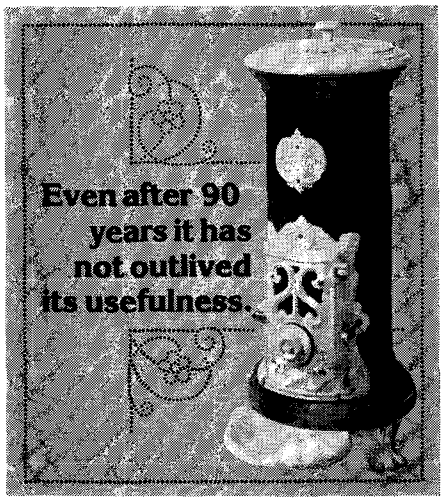

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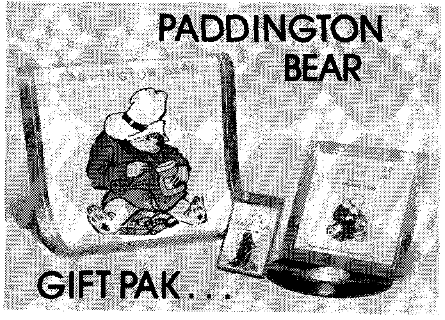

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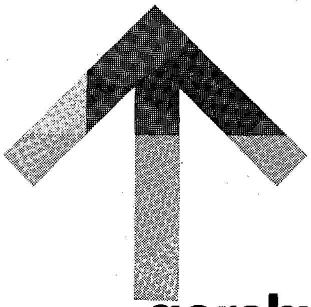
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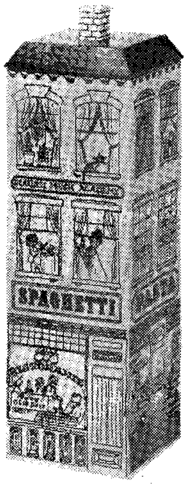
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tory and the taste of snow") halfway around the world to Baltimore, where she winters with a friend and runs up against a writing block, and then across the continent to Berkeley (Blenheim's "twin city"), at the invitation of two near-strangers, in whose stylish house she hopes to write a novel while they travel in Italy. Plans, however, must be revised when news arrives that the owners of the house have been killed in an earthquake and have willed everything to their guest. A clever, high-spirited performance.

Rickshaw, by Lao She, translated from the Chinese by Jean M. James (University Press of Hawaii; $10.95 cloth, $4.95 paper). The sorry tale (first published in 1945 in a rather ornamented translation, and here presented straight) of Hsiang Tzu, a Peking rickshaw man whose dream of someday being rich and happy fails to come true. One might call Hsiang Tzu simply unlucky—he loses his savings, rickshaw, wife, friends, and job—if he were not so greedy and stupid. In the final chapter, Lao She explains that Hsiang Tzu's decline and fall prove the evils of "Individualism," but Hsiang Tzu is too thickheaded to be really vicious, and his story is more elaborately digressive than a moral fable can afford to be. Jean M. James has trouble rendering the numerous descriptions of Hsiang Tzu's perpetual confusion (a woman trying to seduce him "was revealing more and more of that whatever it was that he didn't understand and it was sending more and more of some sort of hot fierce force towards him and she became an abstraction of something bit by bit"), but the pictures of Peking's hectic street life, more amenable to translation, are vivid and bring to mind Dickens and Zola.

Note: " 'Dr. Salaam' & Other Stories of India," by Padma Perera, has been published by Capra Press ($3.95 paper). Some of the stories in the collection originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Alban Berg, by Karen Monson (Houghton Mifflin; $15). This biography of the Austrian composer (1885-1935) coincides with the belated appearance on the world's stages of the full, three-act version of his last work, the opera "Lulu," which was withheld for many years by his widow. Frau Berg may conceivably have been embittered, for, Miss Monson tells us, during the last ten years of his life the composer was passionately in love with another woman, and he deliberately planted clues to their affair throughout his music. Miss Monson's own work is concerned more with art than with scandal. She describes the Vienna of Berg's youth—a city of enormous creativity whose musical creators were in rebellion. She explains precisely and sympathetically why Berg's teacher Arnold Schoenberg and Berg's close friend and fellow-student Anton von Webern as well as Berg himself felt the need to compose music on new principles. The author's elucidation of their methods helps us appreciate the reasons not only for Berg's stature but for his increasing popularity—his earlier opera "Wozzeck," for example, has become one of a handful of twentieth-century works in the standard operatic repertory.

C. S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table, and Other Reminiscences, edited by James T. Como (Macmillan; $9.95). Twenty-four essays by as many friends and colleagues of the writer, teacher, critic, and Christian apologist, which go all the way back to 1919, when Lewis (whose dates are 1898-1963), recently returned from the First World War, was an Oxford undergraduate, an aspiring poet, and an assertive atheist. If a man is known by the company he keeps, Lewis was a glitterer in a starry firmament. Yet a few less noted contributors to this book bear out a quality that all mention: Lewis had no airs or pretensions, and was ready to make friends—and argue—with anybody he met. Several contributors are still arguing with him. Their estimates of his work diverge; John Wain, for example, thinks that Lewis's best book was his volume on the sixteenth century in the Oxford History of English Literature. None of the contributors are young enough to have grown up with Lewis's "Narnia" stories for children, but several note their popularity. It may be that, like an earlier Oxford don, Lewis Carroll, Lewis is guaranteed literary immortality by his appeal to youth. The heterogeneity of the contributors assures a variety of Lewises, but certain traits appear in all these accounts: intelligence, imagination, gusto, a sense of fun, and, most frequently, magnanimity. Derek Brew-er, now the Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, refers to Lewis's "amateur" approach to literature, and perhaps an amateur's zestful sense of adventure about both reading and writing is one reason for Lewis's lasting attractiveness.

GLADSTONE: A PROGRESS IN POLITICS, by Peter Stansky (Little, Brown; $9.95). The master biography of William Ewart Gladstone is still John Morley's three-volume life, published in 1903, but an accomplished small work of synthesis, like this one (an addition to the Library of World Biography series), can be of considerable value. Mr. Stansky disposes quickly of the dour, humorlessly moralizing, and somewhat hypocritical figure of the Gladstone stereotype (which had its origin partly in the fictional works of his arch-enemy Disraeli) and presents to us a fascinating, if not completely approachable, man—the most scholarly and well read of British statesmen of his time, the most genuinely committed and eloquent member of the Liberal Party, which he dominated for twenty-six years, and in some ways the most prescient of the nineteenth-century English leaders, for it was he who worked tirelessly to control and cut back Britain's wanton expansion of empire, which he thought both immoral and dangerous.

•

PATRICIA NOSHER

PATRICIA K. NOSHER, one of the magazine's editors, died last week, at the age of forty-six. She was a quiet woman, who did her work so unassertively, contributed to the magazine so self-effacingly, that many of her own colleagues were not quite sure what it was she did or how much it meant to *The New Yorker*. She was a reader of problematical manuscripts, and also did the kind of arcane and anonymous work on our proofs without which the magazine could not go to press. Her discernment, her analytical intelligence, her critical judgment were of immense value. However, if she had given no more than her profound honesty, that would have been enough. She was exceptionally shy and reticent, so only a few people were lucky enough to get to know her, but those of us who were will miss her, and will remember her.

KURT VONNEGUT
His new novel is a stunning vision of America—the saga of Walter F. Starbuck, who, at the rueful age of 66, looks back at his past life as Harvard man, ex-communist, New Deal bureaucrat, congressional committee finger man (a la Whittaker Chambers), Watergate conspirator and lover of four women. Revealing everything from the secret of the world's richest shopping bag lady to the last words of Caryl Chessman, JAILBIRD is "vintage Vonnegut—a delightful and sardonic rumination on the history of our times."—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
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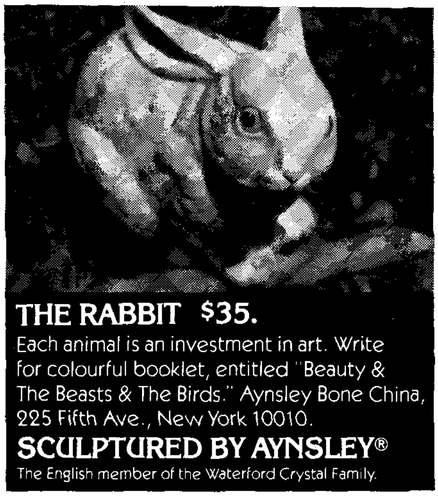

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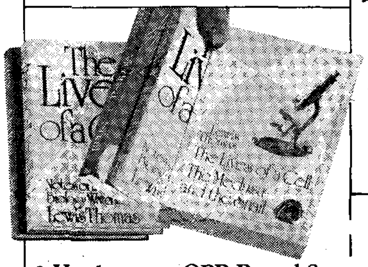

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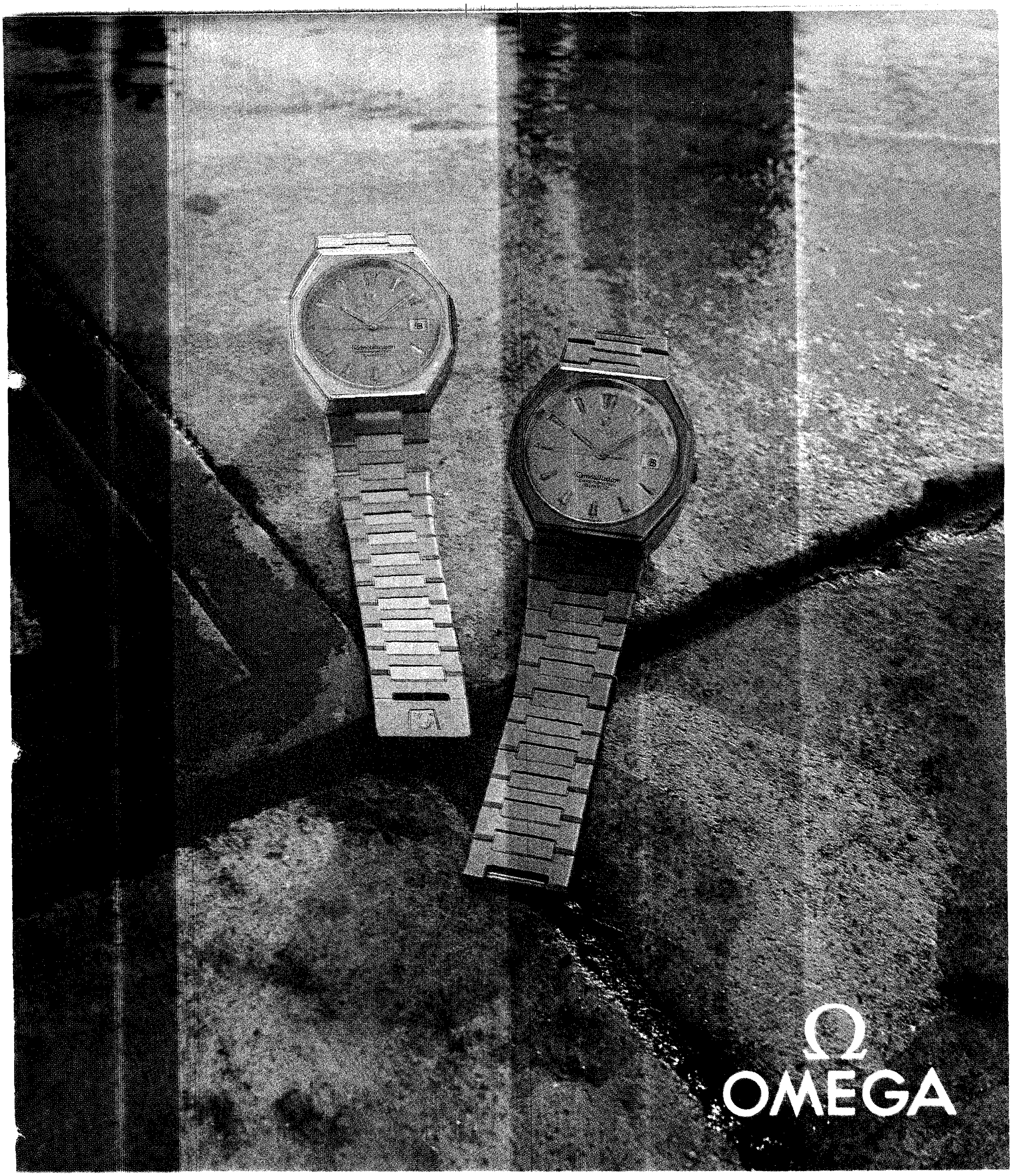

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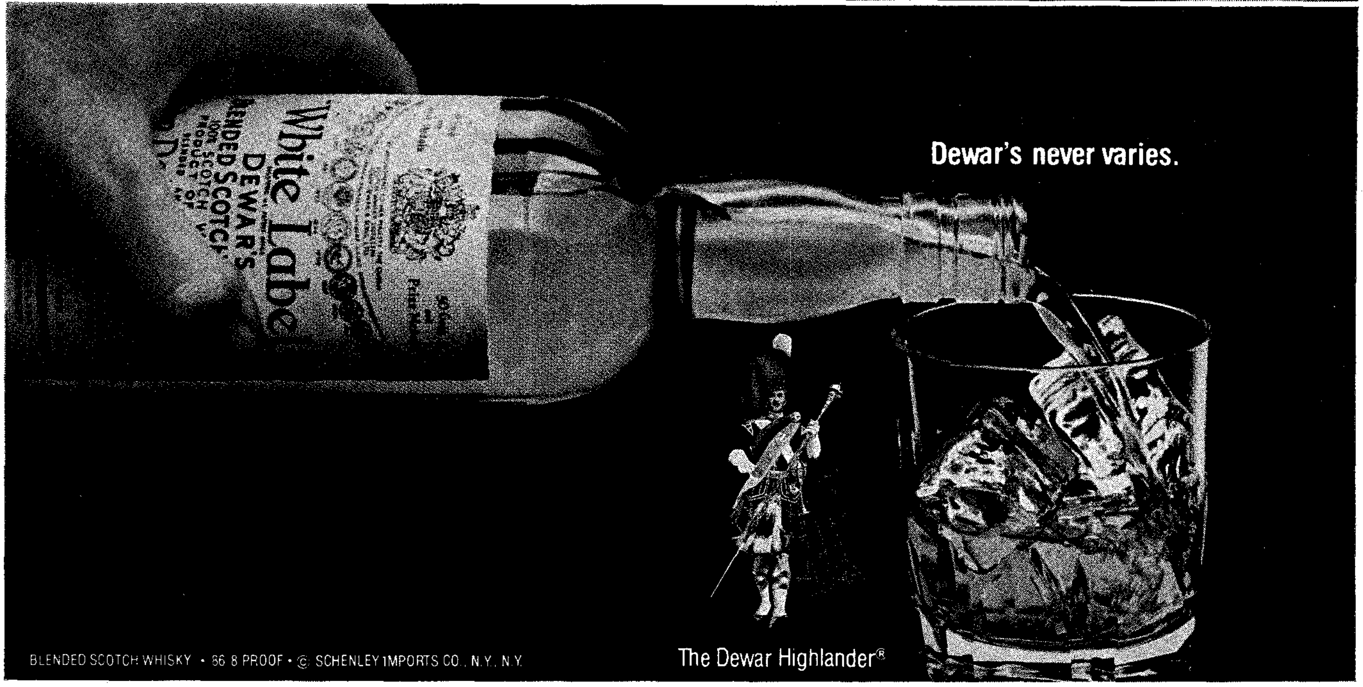
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